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PAN AMERICAN

**Comment
of the
day**

Cholera report

HONGKONG has had more than its fair share of problems in recent years and the cholera outbreak seemed a particularly cruel twist of fate. Yet it was the experience of past problems that enabled Government, the auxiliaries and many other organisations to deal with this new problem as effectively as they did. The White Paper tabled in Legislative Council on Wednesday tells the inspiring story of how Hongkong conquered yet another serious trial.

In tabling the report, Mr. Burgess added his tributes to those contained in this most informative document. Never were words of thanks so well deserved. As much must be said for the people who bore this affliction with amazing calmness. But the White Paper is not by any means a catalogue of self-congratulation. It is also a remarkably readable chronicle of events. Moreover it contains a warning for the future.

A NEW danger period for Hongkong will be next summer and the immunity of the population will have to be boosted beforehand, says the White Paper. It proposes several additional protective measures. Most important in view of the epidemic now sweeping the Philippines, is the suggested liaison with neighbouring areas affected this year, particularly Macao and Kwantung.

Perhaps the greatest danger lies in the absence of information from China. Illegal immigrants coming from infected areas are unlikely to be scrupulous about vaccination certificates. Here is where thorough safeguards are most needed yet seem to defy any solution. We may feel that this year we escaped relatively lightly. But it will not be enough to keep our fingers crossed for the future. The White Paper proposes remedies and the public will want to be assured that they are being acted upon with speed and determination, coupled with a high degree of vigilance.

HEART ATTACK BEFORE HER BIRTH

Chicago, Dec. 15. The case of a baby who had heart attack before birth was reported today, only the second such case known in medical history.

The baby, a girl weighing 7 pounds 10 ounces, died 52 hours after birth. Writing in the Journal of the American Medical Association, two Vermont pathologists said the heart attack occurred well before the onset of labour. It was caused by an occlusion (thickening or plugging) of an artery supplying blood to the heart.—Reuter.

ELISABETHVILLE

U.N. fight their way into city

Elisabethville, Dec. 15. A United Nations Canberra bomber strafed Elisabethville today as fighting continued in the city and a full-scale U.N. attack on Katanga positions was expected.

U.N. troops appeared to have advanced in the northern and western parts of the city during the night and were dug in there today.

Latest reports say that a third of the city is now in U.N. hands. (In New York, a U.N. spokesman said a new Katanga offensive designed to secure freedom of movement and lines of communication of the U.N. command was "going well").

President Moise Tshombe of Katanga said in an official statement tonight that Ethiopian and other U.N. troops "are looting private houses, massacring women, mistreating children and stealing jewellery and private property."—Reuter.

FORECAST for today: Moderate to fresh easterly winds. Fair. At 7 am at the Royal Observatory the air temperature was 65 degrees Fahrenheit and the relative humidity, 79 per cent.

Britain votes against the U.S.

United Nations, Dec. 15. The United States scored a big victory in the General Assembly today winning a 48 to 36 majority, with 20 abstentions, to bar United Nations recognition of Communist China.

Britain voted against its American ally in favour of the rejected Soviet-sponsored resolution to bring the Communist regime into the world body.

Earlier the General Assembly endorsed a United States-backed proposal that any change in Chinese representation in the U.N. be subject to two-thirds majority decision.

After two weeks of debate, the 104-member Assembly voted by 61 to 34 with seven abstentions to require a two-thirds majority to change the present situation in which the Nationalist regime represents China in the U.N.

Stronger than predicted

Support for the United States position of refusing recognition to Peking was stronger than many observers had predicted and a successful American-led bid to require a two-thirds majority to bar the Communists turned out to have been an unnecessary exercise.

The Scandinavian countries — excepting Norway which abstained — voted to seat Communist China. They were joined by the 11-nation Communist bloc — including Cuba — and 21 Afro-Asian countries.

But Britain, Denmark and Norway voted with the United States to declare the issue an "important question" — the key ballot ensuring defeat of the Soviet demand by compelling a two-thirds vote for its adoption. Finland and Sweden abstained on that issue.

A key factor in the campaign to keep Nationalist China in the United Nations was a scheme worked out last month on the admission of Mauritania and Mongolia to the world organisation.

China was persuaded at that time to withhold its veto of Mongolia's application. Russia promised to veto Mauritania unless Mongolia were voted in.

The Brazzaville group of African countries threatened to vote against China on the representation issue if Mauritania were kept out through a Soviet retaliatory veto.

The Africans lived up to the bargain in today's voting. Chinese Nationalist Ambassador Tingfu F. Tsiang said: "The result is very satisfactory, and we are grateful to the many friendly nations who helped us, particularly the United States."—Reuter & UPI.

CHET BAKER RELEASED

Rome, Dec. 15. Chet Baker, the American jazz trumpeter, was released from prison in Lucca, central Italy today after serving a sentence on a drugs charge.

Baker, 31, was sentenced to one year and seven months imprisonment, and fined 140,000 lire (about £80) on charges of bringing drugs into Italy.

On appeal his sentence was reduced to 16 months.—Reuter.

In London, it was the densest fog there had been so far this winter.

The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research sampled the city's atmosphere and said it contained three times the normal concentration of smoke and four or five times as much sulphur dioxide. The Royal Automobile Association reported visibility down to zero in the London area and the Thames River valley.

Fog casualties included two London buses which crashed head-on, injuring 12 people, two lorries which collided on the main road to the north-west, killing the drivers and dozens of smaller traffic accidents.

Two men raided a bank in West London during the afternoon and got away in the fog with £1,500.

The meteorological office warned the public that conditions would become "really grim tonight" and that the fog would last at least 24 hours.—Reuter.

BANK GUARD SHOT DOWN IN ROBBERY

New York, Dec. 15. A bank guard was killed and a policeman wounded today in a machine-gun holdup at a Brooklyn bank.

The murdered guard was identified as Henry A. Kraus, 53. He was on duty at a branch of the Lafayette National Bank.

Police sent out an alarm for two men, one white and one negro, said to have fled under fire from the policeman who was wounded. Road blocks were set up by police in the area of the bank.

The robbers reportedly raced away in a white car.—AP.

STOP PRESS

Memorial service

A memorial service for the late Mr Wong Yung-kau, the local merchant who was murdered after being kidnapped in 1959, began at 9 am today at the International Funeral Parlour.

Many relatives and friends attended to pay their last respects.

A ten-foot photograph of the late Mr Wong was hanging in the main reception room.

Guests bowed before the portrait and then to the relatives. The ceremony was expected to continue until noon.

TODAY'S TIPS ON BACK PAGE

Flights to Goa cancelled

Karachi, Dec. 15. All flights between Goa and Karachi were cancelled from tonight, it was announced here.

Portuguese embassy officials said that under instructions from Goa the cancellations applied to special flights bringing evacuees as well as commercial flights. No reason was given.

A third plane-load of evacuees — 140 in all — flew from here to Lisbon today. Two plane-loads carrying 257 Goan evacuees flew to Lisbon yesterday.

At Panjim, Goa, the police have closed three posts on the Indian-Goan border to avoid Indian charges of "provocation," a police spokesman said today.

Meanwhile at Belgaum, Western India, tough, seasoned Indian troops — turbaned Sikhs from the Punjab and dark-skinned south Indians from Madras — stood by close to the Goa border today as a military showdown appeared imminent.

The troops were posted at almost all accessible points a few miles from the border of the Portuguese enclave. Platoons of armed Indian police manned checkpoints on the actual frontier.—Reuter.

FRONT PAGE BRIEFS

U.K. FLAYS USSR

United Nations, Dec. 15. Britain accused the Soviet Union today of using "sneaky tactics" and distortions to avoid paying its share of the Congo costs.

Mr Joseph Godber, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, said this in a heated reply to Soviet charges yesterday that Britain was obstructing the U.N. operation.—UPI.

'Kill Castro'

Miami, Dec. 15. A negro gunman seized a 40-foot charter boat today "to go to Cuba to kill Fidel Castro" but his voyage ended quickly when a Miami policeman, standing on a U.S. coast guard boat, shot him down with a rifle.

The negro, who spoke with a British West Indies accent, was taken to hospital in serious condition.—AP.

LUTULI RETURNS

Johannesburg, Dec. 15. Ex-chief Albert Lutuli returned here today from Oslo after receiving the 1960 Nobel Peace Prize.

He was kept under cover by the authorities at Jan Smuts Airport for an hour, out of reach of reporters and photographers who gathered to meet him.—Reuter.

Nato & Berlin

Paris, Dec. 15. The North Atlantic Council wound up a dissension-ridden three-day meeting tonight with an announcement that members of the Alliance approved resumption of diplomatic contacts with the Soviets on Berlin.

The closing communiqué said Nato states expressed "the hope that a negotiated solution of the Berlin problem could be reached."—UPI.

BB INDIGNANT

Paris, Dec. 15. Film star Brigitte Bardot appeared before an examining magistrate today and heatedly denied suggestions that she had launched a "publicity stunt" by releasing a letter in which the right-wing terrorist secret army organisation (OAS) "tried to blackmail her."—AFP.

EX-PREMIER HITS GAULLIST

Paris, Dec. 15. M. Guy Mollet, former socialist Prime Minister, struck a Gaullist deputy who called him a coward during tonight's debate on a censure motion.

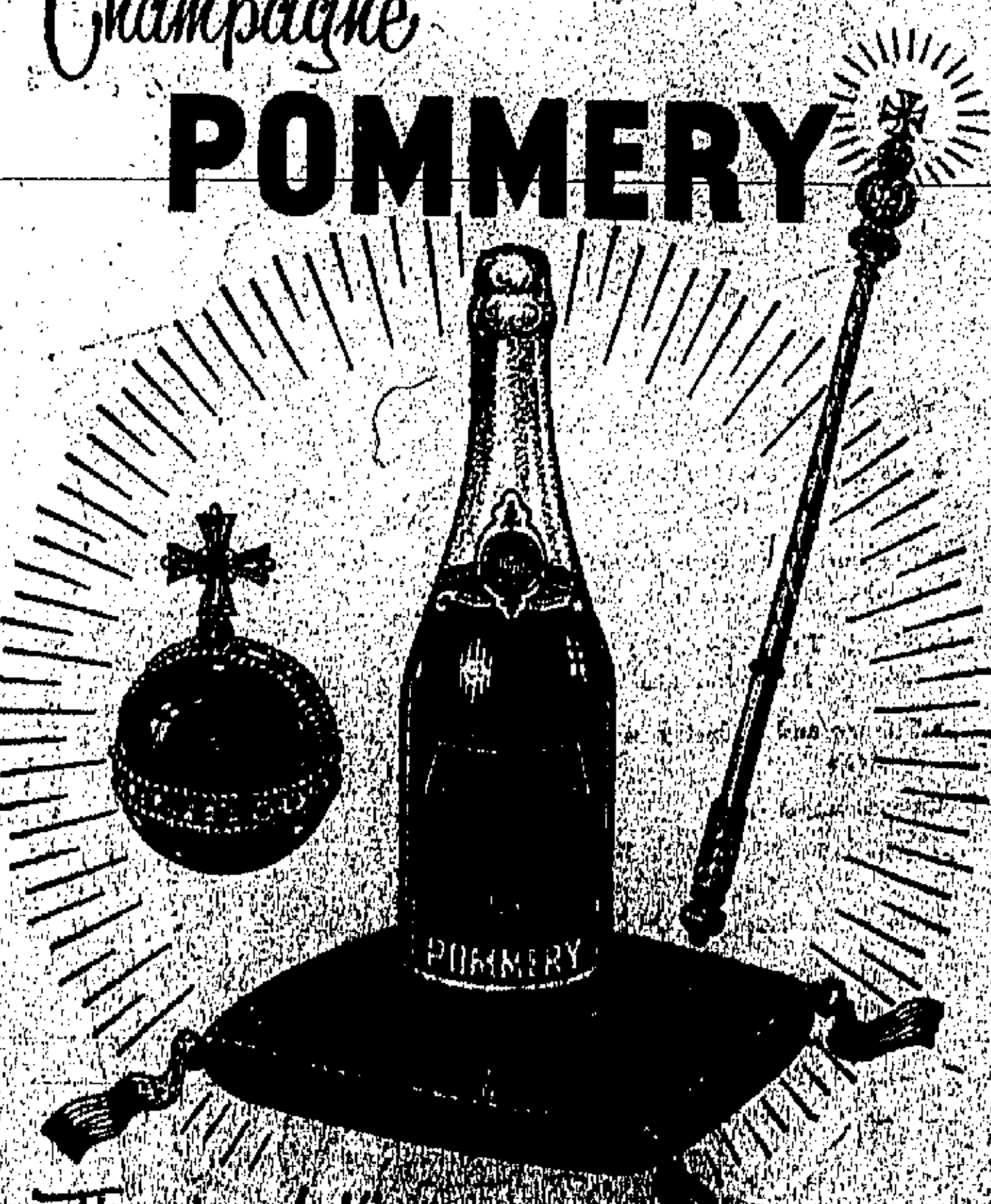
Reporters in the Assembly heard M. Andre Roulland, who sits near the Socialist section of the Assembly, say to M. Mollet: "You are a coward. In Algeria you changed policy at the first tomato" (A reference to the occasion when a speech by M. Mollet in Algiers in February 1956 was broken up by Europeans hurling tomatoes at him).

M. Mollet made no reply. But in the corridors during a recess he asked M. Roulland: "Repeat what you said."

M. Roulland replied: "Physically you are not a coward but, all the same, at the first tomato in Algiers you changed policy."

M. Mollet then struck him on the face.—Reuter.

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BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M Colour Cartoons
At 12.30 p.m. Clark GABLE in "BETRA ED"

OPENS TO-MORROW



LEE-PRINCESS

TODAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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OPERATION BULLSHINE

DONALD SINDEN-BARBARA MURRAY
CAROLE LESLEY-RONALD SHINER
NAUGHTON WAYNE-DORA BRYAN

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LEE: 11.00 a.m. COLOUR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. Kirk Douglas in "ULYSSES"

PRINCESS: 11.00 a.m. M-G-M COLOUR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. "GIANT OF MARATHON"

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FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER



"O COME LET US ADORE HIM." Nativity scene from MGM's "King of Kings."

IVAN WINS IN JUNGLE LAST ROUND JUGGLE

K.O.

IVAN THE CONQUEROR (Queen's — State — Royal) is an Eastman Colour TotalScope Italian spectacular.

Dealing with the land hungry tribes of central Asia, reference is made to a certain Great Khan who tries to promote a contest between two of the boys who both want to be chieftains.

Ivan is easily the favourite, and while the contest is not promoted under the Marquess of Queensberry Rules, there is nevertheless, quite a good house, and the Great Khan must have broken more than even on the promotion.

The fights are quite good, and the championship bout is exciting, for the boys use flaming torches instead of boxing gloves, but just as Ivan is poised for the old one-two, some over excited spectator tosses an arrow at him.

Well, of course, even in those far off barbaric days, throwing an arrow at the favourite is reckoned a dirty trick. Furthermore it has upset the book-makers who don't know who to pay out, so as usual, they just welsh.

There is a lot more to this picture, including a stately pleasure dome, also a maid, and while she is no Abyssinian and as far as I could see, does not play a dulcimer, she managed to get around quite nicely without one.

My summing up is as follows, Ivan is quite a good fighter and received a very raw deal. Anok, a dirty fighter, had more than a streak of puppy in him. It is far warmer than I thought in central Asia judging from the amount of clothes the girls dance in.

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TEN DAYS TO TULARA (King's & Broadway) Adventure yarn made on a shoestring which tells a brief tale of cross, double-cross, and double-double-cross.

Tale has a plane pilot forced into a crooked deal, and unfolds as he gets himself off the hook. Situations manifestly predictable performed by an adequate cast including Sterling Hayden.

BULLSHINE

BAFFLES

BRAINS

OPERATION BULLSHINE (Lee & Princess) This is a Technicolor riot inspired by and including some of the "Carry On" series incidents.

These pictures which have enjoyed a certain amount of success abroad are now having the British producers scratching for plots.

This film which mingles a flavour of distaff humour with male slapstick enlists in the Army for its angle. You've seen it all before, but maybe you prefer it twopenny coloured to penny plain. Donald Sinden and Ron Shiner make the most of their plot, while old timers will recall Naughton Wayne of the old variety days. Barbara Murray and Carole Lesley supply the glamour.

NEXT CHANGE

"A BOUT DE

SOUFFLE" TO

LEAVE YOU

BREATHLESS

BREATHLESS (A Bout de Souffle) (Roxy & Majestic). What is it about this film which sets it in a class of its own?

One can imagine the modern enfant terrible, sitting in the "Enfant Terrible" in Wardour Street, exclaiming, "Here's a smack right on the nose for the squares."

This is life, life as it really is. And here is the cardinal rule of life: Thou shalt avoid all emotional entanglements; thou shalt take what thou wants; thou shalt have no loyalty, even to thyself.

Now while I do not for one moment imagine that the really kids who are at the

malting milk in the cafe I have mentioned are anything like as articulate as I suggest, this film is their advocate. My chief complaint is that people and critics who should know better, call it "new."

On the other hand, it is new in the sense that it deals a deadly blow to the sentimental cinema.

On that account, is it any nearer to the meaning of life than the sentimental cinema was? What is life, and what is its purpose? Objectively, we do not know beyond the simple functions of living and dying. All else is belief, inspired and accepted according to the geographical point at which we were born.

Is then our modern town of lofty architecture and chromium plated comfort merely a sophisticated jungle? And is modern man merely a Saville Row sartorial edition of the Neanderthaler?

In the main, we have to act in good faith. We have to accept credit notes on life, religion teaches us that they will be cashed at a high rate of interest later on.

But now, with humanity on the beach and millions living in the confident expectation of being wiped off the globe in a flash our civilised communities have gone the full circle. We are back to the jungle, and the end is fearful, and death and emptiness is the conclusion.

Upon such a barren philosophy is this film made. As such it cannot be ignored.

It is eloquent, by its very thesis, it is challenging, for its characters are the products of our scientific jungles.

Jean-Paul Belmondo is the Jackal. Of ferocious but cowardly countenance, he pads the pavements of Paris, seeking whom he might spoil or betray.

He lives in a world of treachery. Where telephones ring and are never answered; where cars are stolen and never sold; where love is merely a five minute sensation; and in the end, the jungle betrays him. In all this, Belmondo is magnificent.

The female of the species is Jean Seberg. St Joan come to Judgement, for ridiculous as she was as the romantic heroine, here she is an actress of distinction as the female, sans conscience, sans morals, sans everything.

And what about Jean-Luc Godard, the director? Commencing life as a minor denizen of the jungle, (i.e. a film critic) he has in his fashion put right all that was wrong in film making.

His candid camera sweeps the highways, creeps into second class rooms of third class hotels, and gives sermons in dirty bed-sheets, books in chipped ash-trays, and philosophy in public conveniences.

Working from the penultimate scene of betrayal to death in a Paris side street, one faults the direction on only one point, which was really lack of cash. I imagine. For if people in a street hear a revolver crack, and see a wounded man limping to his death, surely, at least, they are curious enough to look.

But taking this shadow world as it is, the mood of the director is shown in the half-lights of his film.

A truly superb production, and one you must not miss.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

QUEEN'S - ROYAL - STATE: "Ivan the Conqueror." Eastman Colour and TotalScope spectacular concerning a feud between two savage tribes, feudal nobles of the Great Khan. Ed Fury, Elaine Stewart, and Bella Cortez.

KING'S & BROADWAY: "Ten Days to Tulara." High-finks in the South American jungle, involving a "framed" pilot and his escape from a murder gang. Sterling Hayden.

LEE & PRINCESS: "Operation Bullshine." Comedy surrounding the exploits of British Army life and loves. Donald Sinden and Barbara Murray.

HOOPER & GALA: "Pride and Prejudice." Return engagement of MGM's classic of the Jane Austen novel. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier.

ROXY & MAJESTIC: "The Comancheros." Concerned with the exploits of a secret kingdom of killers. CinemaScope and Colour by De Luxe. John Wayne, Stuart Whitman and Tina Fey.

CHRISTMAS FILMS

QUEEN'S - ROYAL - STATE: "On the Double." Zany story in which Danny Kaye impersonates a British Officer and becomes involved in a spy film. "Don't Laugh until you cry." Danny Kaye, Bob Hope, Virginia Hyatt, White and Margaret Bullock.

KING'S & BROADWAY: "Teenage Millionaire." Song filled beat and bounce film, designed and aimed at a teenage audience. Jimmy Clanton, Zeph Pless, and Rocky Orsiano.

LEE & PRINCESS: "Back Street." Titled screen adaptation of "Back Street" novel by Louis L'Amour. Starring John Wayne, Tina Fey, and George E. Stone.

HOOPER & GALA: "Thief of Baghdad." Eastman Colour and CinemaScope fantasy of magic and romance in which the legendary Steve Reeves portrays the conqueror. Also George E. Stone and Anna Sten.

ROXY & MAJESTIC: "The Comancheros." Beat comedy about the exploits of a secret kingdom of killers. CinemaScope and Colour by De Luxe.

QUEEN'S ROYAL STATE

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ROYAL: 12.30 p.m. ANTHONY QUINN, YOKO TANI in "THE SAVAGE INSTINCT"

STATE: 12.30 p.m. EDMUND PURDOM & ANN BLYTHE in "KING'S THREE"

ROXY & MAJESTIC

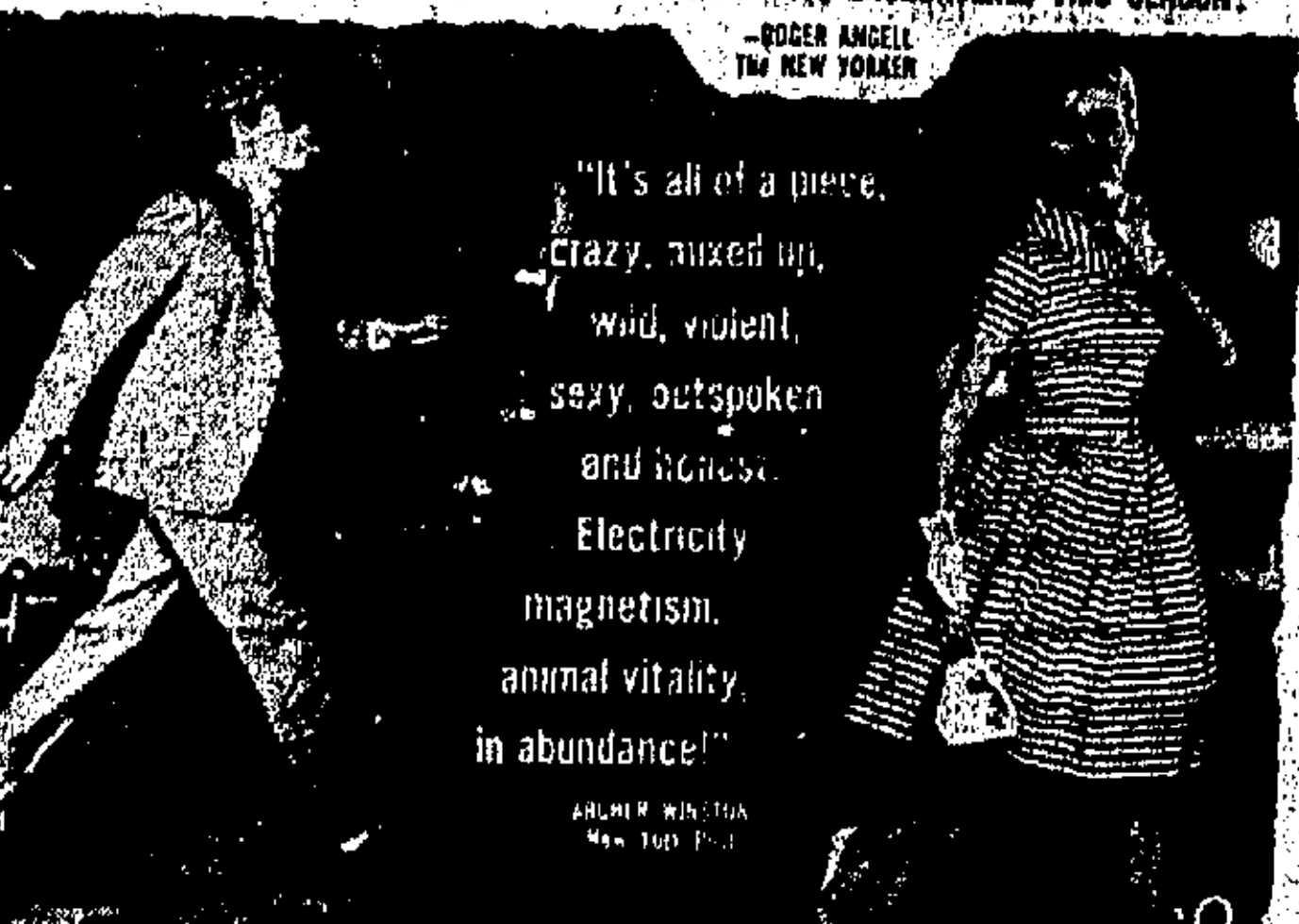
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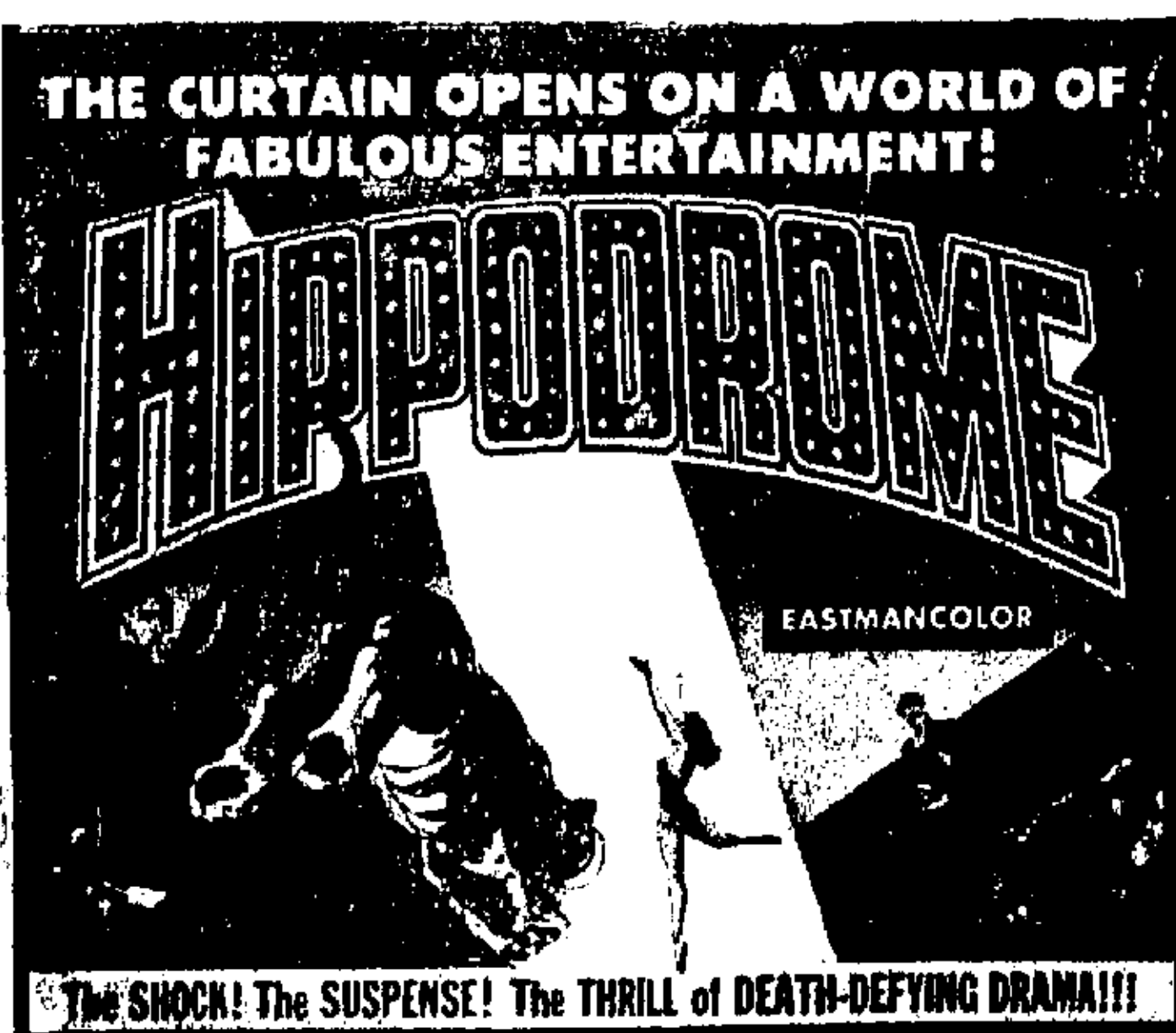
Gala 11.00 a.m. Warner Bros. COLOUR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. James Mason in "DECKS RAN RED"
Hoover 11.00 a.m. M.G.M. COLOUR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. "JOURNEY TO CENTRE OF EARTH"

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Protest against jailing of 23 U.S. NEGROES DEMONSTRATE

Baton Rouge, Dec. 15.

Police used tear gas to disperse a crowd of some 2,500 negroes demonstrating outside the courthouse and jail here in Louisiana today.

Mayhew appointed deputy spokesman

London, Dec. 15.
Mr Christopher Mayhew, Opposition Labour M.P. and former Parliamentary Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has been appointed deputy Labour spokesman on foreign affairs in a further reshuffle of Mr Hugh Gaitskill's parliamentary front-bench team.
Chief Labour foreign affairs spokesman is Mr Harold Wilson.

The crack of the tear-gas shells came as a sheriff shouted through a megaphone: "We have allowed you to demonstrate peacefully. Now break it up."

The crowd, protesting against the jailing of 23 negroes, had cheered when they heard the negroes inside joining them in an "equality" song called "We Shall Overcome."

Earlier, as the crowd marched towards the centre of the city for the demonstration, the police arrested Ronnie Moore, 20, head of the local unit of the Con-

gress of Racial Equality, and charged him with obstructing traffic.—Reuter.

Watch smuggling

London, Dec. 15.

Watch smuggling on a big scale continued to be "a serious problem" last year for British customs officials, a government report said. Reuter.

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CARDIGANS orlon \$ 21.50 ea.
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HALF SLIPS
dacron/cotton \$13.00 and up
FULL SLIPS
acetate or cotton ... \$13.50 and up
FULL SLIPS
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Sole Agents: SHEWAN TOMES

World pictorial

Ed. K. YONG



ABOVE: Princess Alexandra in Burmese national dress. The 24-year-old princess wore it for a dinner given in Rangoon by the Burmese president, Win Maung. The dinner marked the end of the princess's nine-day visit.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: During their unofficial three-day visit to Greece President and Madame Frondizi visited various archaeological sites. Picture shows President Frondizi helping his wife down the steps during a visit to the Temple of Neptune at Cape Sounion.



RIGHT: Sixty-nine year old Cardinal Joseph Mindszenty, Roman Catholic Primate of Hungary has just begun his sixth year as the world's strongest prisoner. He is cooped up on the third floor of the United States Legation in Budapest in a two-room refuge from communism. But now he has a new glimmer of hope. For Hungary's Kadar government has invited UNO Secretary-General U Thant to visit Budapest.

★

LEFT: A group of Hong Kong students, residents of Hong Kong House, are shown at a party given by the Mayor and Mayoress of Paddington for overseas students. Shown left to right are Daisy Ho, the Mayor of Paddington, Miss Terry Lin, the Mayoress, and Miss Marilyn Ko.



ABOVE: The Askja volcano in Northern Iceland has begun to erupt for the first time since 1875. A great black river of lava is flaming through the snow-covered landscape; dense billowing smoke is visible for many miles and red hot stones and ash are falling over the whole area. Fortunately there is no danger to life as the nearest houses are 20 miles away.

★

LEFT: "Down with the barbed wire and the wall" was the slogan of 30,000 young people who recently marched in silence in a torchlight procession over half-a-mile long past the Berlin border wall.

★

BELOW: Noel Coward (right) with Lauren Bacall and her husband Jason Robards after the New York opening of *Sail Away*.



ABOVE: The King and Queen of Greece opened the new parliament in Athens—and were greeted by rows of empty seats belonging to the major opposition party, the Union of Center, which had declared the present Greek government illegal following the alleged forgery and terrorism during the general elections of October 29. Top picture: The King reading the speech of the throne. At right: the Queen and Crown Prince Constantine. Below: empty seats.

★ ★ ★



FOR A
NIGHT OUT

Carlsberg

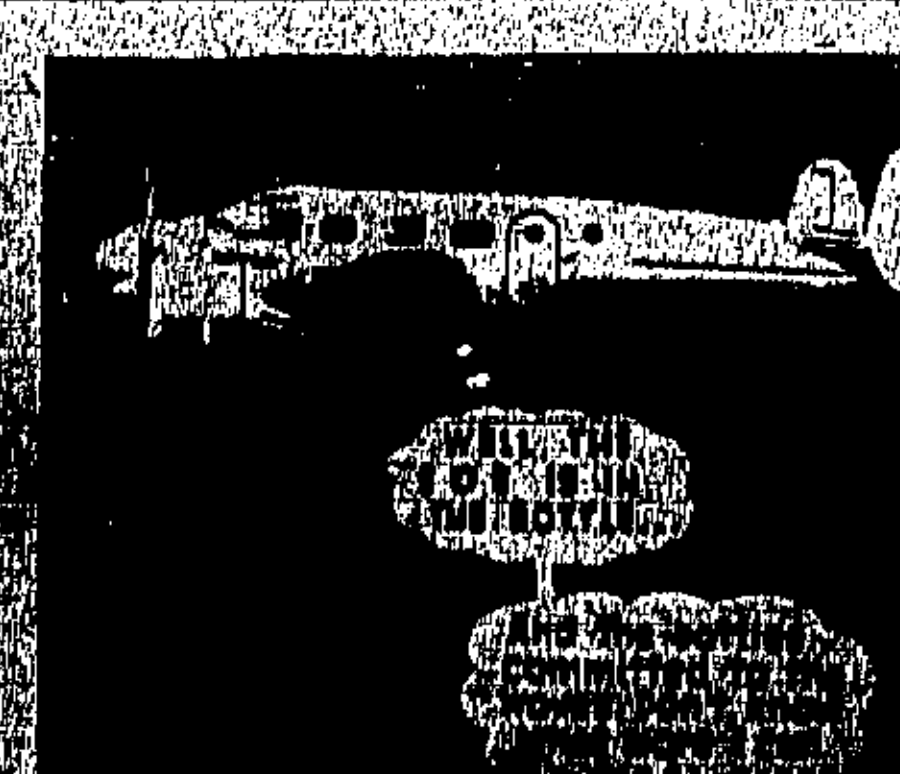
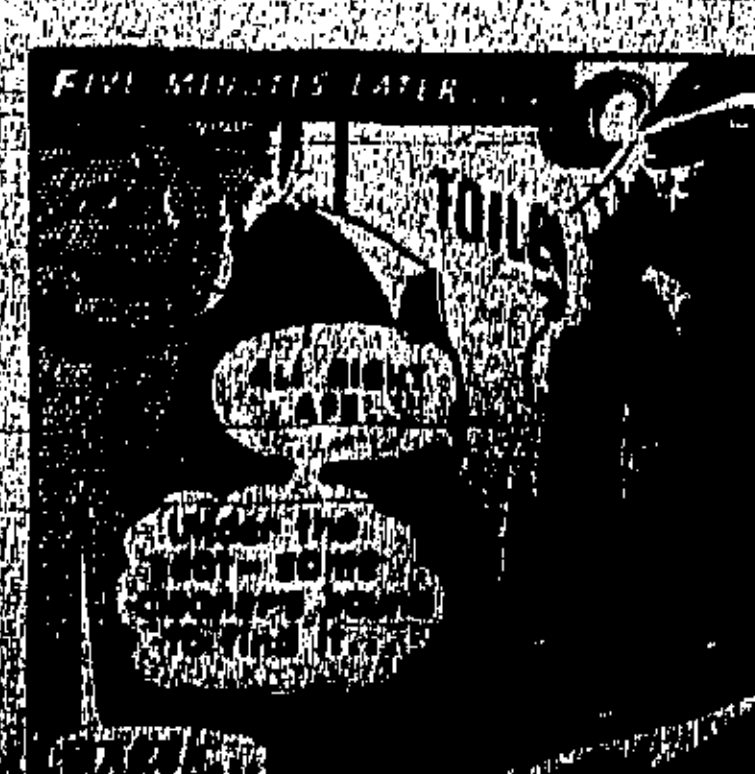
KEEPS YOU SMILING

ABOVE: How many feathers on a duck? Ask Herluf Hansen—he counts them. And his museum in Denmark is probably the only one in the world to specialise in feathers. His collection of feathers already totals more than 18 million; each feather being separately classified and filed. There are 30 to 40 different types of feather on a single bird, says Hansen. And he knows them all.

James Bond

BY IAN FLEMING

DRAWING BY JOHN BULLOCK



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Thursday

7.00 AM LET'S FACE IT. NEWS. WEATHER. REPORT. - Close.

8.10 LET'S FACE IT. NEWS. WEATHER. REPORT. - Close.

8.30 NEWS. WEATHER. REPORT. - Close.

9.00 NEWS. WEATHER. REPORT. - Close.

Wednesday

10.15 KENDALL'S CORNER. NEWS. WEATHER. REPORT. - Close.

11.00 NEWS. WEATHER. REPORT. - Close.

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MILLIONS OF BRITISH BOYS AND GIRLS TO HEAR HK CHRISTMAS 'LETTER'

Ngan-ying's greetings to U.K.

A special invitation to our readers!

The 4th heat of the mammoth Rediffusion Discoverts amateur talent quest is due to go on tape in Rediffusion's Studio-A tomorrow at 6 pm.

Rediffusion has arranged to keep a certain number of seats for readers of this page who wish to attend the contest. These taking part in the show tomorrow are Mr. F. G. Gutierrez, Mr. Howie Wong, Miss Siene Fung, Mr. Harry Aiken, Miss Anna Ma, Mr. Gordon Peacock, and Miss Angela Ho. No. 4 will be broadcast on Monday at 7.30 pm on the Blue Network.

IT'S VOICES—NOT FACES THAT THEY WANT

Few people can have claimed so much into so few days as Frank Sinatra. His friends and fans are all over the place, and he is a true star. However, he was able to spare a few moments to talk to representatives of Commercial Radio. His voice was heard with Johnnie Walker in the film 'The Hustler' on Monday evening. He talks to Kit Masters in Star Talk at 8.30.

HOW TO WIN A TURKEY

*12/22 @ 8.30/9.15. It is the most exciting contest in the world. The current 'Grand Cartoon' contest being run by Rediffusion's Mike Kelly in his programme 'Anything Goes' is a real turkey. It is a contest where listeners have to supply a suitable comic caption for a picture. The next programme is on Monday night at 6 o'clock.

Swinging Los Caballeros

There's no programme like a three-part programme, and adding two more weekly outside broadcasts to its roster. Rediffusion's Blue Network broadcasts both the Sunday afternoon 'Tea Dance' and a Saturday night session from Hongkong's newest nightclub—the Bay-side at North Point.

Their next broadcast will be for dancers. Host for the occasion will be Tony Myatt.

The same team, with Barry Haigh as host, can be heard vocal and instrumental quartet tomorrow at 5.30 pm in a one-hour tea-dance broadcast.

Daughter of earth

This Christmas Eve millions of children in Britain will receive a greeting from a small Cantonese girl who lives in Tsai Wan resettlement estate, 10-year-old (by Chinese reckoning) Ma Ngan-ying.

Ngan-ying is a member of one of the many boys and girls' clubs in Hongkong. She is a member of the 'Daughters of Earth' club, which is a club for girls who are in the same position as she is. She is a member of the 'Daughters of Earth' club, which is a club for girls who are in the same position as she is.

OPERATION SANTA CLAUS SET

Radio Hongkong's disc jockeys, producers, engineers, and Santa Claus himself—have gathered themselves to this Christmas Eve. The programme will be broadcast on Monday at 7.30 pm on the Blue Network.

SERVICES SPECIAL

For—by—and about Services Special is a must for men in uniform. It is a programme that is broadcast every Sunday from Commercial Radio at 5.10 pm.

MOST POPULAR PANEL GAME

Twenty Questions, undoubtedly radio's most popular panel programme, makes a re-appearance in Hongkong over Rediffusion's Blue Network tomorrow night at 9.55.

THINGS LOOK BLACK FOR HANCOCK

... Even at the best of times. Christmas, for instance, Santa Tony, known to his friends as Claws — is destined to run into trouble even when, as he will be on Friday at 8 o'clock on Radio Hongkong, he's driving his reindeer round the backstreets of East Cheam.

HEALTH TALKS

Each Monday night at 7.15 Rediffusion's "Radio Doctor" as anonymous MD, discusses topics of immediate importance to general health. This week he discusses the healing force of nature and explains that sometimes nature, if left to her own devices, is the best healer of all.

STately homes racket

Don't miss John Gunstone reading "The Stately Homes Reckoning" by Frank Tipton. Mitton every Monday at 7.40 on Commercial Radio.

HAWAIIAN MUSIC

Bob Williams lived and worked for many years in Hawaii and he knows, and loves, all the throbbing music of this Pacific playground. You can hear his selection on Sundays at 8.30 am and on Monday at 11.00 am. "To you Aloha" is one of Commercial Radio's most popular programmes.

CELEBRATE

She told British children about her mother who is an earthy, coolie, about her younger brother and sister for whom she keeps house while her mother is away. She is a member of the 'Daughters of Earth' club, which is a club for girls who are in the same position as she is.

LATEST RECORDS IN HONGKONG

Every Saturday at 7.15 pm Commercial Radio's John Walker presents "Diamond Time," the one-hour programme that introduces to listeners the latest recordings from all over the world.

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Top men tell Dennis Hart

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

THE words came out with the staccato rattle of a machine gun. Each one had the clipped assurance of settling in a second yet another great financial deal.

The words were "Plum pudding. Mince pies. Turkey. Good cheer. Fellowship. Holly. Snow."

NUBAR SARKIS GULBENKIAN, millionaire, commercial diplomat, gourmet, was telling me what Christmas meant to him. He answered the question with the immediacy of a man whose full life allows for no hesitation.

Affairs of commerce and state (he is commercial attache to the Iranian Embassy in London) are not forgotten even on Christmas Day. "I like my pleasures, but there is no fun like work." But he does feel a "spiritual glow" at Christmas.

★ ★ ★

Take another millionaire—**PAUL GETTY**, the richest of them all, it is said.

Materially, Mr. Getty has got everything anyone could want, or dream of. He controls an oil empire worth £350 million.

But like those of far humbler circumstances Christmas for Paul Getty is the time for a family gathering and, more important, for having children around. "Christmas is the time to be at home and not in a hotel or restaurant," he says. "I like to have children around. Children make Christmas."

Paul Getty's earliest memory goes back to Christmas Eve. "I believed Santa Claus came at twelve midnight in a sleigh and reindeer to put presents on the tree. I always tried to stay awake but always seemed to fall asleep. When I woke up, I was thrilled at the sight of the presents.

but I was just a bit disappointed that I hadn't seen Santa Claus." When Paul Getty was eight, he discovered that there was no Santa Claus. "I felt disillusioned."

★ ★ ★

People seldom speak of the deeper meaning of Christmas. Not so **HERB ELLIOTT**, the world's greatest athlete.

"What does Christmas mean to me? It's the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ."

"Christmas helps make Elliott aware of life. 'Every so often in life you come face to face with yourself and think what am I doing with life, what does it mean?' This is the feeling you get at Christmas."

If Elliott had not come face to face with himself in 1956 he would never have become Olympic champion.

After showing much early athletic promise, he had drifted out of the sport after an injury. He preferred the party-going rounds and general teenage social whirl.

Then, in 1956, he watched the Olympic Games at Melbourne. He saw Vladimir Kuts, Russia's "Iron Man," run the cream of the world's athletes into the ground in winning the 5,000 and 10,000 metres events.

Eighteen-year-old Elliott was jolted into doing some serious thinking. He knew he had a lot of ability. At the back of his mind was the biblical parable of the servants who had to look after the master's talents. He thought most of the

rewards who could do no more than bury the talents he had been given.

There and then, Elliott determined to use the talent he had been running. He would use it to the full. This he has done in dedicating himself to the spartan training schedule of his coach, the fanatical Percy Cerutti.

★ ★ ★

Everest conqueror **SIR JOHN HUNT** has been face to face with the natural wonders of the world.

For him Christmas is a time for giving thanks. It is a "unique birthday anniversary—birth of Jesus Christ. We cannot send Him presents, but we can at least, on this particular occasion do the best thing; to rejoice, and to love our neighbours as ourselves."

"Christmas serves as a reminder that, if we were to try harder to follow the advice not only on December 25, but all the year round, we should have the kind of world community which God plans for us."

★ ★ ★

Astronomer **FRED HOYLE** deals not so much with the wonders of the world, but of the universe.

To him this wonderful universe is not a work of God but a chemical combination which exists and has always existed. Says Professor Hoyle, "There is no room for a super being in a universe where there is continuous creation."

If such a super being exists then the must stand outside of



Bing Crosby — Traditional Christmas

space time and the universe as it is."

To this scientist, the meaning of Christmas is scientific. "It's position in the astronomical year makes it the natural festival of the year, and of course its origins date back beyond Christian times."

★ ★ ★

One cannot conceive that this Christmas, or any Christmases in the foreseeable future, will pass without the song *White Christmas* and the voice of **BING CROSBY**.

For Bing, Christmas means a family re-union. His four sons, their wives and his younger children, three-year-old Harry and two-year-old Mary, get together to enjoy the festivities in a traditional way.

And he has seen a white Christmas—many of them. He will never forget one when he was ten. "I used to do a newspaper round in my home town to make some pocket money. Even on Christmas day the Spokane Spokesman—Review was published. As I trudged through the snow I tried to figure why anyone should want to print newspapers on this of all days."

Bing's happiest white Christmas memory is of the first time he and his family spent the Christmas in their log cabin on the edge of Hayden Lake in Idaho.

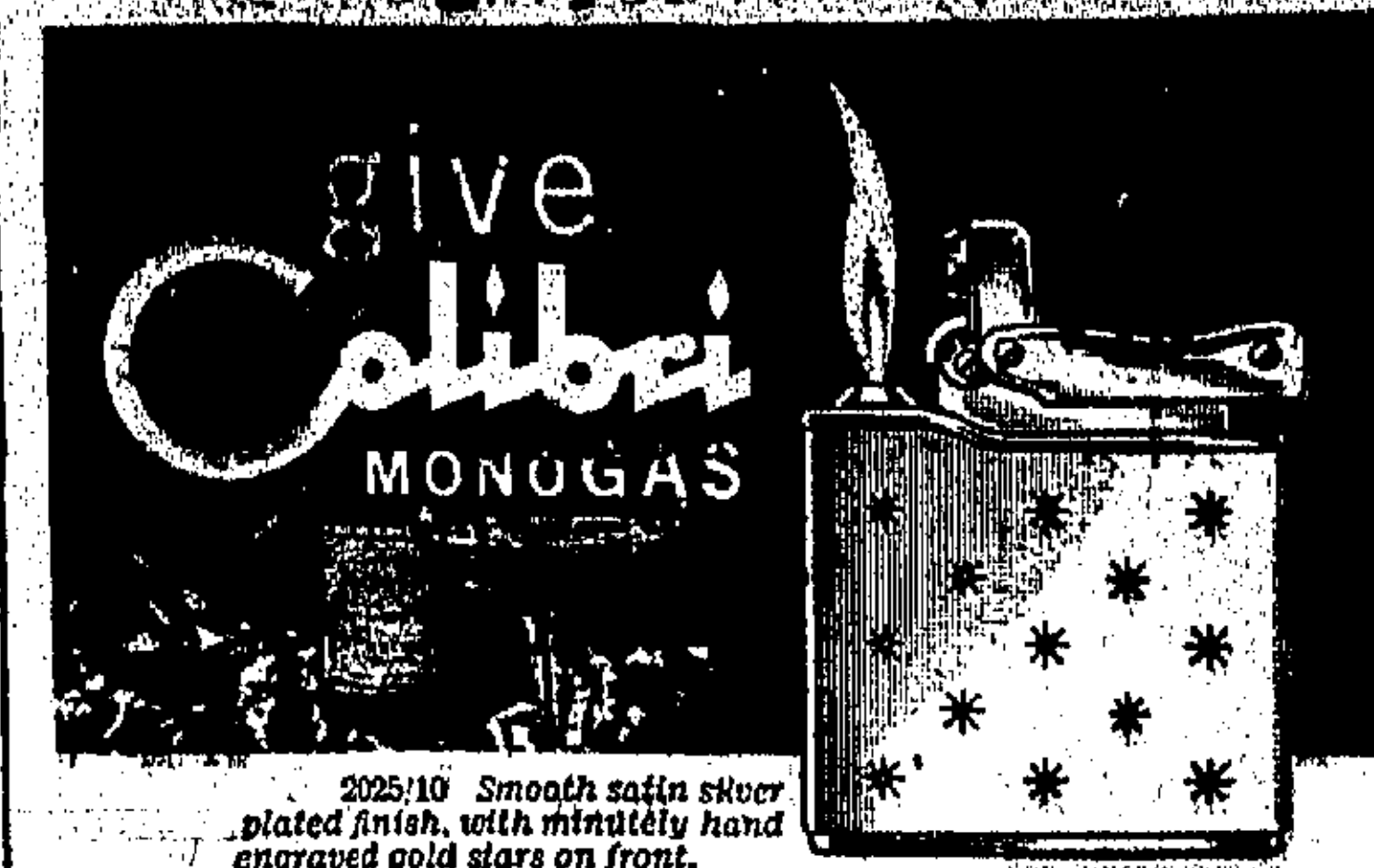
"It was some years ago now, but I've never forgotten it. Maybe because we went everywhere on a hobsleigh. Someone had to fall off the darned thing, and that someone had to be me."

That's one accident Crosby can't pin on Bob Hope. "The old man was chasing lost golf balls somewhere in the sunshine at the time."

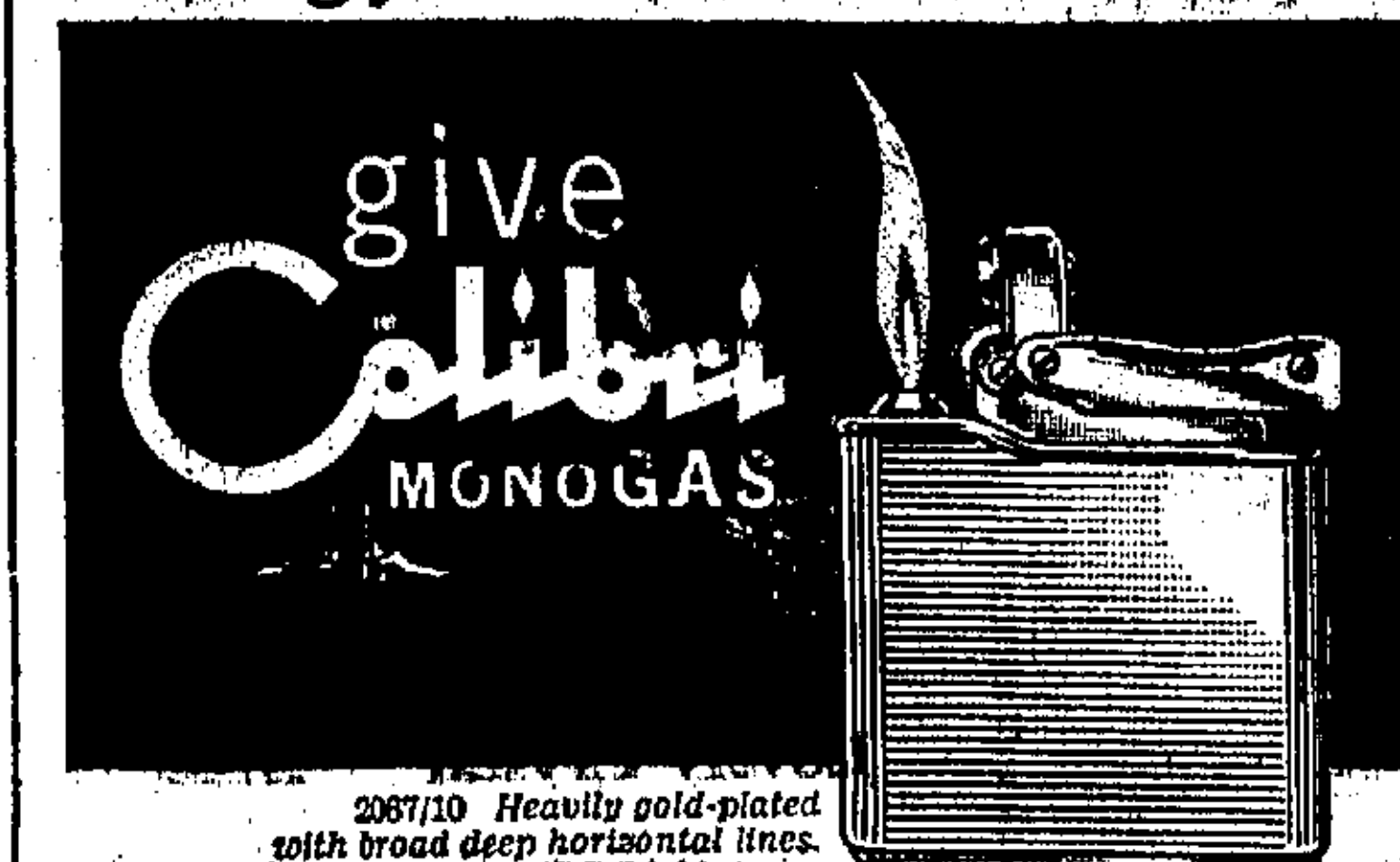


What Christmas Means to Me. Left to right: Nubar Gulbenkian, Paul Getty, Herb Elliott. Gulbenkian—"Good fellowship." Getty—"Children make Christmas." Elliott—"Christmas brings awareness."

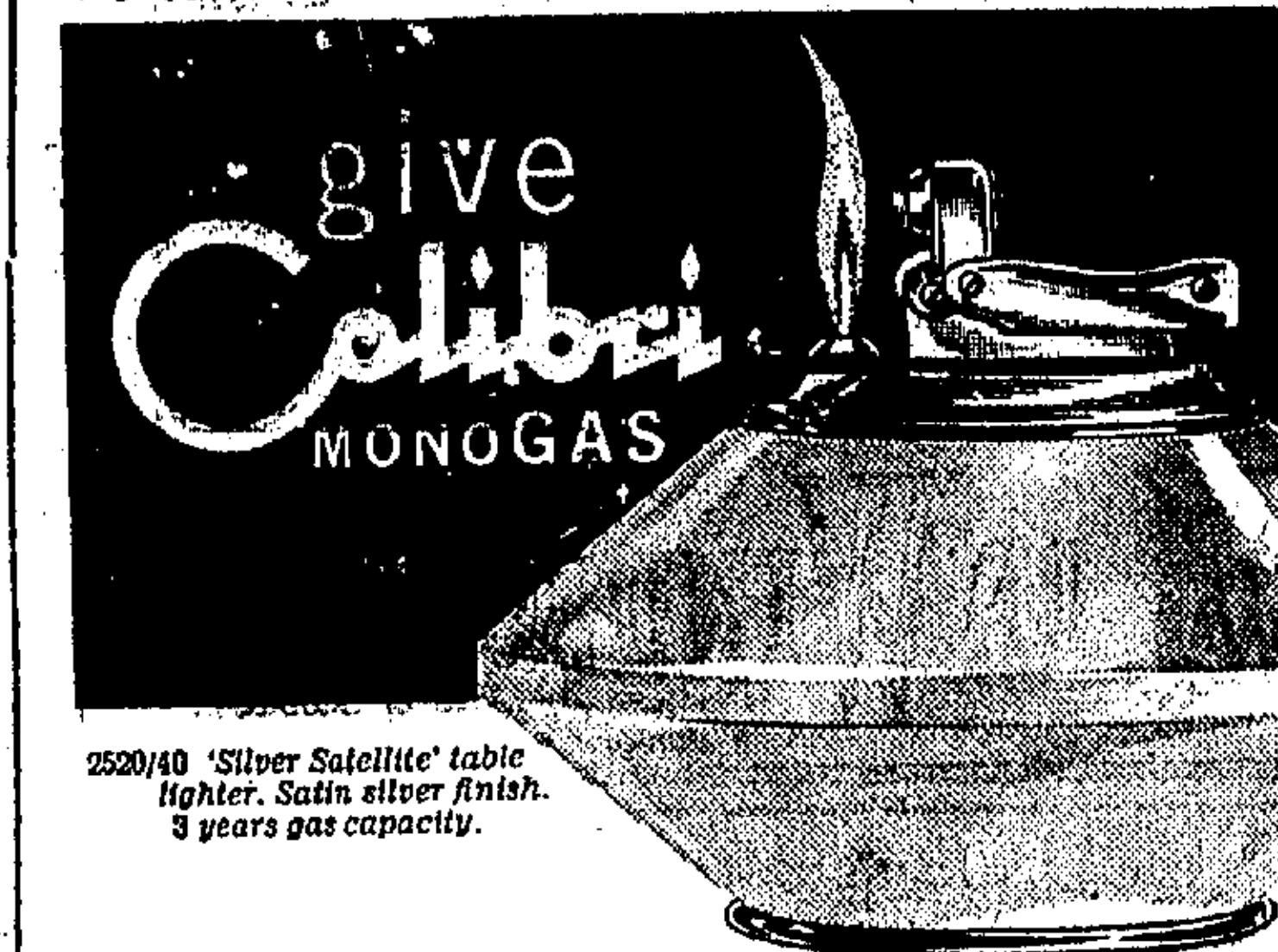
To fête the girl you aim to please



To bring your suitors to their knees



To make a hit with he's or she's



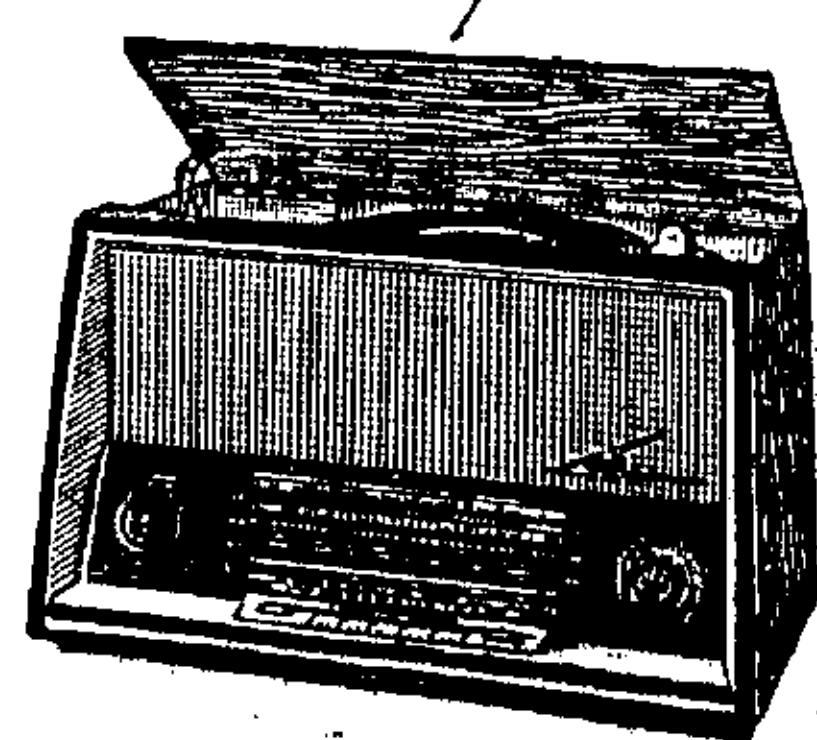
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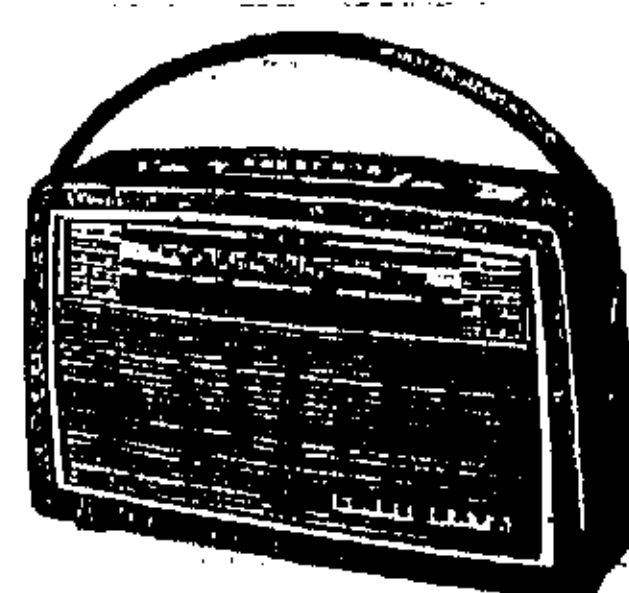
MonoGAS neatest, slimmest quality lighter of all, with thermostatic control giving a constant-size flame in heat or cold. Brilliantly easy to refuel.

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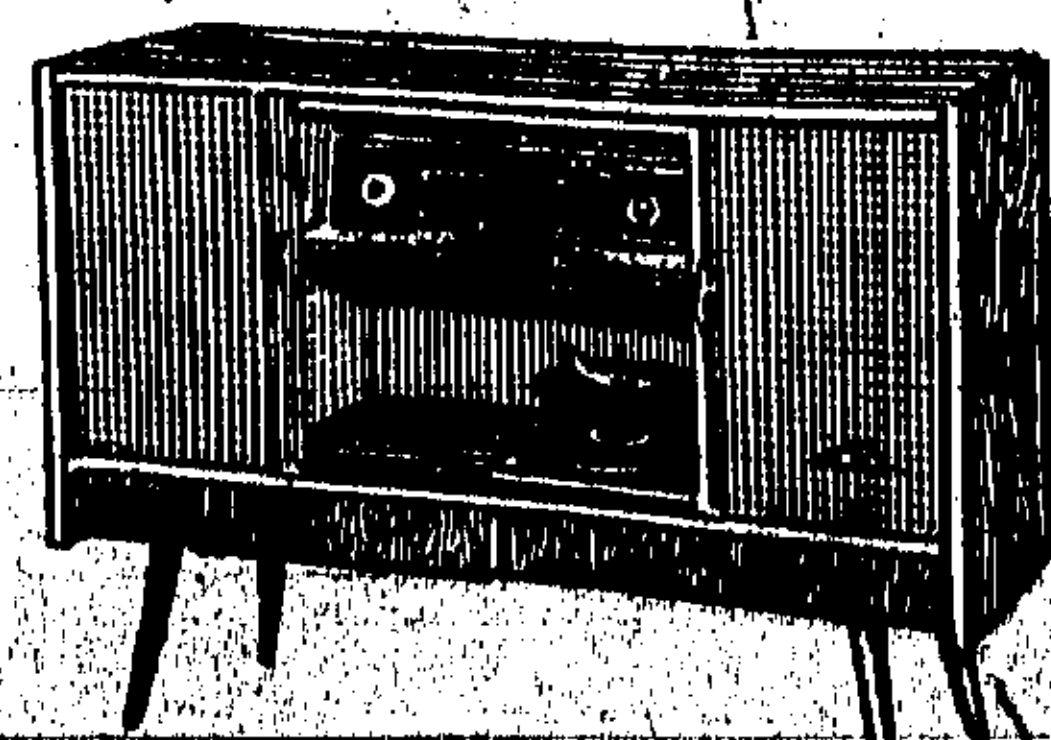
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LOEWE OPTA



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LORD DE LUXE FM-AM portable with full-vision slide-rule dial for FM, SW, MW & LW. Due to the use of a temperature-compensated I V push-pull output stage, lowest possible current consumption.



RAMONA-STEREO a master piece of fine cabinet making, housing a precision-engineered, top-performing radio with automatic Duplex tuning, twin channel stereo amplification, stereo balance control, and a modern 4-speed, intermix HI-FI Stereo record changer.

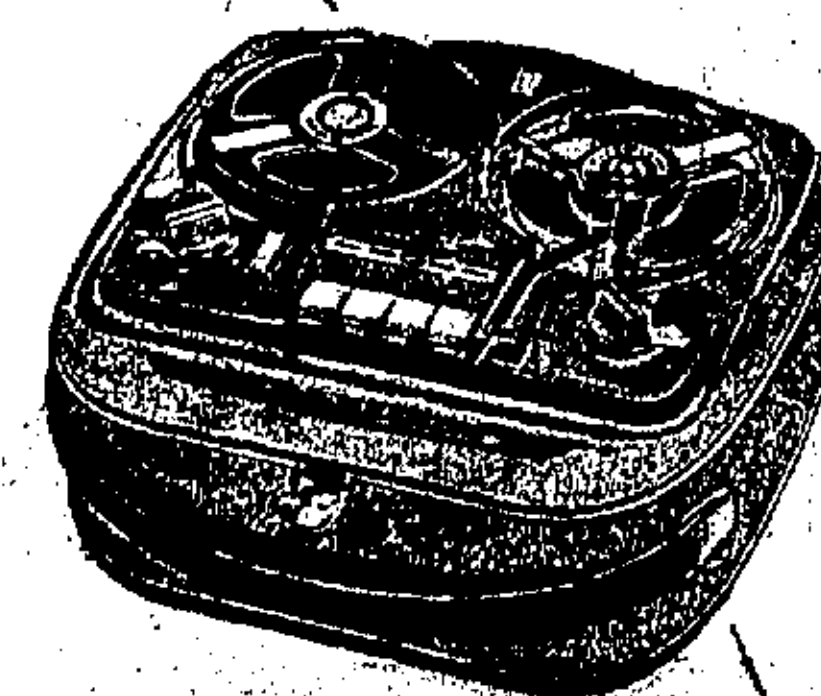
LOEWE OPTA

IN THE NEW SOUND WORLD OF STEREO

TABLE RADIOS WITH STEREO AMPLIFIER

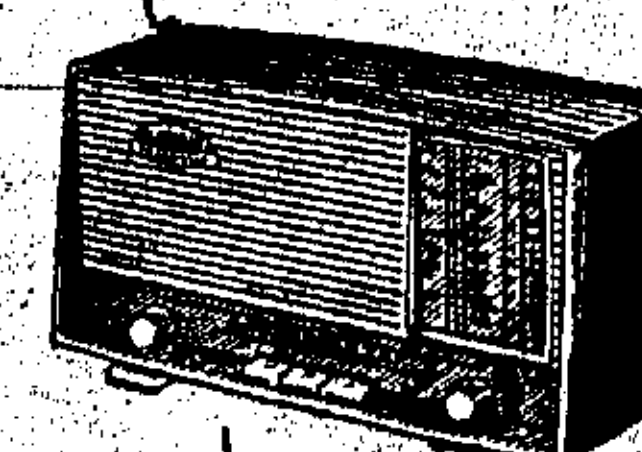
TRANSISTORIZED PORTABLE RADIOS

FM-AM RADIO-PHONO-STEREO CONSOLES

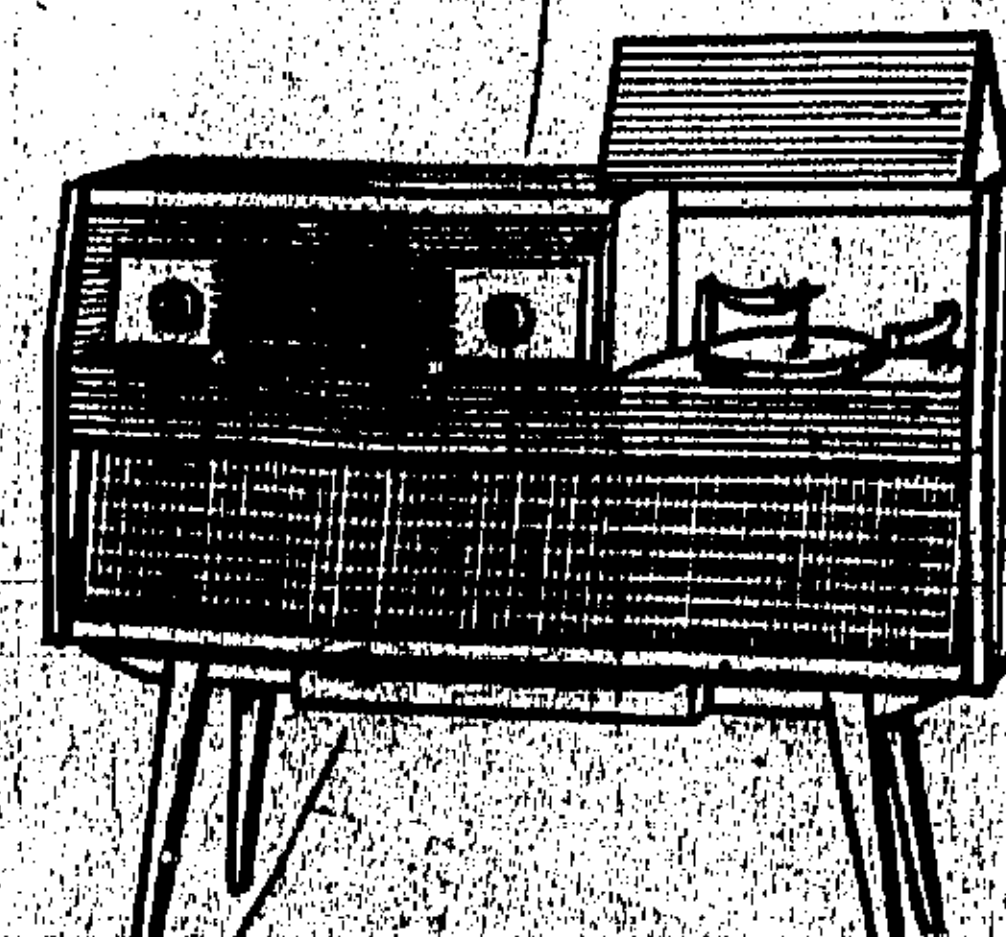


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KOBOLD, full transistorized FM-MW-LW table model completely independent of the power line. To be used indoors as a table radio, outdoors as a portable.



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Fuji Pearls
and Gem Set
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with
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for Shining
Candlelight
and
Lovely Crystal
for Seasonal
Cheer



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Toshiba

Christmas Gifts



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10100E

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TRANSISTOR
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TRANSISTOR
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TRANSISTOR
20100E

8TH-4228
TRANSISTOR
20100E

GENERAL AGENTS
Nippon Onyaku Company
2nd Floor
Telephone House
Hong Kong, Tel. 22360

TOSHIBA SHOWROOM
Ground Floor
Central Building
Hong Kong, Tel. 25084

FOR EVERY FESTIVE OCCASION

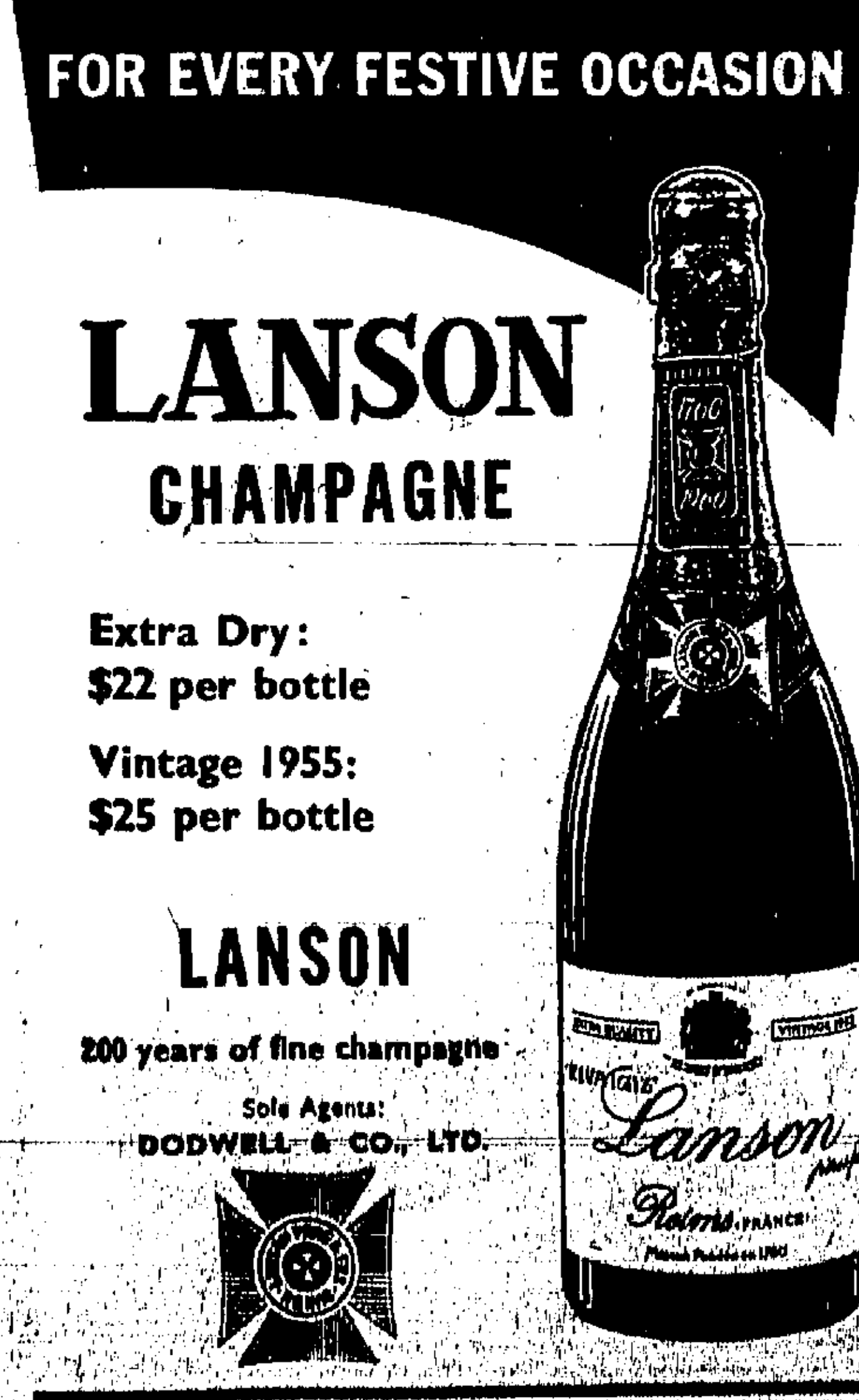
LANSON CHAMPAGNE

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Vintage 1955:
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LANSON
200 years of fine champagne

Sole Agents:
DODWELL & CO., LTD.



A MIDSUMMER FLIGHT OF HIGHLAND FANTASY . . . start reading this light-hearted The Night the Monster Landed . . . 3-part serial today

THE Monster landed in moonlight on the shingle of Loch Ness at a point opposite Urquhart Castle and half-way between Dore and Foyers at approximately 23.40 hours on the night of July 16. It shuffled from the silver-splashed surface in an eerie silence broken only by the plop, plop of water dripping from its huge body.

In a tree by the lochside an owl hooted once in shocked surprise. Nothing quite like the Monster had ever invaded its dark, little kingdom before. And nothing so terrifying had ever before loomed out of the night to frighten the wits out of Angus MacGunn and his associate, Aeneas Eigg, tractor mechanics by trade, poachers by habit and repute. Both were taking evasive action from vigilant gamekeepers less than 15 yards from the Foyers-Dore road when the Monster crossed it, a gigantic, nightmarish shape starkly visible in a fugitive gleam of moonlight.

The sight froze both men to the damp earth. "My God, Aeneas," said Angus MacGunn hoarsely. No sound came from his companion. His mouth gaped while his reason poised delicately on the brink of flight.

The poachers lay sweating as the Monster waddled over the road and plunged into a plantation on the hillside above it. The ground trembled when it moved.

It was an hour later when the phone rang in the orderly room at H.Q. 1st Battalion Augustus Highlanders, at the regimental depot two miles outside the city of Inverness. The Augustus Highlanders were the issue of a shotgun wedding — arranged by those military matchmakers, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff and the Secretary of State for War — between the Queen's Own Inverness Highlanders and the Seafield Highlanders, two illustrious regiments whose ancient conceit of themselves was fortunately matched by a festoon of battle honours that were counted at intervals with the regimental silver and just as carefully hoarded.

Police SOS

These once-proud units now lived together, for better or worse, in sickness and in health, as the Augustus Highlanders, a

title already abbreviated by the NAAFI into "Gussie Highlanders."

The colonels of both the Inverness and the Seafield Highlanders hated the name. It was the one thing they agreed upon.

The phone, shrilling with a most-immediate clamour in the battalion orderly room, woke 186266. Sec. Lieut. Niall (Shamus) MacDiarmid, the youngest subaltern in the Army's youngest regiment, and duty officer in the early hours of July 16.

Sec-Lieut. MacDiarmid raised himself on his camp-bed, looked at his watch and muttered "Hell." He lifted the phone.

"Duty-officer, Augustus Highlanders," he said sleepily.

The voice of a man audibly striving to keep excitement out of his speech came from the other end—loud and clear. "Police here sir," it said. "We need your help."

Positive

Sec-Lieut. MacDiarmid was instantly alert. The voice of the police went on: "It's like this, sir. At 00.15hrs. two men known to us as poachers arrived at Foyers station in a state bordering on hysteria and reported an incident on the lochside.

The ground trembled as it plunged on . . .

PART ONE
by JOHN CALDER

"Both men were sober, sir. Well what they had to say — when they could speak — was that they'd seen the Monster coming out of the loch and taking to the hills.

"They both said they saw it ON THE ROAD."

Sec-Lieut. MacDiarmid made a quick appreciation of the situation with a mental footnote on the credibility of Highlanders.

"What did it look like?" he said cautiously.

"A great creature, sir," said the police. "About 40ft. long with a huge, great neck and . . . feet just like you picture on 'Panorama.' Both poachers were positive, sir, that . . ."

"But surely, Inspector," said Sec-Lieut. MacDiarmid (sergt. sir, said the voice at the other end)—sorry, sergt., you don't



"There's no doubt about it," said the chief constable, "something quite extraordinary is on the rampage in these hills."

"Police station at Foyers," he said. "And make it Priority." He felt that the occasion demanded status.

It took exactly 30 seconds to get the call through. Sec-Lieut. MacDiarmid timed it.

"Police station, Foyers, chief constable speaking," said the voice at the other end.

"Duty Officer, Augustus Highlanders," said Sec-Lieut. MacDiarmid. "O.K. sir, this is just to keep the record straight. We'll be with you in about 30 minutes."

"Look, there's something odd going on here and I'm making a positive request for your help. I'll confirm this in writing later. Can you send a few men, armed of course, down to Foyers right away?"

Sec-Lieut. MacDiarmid reacted with the alertness of a man for whom the night's boredom was at an end.

"Right, oh, sir," he said. "We'll be down in about 30 minutes."

Then, mindful of the personal hazards involved in committing the military to the aid of the civil powers, he added carefully:

"I say, sir, just a security precaution—but you don't mind if I ring you back immediately just to check?"

The chief constable said quietly: "Of course not. I'll wait." Trust the military, he thought, not to take chances.

Sec-Lieut. MacDiarmid replaced the receiver, lifted it off the hook again and spoke to the regimental exchange.

HIGH above the still, moonlit surface of Loch Ness the Monster paused uncertainly. Behind it lay a swathe of wide, broken trees, flattened bracken and tumbled dykes. The imprints of its eight huge, curiously-shaped feet were clearly visible all along its path. It sniffed the air. The sound was like the sucking of a small suction-pump. Then it crashed on a gargantuan bull-dozer that crushed everything that blocked its path.

Continued on Page 7

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The significance of the Christmas tree

CHRISTMAS trees were first heard of in Alsace; records speak of one in Strasbourg as early as 1539. Although it has meanwhile spread throughout the world, the Christmas tree with its quiet yet bright lights and gay decorations is still today essentially the German symbol of Christmas.

In South Germany yew or box-trees are often used instead of plums or firs. In the eastern parts of Germany you sometimes find it replaced by a carved candlestick or even a Christmas pyramid consisting of six or eight round tiers of candles.

Apart from glass balls, gold- or nuts, apples, sweets and tinsel are used to decorate a Christmas tree, which is then further adorned with white, yellow or red candles.

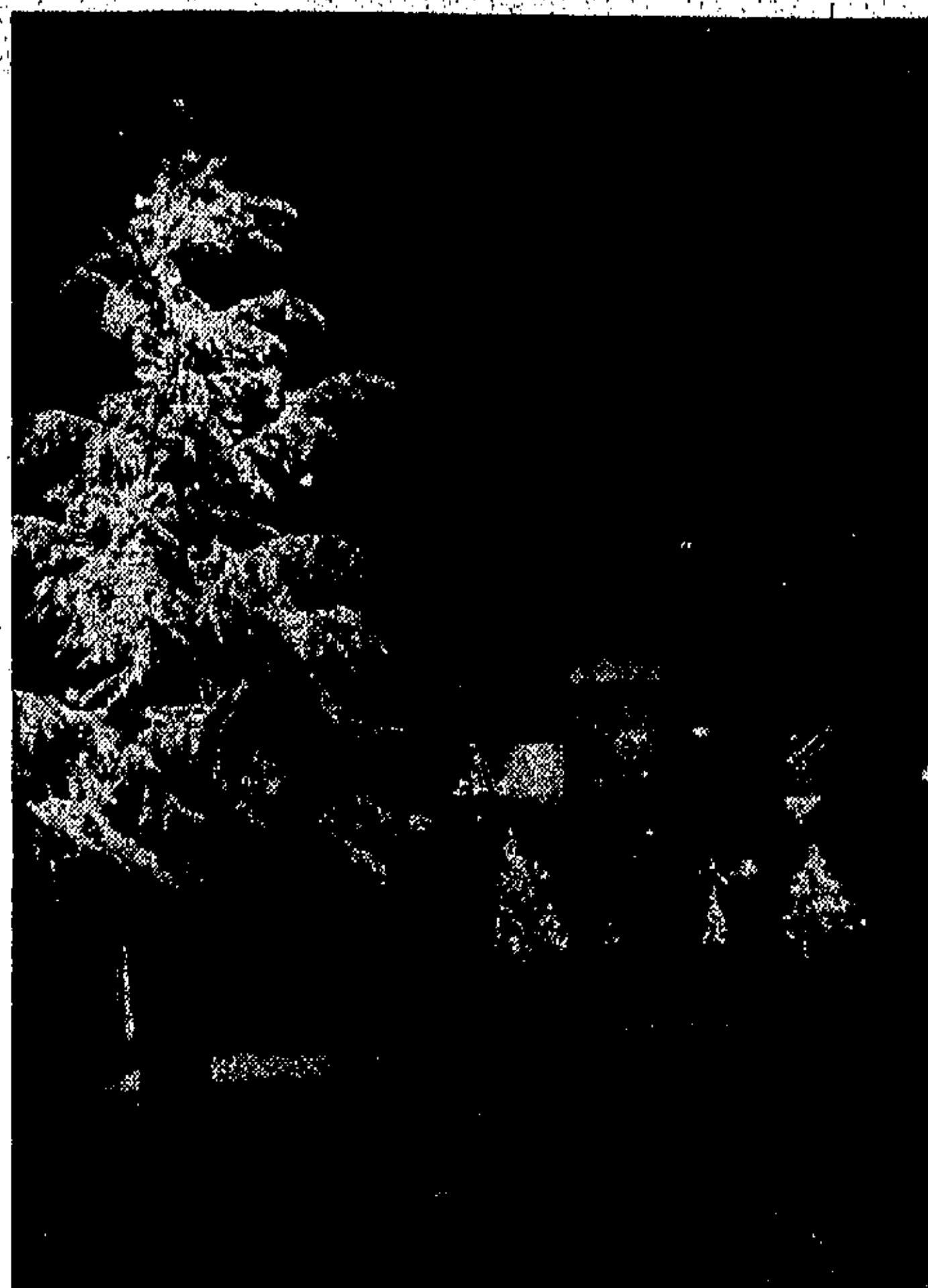
In Russian prisoner-of-war camps which witnessed so much human suffering, German prisoners used to make their own candles and the wooden supports to stand them on.

The Christmas tree has, in fact, become an expression of man's confidence that one day reconciliation and peace will win over envy, hate, revenge and egoism. It is the best symbol that Germany could have given the world.

In recent years there have been many complaints about the increasing commercialisation of Yuletide. Christmas decorations in the streets and windows of large shops have, indeed, become a symbol of Christmas shopping.

LEAFY BRANCH

If Germans find themselves abroad at Christmas and they cannot get a tree, they make do with part of a small leafy branch decorated with candles.



A lovely snow scene in Germany's Black Forest.

THE NIGHT THE MONSTER LANDED

Continued from Page 6

A herd of Highland cattle, huddling in a corner of a field, looked uneasily at the frightening din of the Monster's progress came towards them. As the noise neared them the cattle stirred, then began to mill in senseless panic.

The Monster lumbered on, small creatures of the night scattering before it, or if they were too late to flee, dying instantaneously under its great feet.

Around the field where the cattle wheeled in fright ran a dry-stone dyke, a solid bulwark of cunningly built stone 11ft. wide and 5ft high. The Monster ploughed through it with a clatter of tumbling boulders and in a moment was rampaging through the terrified herd.

"The idea then, sir, is for us to have a look for it," he said. Suddenly he wanted to laugh. The whole thing seemed fantastic. And he was still vaguely uneasy about the possibility of a hoax. Students had been known to get up to some really first-class pranks in Scotland.

The chief constable nodded. "That's it," he said gravely. For a moment he looked slightly embarrassed.

"I don't want to tell you your job," he said, "but you will be careful, won't you, before you start shooting. Guns frighten people and we don't want to look silly."

Sec. - Lieut. MacDiarmid nodded. "I quite understand, sir," he said. The honour of the regiment was also a sacred thing.

DOWN at Foyers Police Station Sec.-Lieut. MacDiarmid listened attentively as the chief constable quickly told his story. No. 6 Platoon, B Company, 1st Battalion Augustus Highlanders stood at ease on the roadway outside.

They were sleepy, cold, hungry, and, like all soldiers summoned to arms before dawn, utterly browned off.

The obscenities which, oddly enough, remain the only constant factor in the swiftly changing vocabulary of the space-age military men, ripped in bursts from the ranks.

"What's this perishing (that wasn't the word he used) caper we're on now?" asked Pte. Chalky White. Rockets may have superseded tanks and guns in the modern Army but all soldiers named White are still Chalky on the British Army.

Nobody answered him. "There is no doubt about it," the chief constable was saying in the station, as if to reassure himself, "something quite extraordinary is on the rampage in these hills." He stabbed at a large-scale map of Inverness-shire on the wall.

Sec.-Lieut. MacDiarmid pulled a similar ordnance sheet from his pocket and frowned over it.

Slaughter

The phone rang inside the police station. The sergeant answered. "Yes, Calum, we know that... but — WHAT?"

The chief constable and Sec.-Lieut. MacDiarmid watched the sergeant's face. His forehead was white and they saw the colour drain from his cheeks and disappear behind his stubbled chin.

The sergeant spoke: "All right, Calum," he said, "the Army's here and we'll be up right away." He replaced the phone on its cradle.

"That's Calum MacDonnell up at Hill of Aonach," he said. "He says there's a great beast in among his cattle and there's been a slaughter..."

The sergeant looked blankly at the chief constable. "My god sir," he said, "this is bloody terrible..."

ON WEDNESDAY

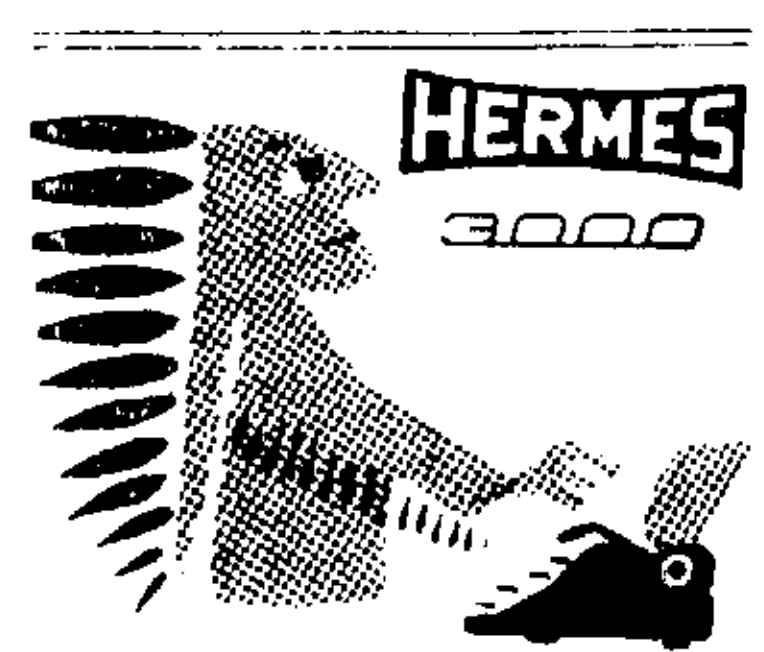
The news is broken...

REAL VALUES

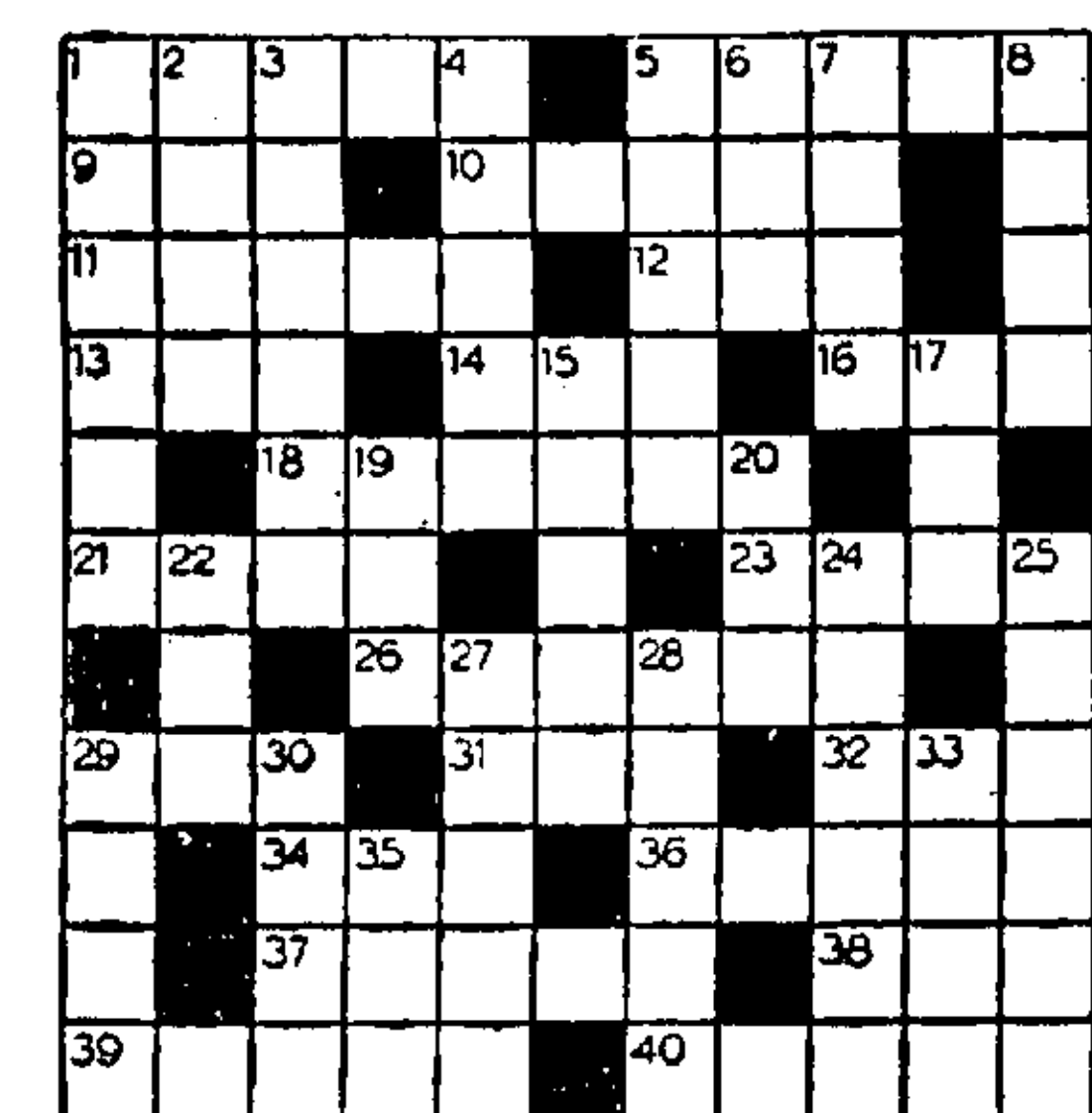
And yet in our time the soft light cast by a Christmas tree has come to symbolise the triumph of the spirit and the mind. It somehow gives people the strength to resist brute force or the might of nature.

A Christmas tree changes our awareness of the real values in life just as it did two hundred years ago.

The fact that it came from Alsace, the stronghold of Christian humanism. In the 15th and 16th centuries shows its power to unite different nations. This power is greater today than it has ever been.



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ACROSS

- 1 Mice scurry
- 5 Not at all high
- 9 Draw
- 10 Give out
- 11 Saying
- 12 Enclosure
- 13 Impair
- 14 Go round in circles
- 16 It may be converted
- 18 Followed
- 21 Swagger
- 23 Reptiles

DOWN

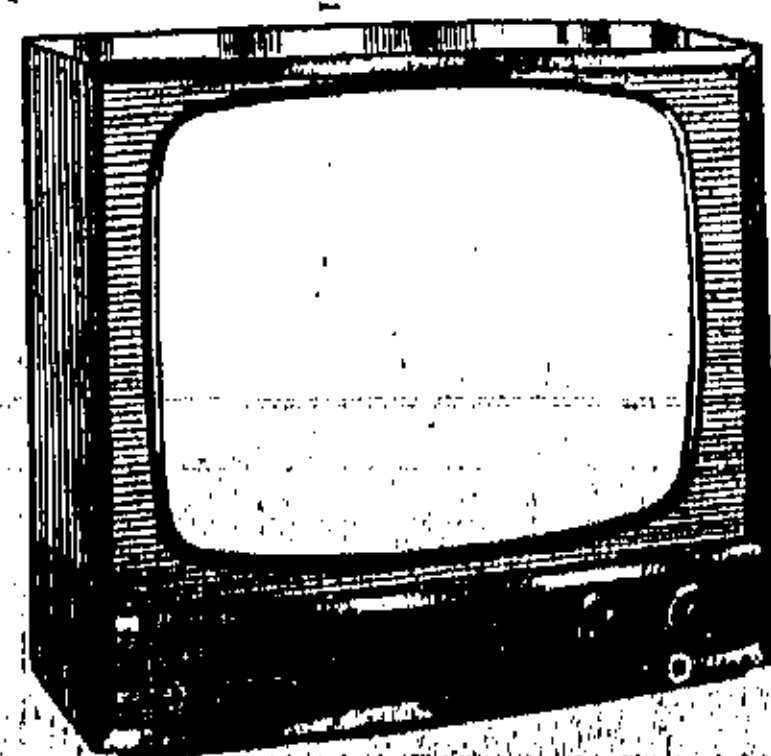
- 2 There are books full of them
- 3 Opera
- 4 Dances
- 6 Poem
- 7 Inclination to be crooked
- 8 Pack
- 15 Foretell
- 17 On the knuckles
- 19 It's full of holes
- 20 Little ment
- 22 It melts in your mouth
- 24 Gazed
- 25 Jewellers' weights
- 27 Fast
- 28 Coloured girl
- 29 Complaint about the meat
- 30 Venture
- 33 Bird
- 35 Being

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 3 Biscuit, 7 Broken, 8 Scamp, 9 Bath, 11 Hens, 12 Rondo, 13 Curt, 14 Rear, 15 Resin, 16 Stab, 19 Let, 21 Colonel, 22 Season, 23 Streets. Down: 1 Able, 2 Robbers, 3 Best, 4 Inch, 5 Comforts, 6 Terror, 10 Antidote, 11 Hue, 13 Neatest, 14 Dab, 15 Cracks, 18 Soles, 19 Lest, 20 Long.

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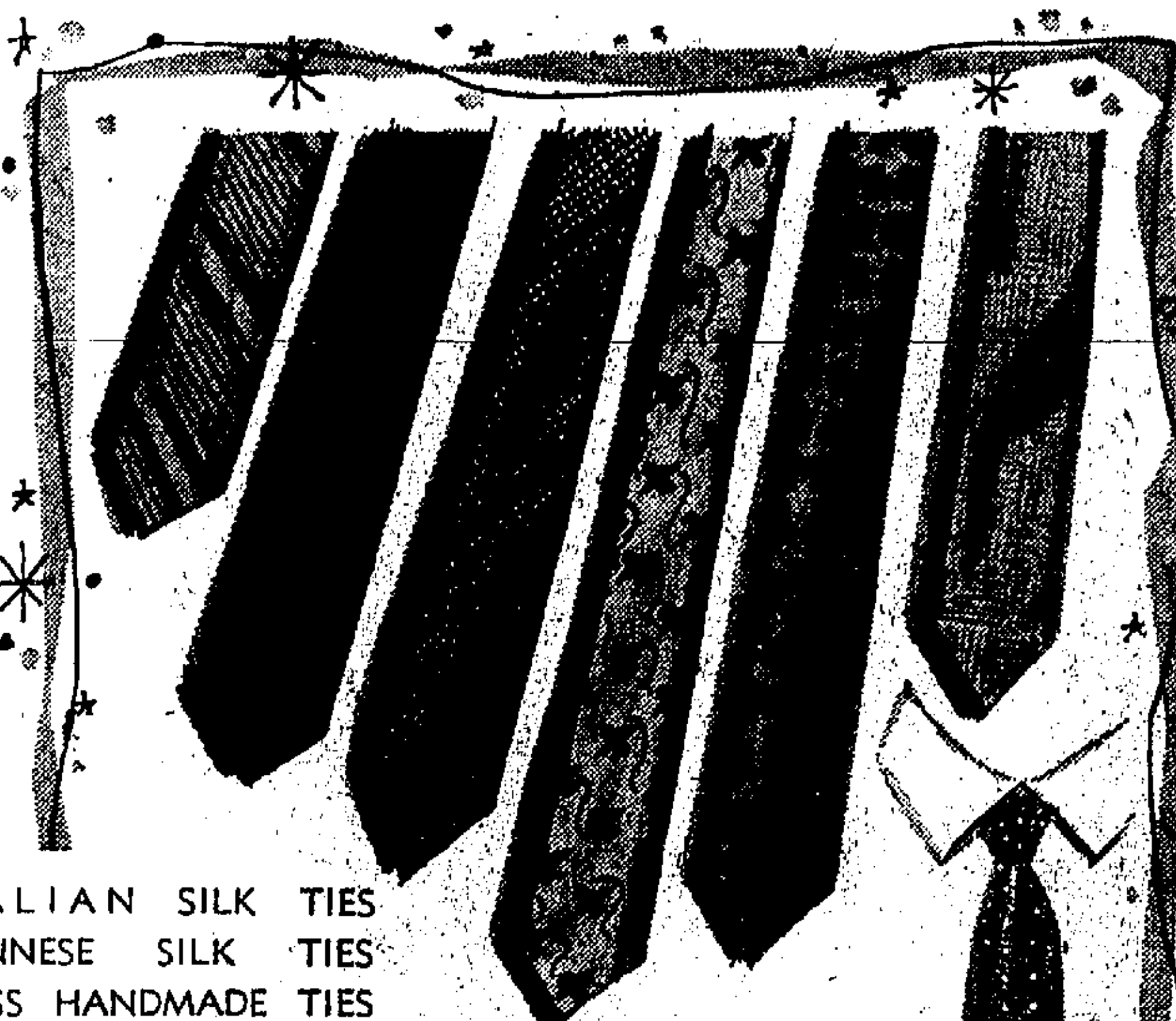
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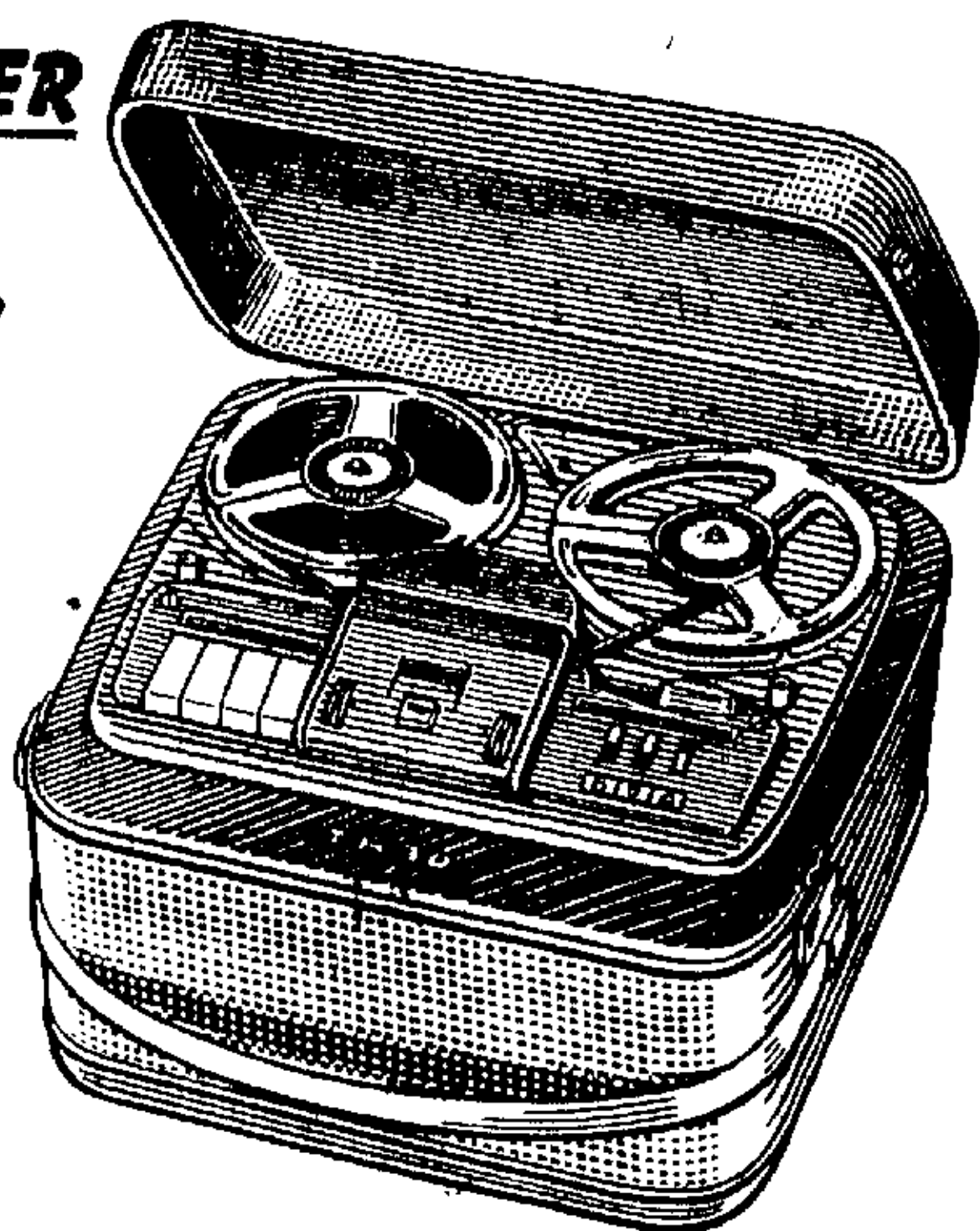
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The shortest tourist season in the world BETHLEHEM 1961—

Nobody bothered much about the cave at first.

There had for long been local stories about it, of course. But few outsiders ever came to Bethlehem to listen to them.

You reached this straggling village, if you had to, along the rocky road from Aelia Capitolina, the Roman city that had risen from the charred ruins of Jerusalem. You toiled five miles out, then forked off down a rough track.

Bethlehem was a hamlet of no significance: a minor market for the small grain, fruit and livestock farmers on the fringe of the Judean wilderness. A place of not more than 500 souls.

INHOSPITABLE

A place with a local story about a cave.

Most people knew the way the story went: that in this rough limestone cleft, barren and inhospitable, had been born the man Jesus who was crucified 150 years before.

This was mildly interesting: for it was common knowledge that some men, calling themselves Christians, were actually worshipping Jesus as God.

Occasionally some stranger from the outer world would arrive in the sleepy village, looking for the cave.

But there were many rough openings in the hillside; and perhaps, in the beginning, not every stranger was directed to the right one. Nor did St. Justin Martyr offer many clues to its location when he wrote the account that became the earliest known reference to it.

DESECRATION

Simply that it was "in the village."

But by the time another century had passed the legend had hardened, and the chronicler Origen had attached the loose local tradition enduringly to a particular cave.

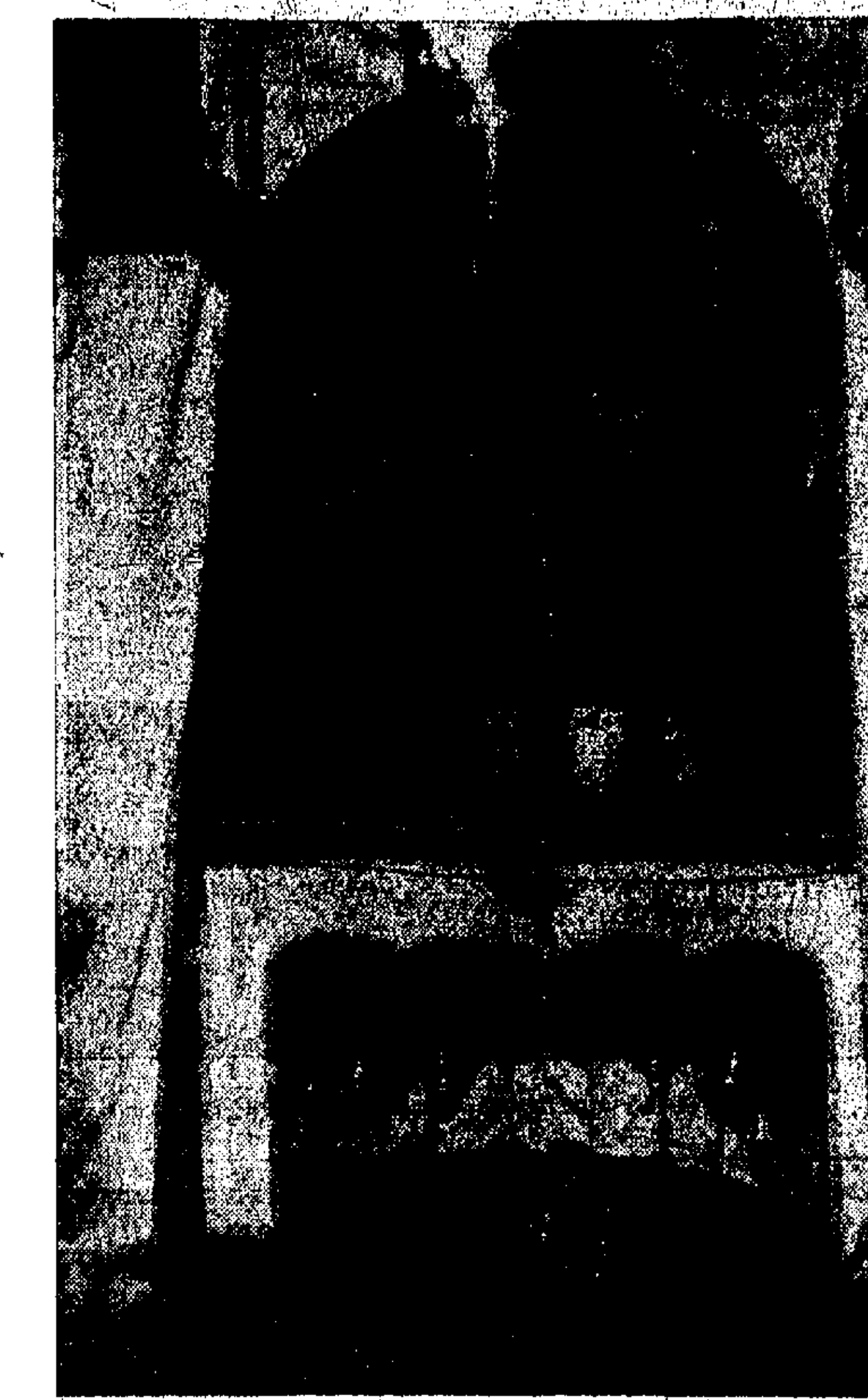
Many more visitors were arriving to see it by now. But it remained a cave. No splendid church stood over the Holy of Holies yet. Nor were there anything like Christian ceremonies within its uninviting depths.

On the contrary, by an act of calculated desecration, the wood in which the cave stood had become early in the Second Century AD a grove held sacred to the pagan god Adonis.

MYSTERIES

By order of the Emperor Hadrian, the cave became a stage for mysteries connected with this tragic lover of Venus, supposed to have been slain in the prime of his youth by a wild boar.

And, lamented the great Christian scholar St. Jerome who lived in Bethlehem, "the earth's most sacred spot was overshadowed by a grove of Thamuz (Adonis), and in the



The Grotto of the Nativity. The star marks the spot where Christ was born.

cave where the infant Christ once cried, the paramour of Venus was bewailed. But the dim gods of late Rome could not survive long against the pure flame of new belief. No trappings of that rich, rotten civilisation could now match the strange compelling power of that cave.

BASILICA

Another hundred years passed. And by now the Emperor Constantine the Great, shrewdly blending policy and devotion, was erecting over the holy cave the first basilica, S. Maria a Praesepio.

Or rather, according to some historians, the Emperor had come to see that in the new Christianity lay his best hope of the imperial unity he needed to save his slipping realm. And it was in fact his mother, the Empress Helena (an ardent convert) who went with his approval to Judaea to choose the site and supervise the building.

She had the trees felled, and the pagan grove was no more. Then she set about planning a building that would shelter and glorify the cave, and leave space for communal prayer.

SPLENDID

It was a splendid building, according to the old accounts of pilgrims who saw it. Its roof was of angled timbers, its

walls of cream-coloured limestone. It was fitted inside with gold and silver ornaments, jewelled cups and vessels. Its walls were lined with mosaics and marble slabs.

When the Empress died, Constantine added further precious gifts, and embroidered curtains.

For two centuries this first church sheltered the sacred cave. It stood to see that first thin trickle of pilgrims swell to a flood-tide, and Bethlehem expand into a busy tourist centre.

From Britain and India the reverent travellers poured in; from Italy and Ethiopia. There was always a new line waiting to kiss the holy spot where the golden manger stood. There was always the steady devotion of one faith.

PILLAGE

Christianity, though, was spreading faster abroad than at home. In 529 fire and pillage ravaged the countryside as the Samaritans rose against their Christian overlords. The basilica crashed about the cave and covered it in a thick layer of ashes, charred wood and shattered tiles.

The King of Constantinople ordered a new church built. He sent an envoy with a large sum of money, with orders to erect over the Grotto a building of such size and beauty that nothing

Dollars, devotion and neon stars

by David Ettrick

"AND here," says the guide, "is the spot where our Lord was born."

A fur-coated American matron falls to her knees at the rich altar, beneath the fifteen hanging lamps and the brocades. Leaning forward, she kisses reverently the fourteen-pointed silver star with its smooth-worn Latin inscription, let into the marble floor of the Grotto of the Nativity.

"Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est," it reads. Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.

It is Christmas in Bethlehem, 1961. Queues wait to file down the few steps from the transept of the big incense-scented Church of the Nativity to the narrow underground cavern that holds the very heart of the Christmas mystery.

Outside neon stars glow from church rooftops, and the little hillside town pulses with dollars and devotion. The shortest tourist season in the world (from noon on Christmas Eve to 2 am on Christmas Morning) is in full swing.

Cars and coaches jam Manger Square. There is brisk trade in carved olive-wood crosses and locally-worked mother-of-pearl. There is carolling led by an Anglican archbishop in Shepherd Fields, two miles away.

"I found a swell shepherd," says the American matron's husband. "But whaddya know? He wanted a dollar and a half to be photographed with his flock."

"And here," the guide begins again, "is the spot where our Lord was born..."

ing even in the Holy City could match it.

When the envoy reported back, the King did not like the sound of his description of the new church. He accused the man of raising a poor, dark place and stealing money for himself.

MIRACLE

Then he had him beheaded. For the cave of Christ's birth and its church to have survived the strife-torn centuries that followed would have seemed to require something like a miracle.

The miracle was not wanting. They emerged almost unscathed.

For fourteen years, after 614 A.D., the cave lay under the

power of Persian invaders. A few years later it faced a darker peril: conquest by Arab hordes, feared for so long by the people of Bethlehem and now sweeping down on them fired by the new religion of Islam.

Arab armies outfought Christian armies. For the first time in three hundred years, they dared not celebrate Christmas in the Church of the Nativity.

MECCA

And the Caliph Umar Ibn Al Khat'ab, passing through Bethlehem, prayed when the hour came in the south transept of the church, his face towards Mecca.

(Continued on Page 20)

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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

The Junior Critics REVIEW THE CHILDREN'S BOOKS



David Bratby



Marinella Moore



Clemency Fisher



Jenny Quayle



Timothy Scott



Simon Bain



Sarah Symons

David Bratby, 6, son of artist John Bratby, reviews *The Cat Thief* by Joan Luss. Abelard-Schumann, 12s. 6d.

GINGER MOLL is my favourite because she is pretty and because she invited them all to tea at the end. They were naughty to eat those kippers. I think everybody will hate Jim Marlow because it's jolly cruel to steal cats that belong to people.

I wish they would draw that Tom Cat on the Saucy Sue properly if he is only supposed to have one ear. Arabella was supposed to be sitting behind some old tin cans.

Why does it say tin cans if there aren't any? I like this book, but I would rather read Alice in Wonderland. It's better than the Jungle Book.

Marinella Moore, 8, daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, reviews *Gringolo* by Lillie Keating MacDonald. 10s. 6d.

GRINGOLO is the story of a dormouse that got lost when he was small and found himself in a house where a little girl called Kiki took him as her pet. The story tells of their various adventures together until finally Gringolo gets restless and Kiki, although she is very sad about it, sets him free.

Clemency Fisher, 8, daughter of naturalist James Fisher and authoress Margery Fisher, reviews *Two Thumb Thomas* by Barbara Freeman. Faber, 12s. 6d.

TWO-THUMB THOMAS is an amusing, exciting book. Thomas is brought up by an unusual foster-mother, a cat called Lynette. As she is a school cat she insists on Thomas going to school.

Thomas lives in a house which is only inhabited by seven rats. The rats think it is their house so they bring disaster on Thomas, leaving his blazer and mysteriously stopping the clock and then fighting a battle. Here is a piece I specially liked: "Sweep up the rats—and roll them over— Sweep up the rats—and roll them over— Early in the mo-oo-ring." Thomas makes friends with two of the rats, and I'm glad to say that in the end he finds a proper home with some nice people.

Jenny Quayle, 11, daughter of actor Anthony Quayle, reviews *Two-Thumb Thomas*. Allen, by Mary Norton. Dent, 12s. 6d.

THIS is the fourth of the wonderful books about Pod, Homilly and Arrietty. In this one they arrive at the Borrowers model dream town Little Fordham. They are captured and kept in an attic for the winter, but they float to safety in a gas-filled balloon. They return to Little Fordham but decide it is safer to live in an old mill.

This is a wonderful book for any child, and it is very sad it should be the last in this very human series by Mary Norton. I am sure that all children will more than enjoy this book, as I have done.

Timothy Scott, 12, son of critic and author F. D. Scott, reviews *Fish and Fishing* by Jerome Nadaud. Collins, 12s. 6d.

THIS very comprehensive book on fishing for beginners contains not only chapters on all the major British (and some Euro-

pean) freshwater and sea fish, but also chapters on fly-fishing, spinning and live-baiting, and articles on big-game fishing, lobsters, crabs, prawns, shrimps, crayfish, shellfish, and fish for the aquarium.

It is profusely illustrated with pictures of the fish and the tackle, and diagrams of how and where to fish. Mr Nadaud has, I think, tried to include too much, and has consequently not been able to write very much about anything, but for those who are thinking about taking up angling as a hobby, this is the book.

Simon Bain, 10, son of Richard Flindlater and Romany Bain, reviews *Garry Halliday and the Ray of Death* by Justin Blake. Faber, 9s. 6d.

THE story doesn't really get going until the end of the first chapter, but the idea of the mysterious "Voice" is very effective. The excitement builds up gradually when Garry Halliday's airplane nearly catches fire. Soon it all gets up to the real standard of these books and I was very impressed.

The whole story is based on a certain jig-saw puzzle whose front picture turns out to be the mysterious "Voices" hide-out. The climax is a helicopter leaving from the roof and being destroyed in mid air, and the "Voice" escaping by rowing across the lake in the disguise of a caretaker.

This book provides not so much excitement as I expected, but is well written, and the TV series will add to its popularity.

Sarah Symons, 13, daughter of author Julian Symonds, reviews *The Singing Strings* by Dorothy Clewes. Collins, 10s. 6d.

THIS is a story about a famous violinist called Nicholas Matthias. There is a mystery surrounding him and his manager Horace Elik, which the three Hadley children, Peter, Eileen and Bob help to solve.

Peter writes the story which involves Russian spies, viola sonatas and the like. The book has a realistic London background. It is a sort of mystery puzzle to solve.

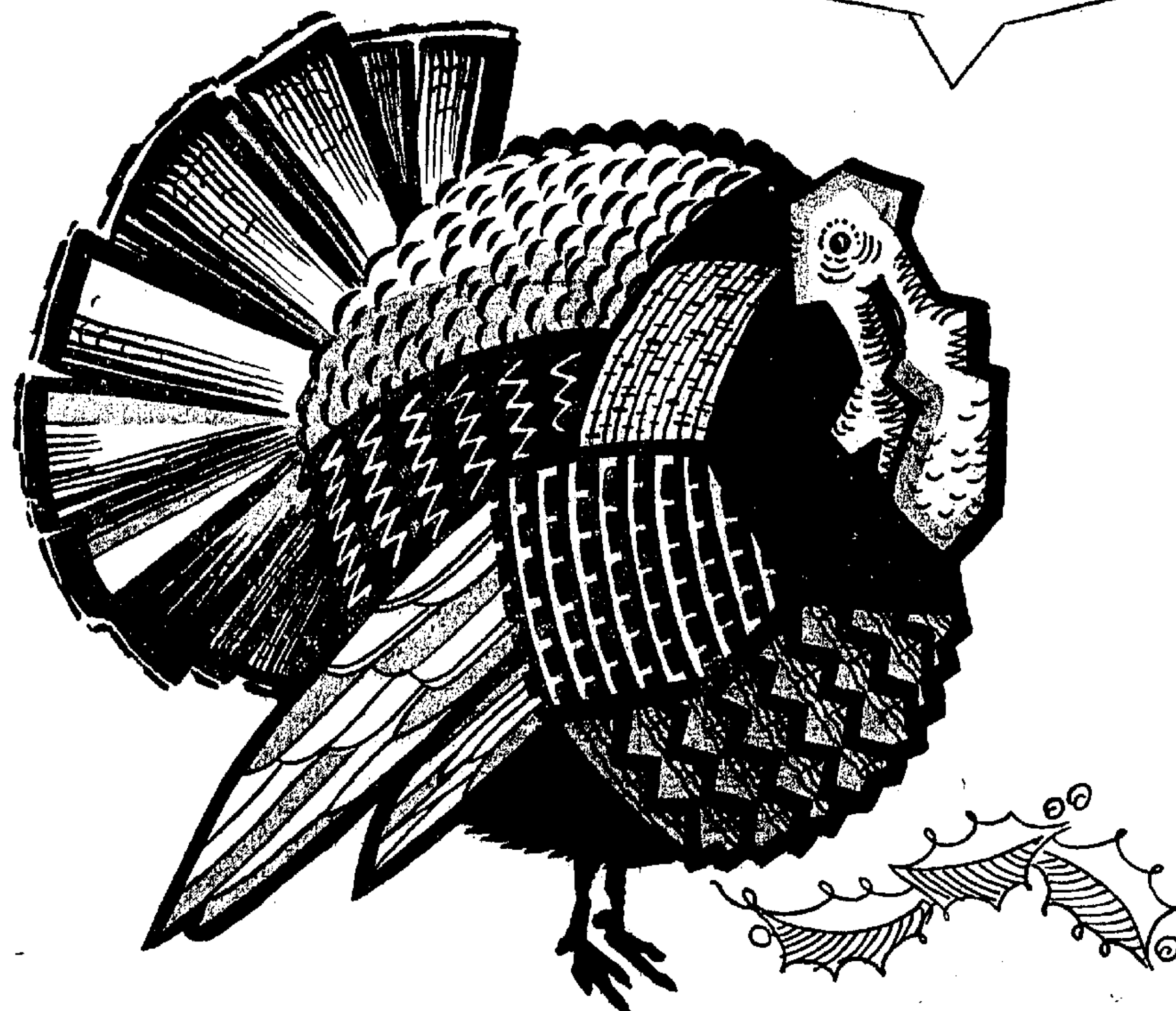
The book is well but not outstandingly written. It is worth buying for a Christmas present—but not for oneself.

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By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

AN ONLY CHILD. By Frank O'Connor. Macmillan. 21s.

MIKE O'DONOVAN was born in 1903 in Blarney-street, Cork, a lane which began "near the river bank, in sordidness" and ascended the hill "to something like squalor."

He was the only child of Michael O'Donovan labourer and veteran, manual labourer and compulsive drunk, and Minnie O'Connor, an orphanage girl of beauty and noble innocence, who had been a drudge in other people's homes before she became a drudge in her own.

No self-pity

When Mike O'Donovan grew up and had to choose a pen-name for the stories he wrote when not teaching Irish, he took O'Connor as a tribute to the woman he had always hoped to deliver from the drunken tyranny of his father.

His own childhood was tough. But the comparison with what his mother had suffered in her childhood prevented self-pity. Autobiographies covering the first twenty years of life are not as easy to write as this one is to read.

He blends the fairy-tale values of childhood (the young prince delivering the enchanted maiden from the wicked ogre) with the mature retrospect of a man in his late fifties.

He describes his own development in terms of people and situations. The most brilliant of all is the sketch of three women neighbours.

"Ellen was going to Hell, or wherever it is people go who think only of themselves. Minnie was going to Heaven, if that is the right name for the place where people go who think only of poisoned cats and starving dogs and dying people. Gertie, of course, was merely going to London."

War account

Three-quarters of the way through, the book sags with the description of the author's literary interests in adolescence, but it rises again at the end, in the account of the tragic-comedy of the Irish Civil War, in which O'Connor, reporting for the Republic, lost his physical freedom and found his freedom of mind.

An Only Child is a triumph, the intensely local description of Ireland in the first quarter of the century, which is universal in the emotions and experience it conveys.

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HONG KONG

KOWLOON

Early Christmas visit to the Abbey produced... MOST INCREDIBLE CRIME OF THE CENTURY

BIG BEN boomed out 2 a.m., and the din died shudderingly between the tall buildings that stared down blankly on to empty streets.

London slept, on this Christmas morning of 1950. No single footfall rang out on the freezing air.

Three young Scottish students, hugging the shadows outside Westminster Abbey, tensed as they heard it. Their two cars were parked nearby. They had their file, saw, screwdriver, wrench and hooded torch ready.

For ex-RAF law student Ian Hamilton, and his accomplices Alan Stuart and Gavin Vernon, the ordeal of waiting was over at last.



Now it was time for the great adventure to begin: a wild adventure, fired by nationalistic zeal, that was to erupt sensationally into headlines as the most daring "crime" for years.

Tip-toeing down a narrow lane to a side door of the Abbey precincts, they forced it open easily with their big jemmy. Slipping across a mason's yard and up a stone staircase, they found themselves up against another door: studded, of solid oak. This time the jemmy was useless.

But, exploring the yard in the torch's glow, they found a third door that appeared to open on to the part of the Abbey known as Poet's Corner.

By now it was 3 a.m.: time to collect Kay, the fourth conspirator, who was weak with flu but would not miss the fun. Returning to their cars, they drove across a ghostly, unpeopled London and banged on the door of her hotel.

Her father was ill, they told the sleepy manager. She had to return to Scotland at once.

But the manager was wide enough awake to be suspicious. Disappearing indoors, he rang the police. And suddenly a detective appeared beside one of the parked cars.

He blew a short blast on his whistle, and a police car

By Paul Cannon

slid up. Was the brave Christmas adventure to end before it had begun?

It really looked like it, when a police officer asked the young Scots the number of their car and they did not know it. The trouble was that they had hired the car and not noticed, they said. They realised as they spoke that it sounded pretty thin.

But at last they found a hire-car receipt that satisfied the policeman. They even apologised before they moved off.

Fantastic

It was the first of a fantastic chain of lucky breaks that was to see through to unlikely success a crazy venture that by all the rules should have failed half a dozen times over.

The students' plot was amateurishly conceived and even bungled. They could hardly have dared to hope that it would keep Scotland Yard's best brains guessing for weeks.

Four am. The four of their engine seemed alarmingly loud as they manoeuvred the car into a narrow lane near the Abbey. The door they had found gave a loud crack under the strain of shoulders and the jemmy.

And they were inside Westminster Abbey.

Guided by one dim light at the far end, they stole silently through a gridded gate and up a few steps. A marble tomb shone in the torchlight. They were in the Chapel of St Edward the Confessor.

They lifted a rail and shone the torch ahead—and there it was: a bulky lump of ancient

stone, lying under the historic Coronation Chair and labelled "CORONATION STONE".

This was the prize: the stone of destiny which had always been associated with the right of government, taken from Scotsmen 650 years before as the symbol of their lost liberty.

While it remained in England, old legends said, Scotland could never prosper or break her spell of bad luck.

But now, after the Second World War, a new generation of Scots had returned to find their country astray with cultural renaissance and political revival. There was mounting clamour for home rule, to replace government from Whitehall hundreds of miles away. Towards securing at least a measure of it, the Scottish Covenant movement had collected almost two million signatures in a year.

Ideal

But the British Government yielded not an inch. So there was only one thing for it, a few young men of spirit decided. They must take the Stone, and bear it back symbolically to Scotland to right an ancient wrong. Christmas was the ideal time: no Englishman was long away from his own home then if he could help it.

Plans had been laid, Abbey guide-books studied, details of locks and doors memorised, financial help enlisted from sympathetic Scottish businessmen.

It was past 4.30 now, as they levered away a strip of wood from across the front of the Chair and tried to slide out the big heavy Stone. It budged

The Prize of the most incredible crime of the century—the Stone of Scone under the Coronation Chair.



reluctantly: and, pushing and tugging, they staggered clear with it at last.

Soon they had to put it down and rest. How were they ever going to get it to the door?

They hit on the idea of spreading a coat on the floor, then lifting the Stone on to it and so dragging it silently along.

But then the worst happened. As one of the chains fastened to the stone was tugged, there was a cracking sound. A 90-lb. chunk of it had broken away, along the line of an old fracture.

Ian Hamilton, clutching it Rugger-style, ran to the Abbey door with it, then dumped it on the back seat of the car in which the girl waited.

Heaving and sweating, they got back to work manhandling the big sandstone lump across the nave. They reached the door with it at last: but, as Ian peeped out, he saw the girl staring hard at him.

There was a policeman crossing the road.

He raced into the car by her side and wound an arm around her, pretending to make love.

The policeman was stern at first: but his frown melted as they told him they were down from Scotland on a touring holiday. At last, placing his

helmet on the car roof, he shared a friendly cigarette with them.

After all, it was Christmas. There was a soft noise from inside the Abbey. "Probably the watchman falling downstairs," the policeman laughed.

It was a good night for crime, they quipped back at him as he left.

Kay drove off with her part of the stone in the car boot, to head west out of London. And for Ian there was another crisis right away. He could not find the keys to their second car, parked nearby.

Worse, Alan and Gavin were missing.

Stealing back into the Abbey, he felt something underfoot in the blackness. The keys: another stroke of fantastic luck.

Then, backing up the car (and passing two more policemen by the House of Lords) he tackled the huge weight of the Stone alone. Somehow—God must have given him strength, he said afterwards—he got it into the car.

He drove away just in time, realising as he went that his wristwatch must have dropped off somewhere inside the Abbey.

The watchman, although Ian did not know it until much later, was just then reporting the theft by telephone to the police.

They had the Stone. An innocent, spectacular blow for Scottish freedom had been struck. Singing a psalm in wild elation, he steered at random through the unfamiliar maze of London streets.

But where were the others? At 6.15, on this Christmas morning they could be anywhere in the whole vast city.

This time you could almost call the lack a miracle. In an area of London none of them knew he happened across them both, walking disconsolately, believing all was lost.

They drove clear of the city, and out along a country road. Two and a half miles from Rochester they hid the stone among 'wet grass' in a wood, then headed north.

They hadn't seen the Coronation Stone, had they? A police patrol asked them near Doncaster.

They had heard of it, they said. It was a jolly good show. Worn out and unshaven, they fell into their beds in Edinburgh at last. They had not slept for 112 hours.

Continued on Page 28

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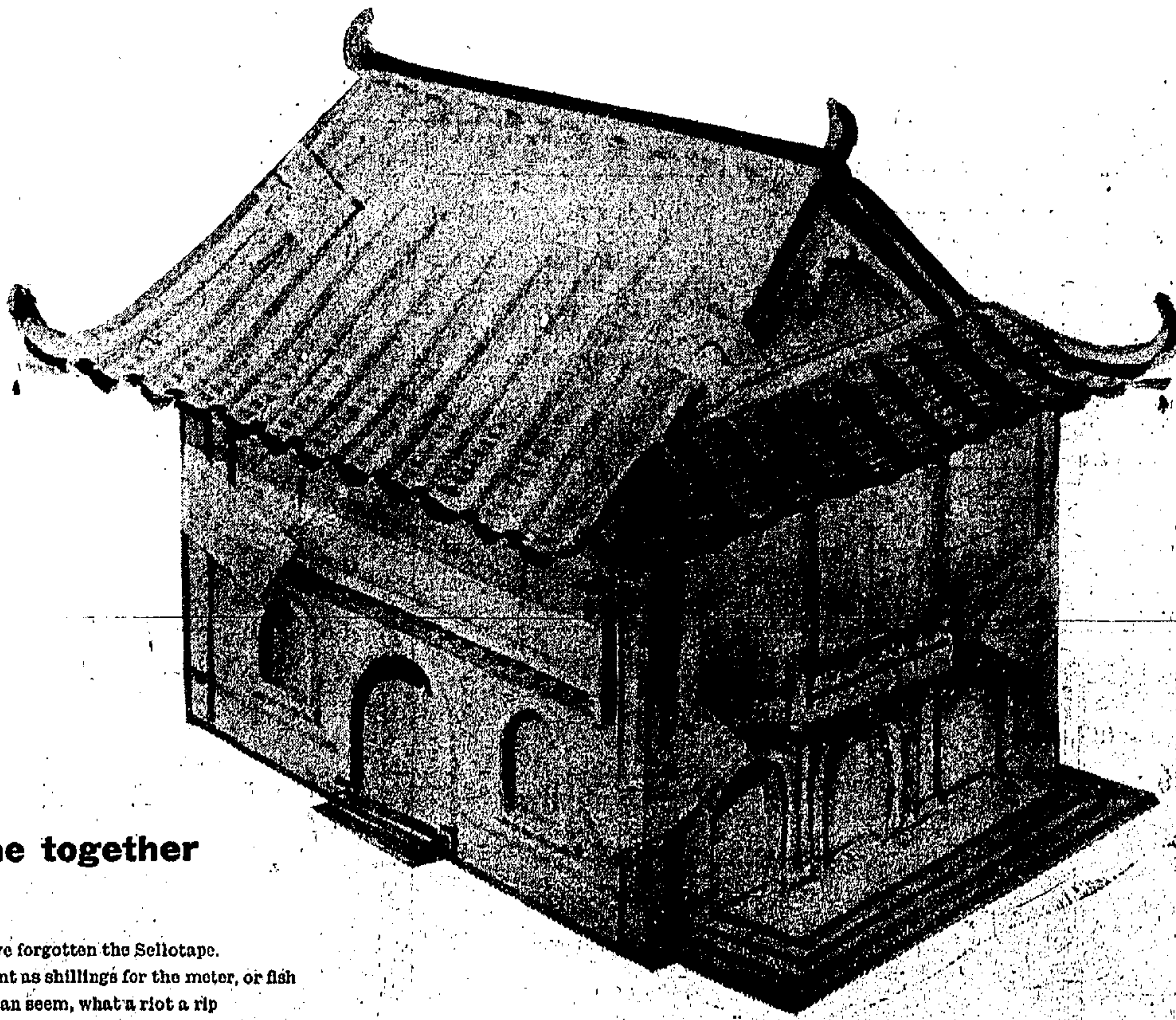
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HONGKONG—Christmas 1941

THOUGHTS OF HOLLY AND CHRISTMAS TREES WERE FAR AWAY ON THAT FATEFUL CHRISTMAS DAY 20 YEARS AGO.

JOHN LUFF, WITH THE HELP OF PEOPLE WHO WERE HERE, TELLS JUST WHAT IT WAS LIKE.

CHRISTMAS Day, 1941. I was on leave, a lucky leave arising from a posting. Night comes early to London on Christmas Day, and as the blackout curtains were drawn and bomb-scarred London was hidden, the room began to look like Christmas.

In one corner the Christmas tree glowed while the fire cast a deep ruddy bloom upon the sprigs of holly.

A relation had sent a turkey; something which approximated to a plum pudding was served without brandy. The radio began to play Christmas music, and for a few hours, the war was banished from the home.

Later on, we sat round the fire and roasted chestnuts and it was inevitable that we discussed absent members of the family. Suddenly it occurred to me that I was the only young man at home. I could not know then that it was to be my last Christmas in England.

Later on, someone wanted to listen to the news. So it was that war and sorrow drifted into the room on that Christmas night of 1941.

The news was the news that had been our lot ever since that spring of 1940 when disaster overtook us and sent us back to England in humiliation and defeat.

Defeat. Defeat on every front. Defeat in the African desert; defeat in the golden isles of Greece; defeat in France and Flanders. Only at home, right here in London was the story changed. For the old folks had stood it out. Fifty-seven continuous nights and days they had braved the bombing while above in the skies of Southern England, the RAF handed out a pasting to Goering's marauders.

The voice on the radio began to announce Hongkong had fallen. "Where is Hongkong exactly?" They had fought bravely. They had been overwhelmed. No one in the room knew anything about Hongkong. "It comes in a funny song Noel Coward sings."

I turned off the radio. Time to think about the war in two days time when I put on my uniform again. After all... Hongkong... only another disaster in a never ending series of disasters. Hongkong.

MR CHARLES TERRY

At the outbreak of hostilities in Hongkong, Mr Charles Terry was Chief Air Raid Warden to Kowloon, New Kowloon, and the New Territories.

But it happened that the war did not go according to the plan made to defend Hongkong against an anticipated attack by the Japanese.

For the plan had been drawn up in the cowardly days of placating the crazy egomaniac Hitler, when a British Prime Minister could approach this political gangster umbrella in hand and give away large territories which were not his own.

So it happened that the defence of Hongkong went wrong, like everything else at that time. The Japanese came in through the backdoor, and all the lovely big guns pointing out to sea on the south of the island were idle and useless.

Things grew worse, and now the guns could be heard thundering away north of Kowloon. At last a decision was made to evacuate Kowloon, and Charles Terry was engaged in drafting refugees from the mainland to the island.

Assistant

When the task was completed, Mr Terry crossed to the island where he acted as Assistant to the Director of Air Raid Precautions at Civil Defence Headquarters at the Colonial Secretariat, or rather in a tunnel under that building in Lower Albert-road.

So came Christmas morning. Mr Terry speaks: "The position was rapidly deteriorating, and I began to ask questions, for

while intelligence was contradictory, I knew from my own reports that the eastern part of the island was in Japanese hands and that heavy fighting was in progress on the outskirts of the city."

So Charles Terry spent Christmas morning in visiting Divisional HQ obtaining volunteers from the ARP to re-inforce the front line defence. Arrangements were made for these volunteers to rendezvous at the Cafe Wiseman, (now Maxims) and from there to go forward to the fighting line.

But events moved fast. Intelligence was stale in a matter of minutes as the defence rapidly crumbled. Men were here one moment and lost the next.

It happened then that just as the volunteers were about to move on the last reported defence position that the news came in that Hongkong had been forced to surrender.

Objective

Mr Terry says that his first reactions upon learning of the surrender were complex.

"My first feelings were entirely objective. Surrender was inevitable, for our lines were broken and resistance was merely the determination of isolated groups outnumbered and overrun."

"My personal feelings were, however, sad that we had to surrender, and I experienced a sense of humiliation."

"On the other hand, there was a feeling of relief that the slaughter that must have followed a forced entry by the Japanese into the centre of the town, was spared."

"It was in a despondent mood and uncertain about the attitude the Japanese forces would adopt that I returned to HQ to await orders. Meanwhile, I endeavoured to make arrangements for the safe keeping of the women on the HQ staff. That done, and it was now Christmas night, I

sat down and waited for whatever might eventuate."

★ ★ ★

Back at my home in London, someone threw a log upon the fire. The flames shot up, and my sister lighted the tall coloured candles. And following the custom of the years, we gathered around the piano to sing carols. I remember we sang, "Silent Night... Holy night..." I looked up and noticed that my mother was weeping.

★ ★ ★

RUSSELL WATSON

Meanwhile, on Stanley Peninsula, things were very bad. As the Japanese swarmed across the island, units were cut up, reformed, and were cut up again.

For days they had been in steady retreat across those beautiful hills, now drenched with the blood of the defenders.

Russell was with his unit of the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps.

He says: "There was not much of Christmas Day for us, I'm afraid. My unit had been in action on Stanley Peninsula. Now our backs were to the sea in a last ditch stand against the Japanese."

'DIE HARD'

The slaughter had been terrible. They had adopted the motto of their comrades-in-arms, the Middlesex Regiment. "Die Hard."

They had fought for every inch of ground. They had fought with the courage for which no reward exists. No flags or music. No drums to sound a brave roll. His was a unit lost. Cut off from all intel-

ligence. Here, removed from the romantic panorama of war were a few survivors with no instructions except those given days before. "Fight on."

But ammunition runs out. Men fall to the right and the left. Hongkong has officially surrendered, but this doomed unit knows nothing about that. Fight on! The Japanese reform. Casualties mean nothing to them. The unit is overpowered by sheer weight of numbers and a hurricane of bullets pours into their midst.

EVENING SONG

As the sun sinks in a cloud of golden glory, and the sea is calm in a violet glow, the survivors rise to surrender. Around lie the wounded and dead. Somewhere in a nearby tree, a bird sings its evening song.

Russell continues: "I was more than usually grim, because I had seen the Japanese in China on a dozen fronts where the Chinese had fought gallantly and well."

"I could see only massacre ahead of us, a few pitiful survivors of the Battle of Stanley Village." Then follows the understatement of the battle. "I was not feeling at all happy."

Russell continues: "I remember thinking desperately: Should I swim for it? And even should I swim, how far could I get? Furthermore, the enemy are everywhere."

"So what was the use?"

Then: "Would the Japanese machine-gun us? Would they use us for bayonet practice? And so on, and so on, these thoughts spun round in my head."

"As it happened, it was nothing like that. The first Japanese to approach us after we surrendered made it seem like a social call."

"They saluted us. They bowed. We exchanged views and notes on casualties. There was not even one hard word."

GRAVES

"But the bloody business of war was still with us. We had to bury our dead. That was the worst job of all. We had to pick up the bodies of our friends and bury them in hastily prepared graves which we dug on the spot. We scrambled all over the hillsides collecting our dead. That was far worse than the actual fighting at Stanley Village."

"Then when it was done, and dark had fallen, I suddenly remembered it was Christmas Day. That long ago, a shining angelic host had appeared, and spoke of peace and goodwill among men."

"Since that time, twenty Christmases have come and

gone. But, as many of my companions who went through Christmas, 1941, in Hongkong, I shall never forget it."

★ ★ ★

Back in London, we had reached the sandwich session. Someone put on the gramophone. We sat quietly with coffee cups in our hand. The glorious melody flowed across the room, and the singer pronounced... "Comfort Ye... Comfort Ye My people..."

★ ★ ★

But there was not much comfort in Hongkong, Christmas Day, 1941. AILEEN and DORIS WOODS were up at the War Memorial Hospital. The hospital was journey's end for the time being, but what a journey it had been.

A very personal diary delivered to this writer reveals in a most poignant fashion the suffering of yet another person who was called upon to suffer too much during those dreadful years.

For the early entries are full of those moods which oscillate between optimism and despair. Spirits soar high as it is learned that two magnificent British ships, the PRINCE OF WALES and the REPULSE are at Singapore, and will come to the relief of Hongkong.

Spirits droop as news of the overwhelming disaster which overcame these ships filters into Hongkong.

Nightmare

Yet something must happen. This nightmare cannot continue. These are the thoughts of Aileen as she continues to draw together the threads of life in her home in Kowloon.

But the nightmare does continue. Now the guns can clearly be heard as the small resistance force makes its final stand on the mainland.

Decisions cannot be made. Circumstances dictate. This was home, with all its treasured pieces. The household pets, the servants who had become friends. They must be left behind while a last-minute flight is planned before the Japanese Army reaches Kowloon.

There is a sad little entry which describes how Aileen takes her pets to be destroyed. Of an air-raid and of how she took cover while the bombs burst around. Of how the animals complained with fear and of their delivery to a death more kindly than would have been their lot had they been abandoned.

(Continued on Page 22)

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LOGAN GOURLAY

Encounter with world's greatest navigator

APART from his languish and rakish sideburns, Francis Chichester in dark suit and diffident spectacles looks like a solicitor's chief clerk whose most hazardous journey is from a suburban villa to wood-panelled office. It's difficult at first to realise that he is the holder of this year's Yachtsman of the Year award for sailing his 39 ft. Gypsy Moth III across the Atlantic to win the first solo East-to-West race.

Of course, it's almost axiomatic that men of high adventure seldom look the part unless played by William Holden. And they are usually modest to a degree. In Chichester's case it is not assumed.

It was his wife who told me over lunch that just a few weeks ago he was dubbed "the world's greatest navigator."

of the birds. You need the instruments. "But even after you've taken all the possible readings and checked everything you're still at the mercy of unpredictable factors, like shifting currents.

"All you can do is make a deduction and hope for the best. It's like solving a detective mystery.

"My favourite author is Simenon. I've got all his books. Read one on the Atlantic crossing. Apart from being a great master of the detective story, he's a brilliant student of human nature and its oddities."

Title

He was given the title when the Institute of Navigation presented him with their gold medal which also honours his aviation feats—flying solo from England to Australia in 1929 and two years later making a record long-distance seaplane flight from Australia to Japan.

Mr Chichester peered into his beer tankard and said: "Hardly the greatest.

"Navigation isn't just a science that can be studied and fully mastered. To a certain extent good navigators are born, not made, though none of us has the natural homing instincts

Interest

Even Simenon might be somewhat surprised by one of the ventures in which Chichester, the lone adventurer, has an interest.

It's called the "London Shopping and Fashion Guide." It's an elegantly bound pocket-book giving fairly frank assessments of shops, hotels, restaurants.

though he is now tacking close to 60, he is still planning solitary battles with wind and sea.

"The next Transatlantic race won't be till 1964. I hope to be in it, but I must do something before then.

"Can't say much at this stage, but it may be a voyage to San Francisco through the Panama Canal. I'd enjoy that."

Mr Chichester, in his unassuming voice, made the voyage (about 10,000 miles) sound like a day excursion to Calais. Less than two years before he braved the Atlantic, Chichester was told by his doctors he had an incurable lung disease and would die if he didn't have a major lung operation. His wife refused to give her permission for the operation.

She told me: "I've never believed in surgery if it can be avoided. I felt that my husband wouldn't live through the operation."

"He was finally completely cured by fasting and by prayer—as I knew he would. But it required more courage to defy the doctors than to allow him to sail off alone into the Atlantic."

"Anyway, I thought the race was the last stage of his cure. I also knew better than to interfere with a man and his boat."

"A boat is a source of endless fascination and joy to a man. A wife can't really compete with a boat."



FRANCIS CHICHESTER
YACHTSMAN OF THE YEAR

Only a remarkable wife, who knows that she can, would dare to admit it.

SIGHTS OF LONDON: A man shooting pigeons and popping them discreetly into a sack inside Euston Station on a busy afternoon.

A British Railways official told me: "We have to get rid of the pigeons when they get troublesome. We employ people to do it from time to time."

But their aim is good. No passengers have ever been winged.

Yvonne's intellectual progress

PROGRESS report on Yvonne Buckingham,

the nubile starlet, who was brave enough to take a year off from premieres to study at R.A.D.A. She is now attending premieres again and accepting bigger parts in films.

Pre-R.A.D.A. her escorts included Dominic Elliot and Lord Kimberley. Post-R.A.D.A. she may be moving down the social scale, but onward and upward intellectually. She has been lunching and dining frequently with Anthony Crosland, Labour M.P. On one occasion in the House itself.

She says with Yorkshire honesty:—

"He's a charming companion, I like going out with him. Only trouble he's always having to rush back to the House to... to divide."

"He talks an awful lot about politics, which I find very interesting, though I don't understand it all."

Miss Buckingham is not planning to take a year's course at the London School of Economics.

"I THINK women suffer from deflated egos on the whole. They must not be afraid of making a noise in public or making a big noise in public, if necessary." It was a woman, of course—Anne Godwin, chairman of the T.U.C.—who said it. In public. With fully inflated ego. I rate it as the most misleading, inflammatory, and subversive statement of the week.

London Express Service.



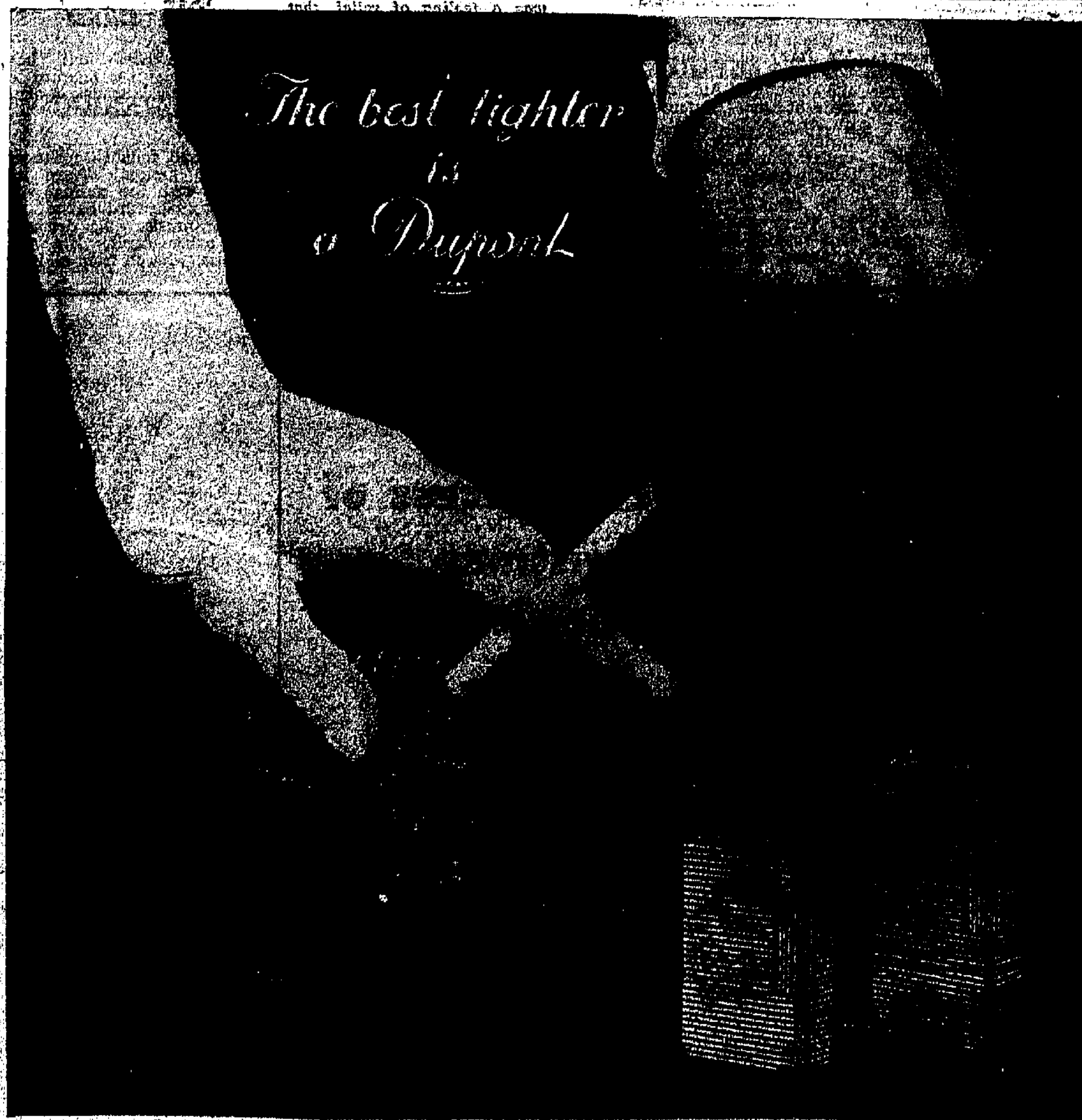
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BANG! A bullet blazes its way from the muzzle of a well-aimed automatic to hit the top of a steel helmet hung flat on a wall some 20 feet away.

Instead of penetrating the helmet, the bullet makes a little dent, chips off some paint from the newly-made headgear and ricochets back onto the ground of the firing range where the helmet is being tested.

The live "ammo" test is but one of the many for another batch of Hongkong-made military helmets just off the assembly line at the Diaward Steel Works, Kennedy Town, in the west of Hongkong island.

Others are the dropping test and hardness test to be carried out on special machinery. Nowadays, the requirements for a good helmet are more exacting than during the last war.

"A good helmet has got to be anti-radar and anti-magnetic," said Mr C. L. Hsu, a versatile industrialist and the Krupp of Hongkong.

"We achieve the result by using high manganese steel sheet in the manufacture of the helmets," he explained.

Mr Hsu, owner of the Diaward Steel Works, director of the Hongkong Chinese Bank Ltd., and the Far East Insurance Co. Ltd., and Honorary President of the Chinese Manufacturers Association, Hongkong, was also the first, maybe the only, industrialist who made gas masks in China during the war years.

Founder

In Hongkong, Mr Hsu is concurrently Chairman of the Hongkong Aluminium Ware Manufacturers Association, Chairman of the Kiangsu-Cheking Association and of the school council, Kiangsu-Cheking College.

He was also founder and the first President of the Hongkong Lions' Club.

A man of foresight and courage, Mr Hsu always keeps an eye on the needs of countries in war and peace. He makes helmets, his array of manufactured items also includes such products for peaceful living as aluminium and enamelware as well as a wide range of military equip-

ment—gas masks, webbing sets, tents, pick-axes, wire-cutters, jack knives, and other pieces of equipment for the army.

Behind the massive desk in an office in the China Building, the entrepreneur recalled his ventures over the years.

"In 1935, I foresaw the outbreak of a war between Japan and China, and set up the Jan Wah Gas Mask Manufacturers in Shanghai," he said.

Flooded

The Sino-Japanese hostilities eventually broke out in 1937 when the Japanese invaded Shanghai and overnight the significance of gas masks became self-evident to the military authorities.

Jan Wah was flooded with orders.

It was in the same year that Jan Wah opened a branch factory in Hongkong.

Born in Shaohsing, Chekiang, in 1900, the industrialist with an eye on war as well as peace never entered a military college or apprenticed in any arsenal or ordnance factory.

He had scarcely finished the freshman year at Hangchow University for a course in economics when he quit in 1922 and joined the Commercial Press, the biggest publishing house in China.

Far from being military-minded, he spent a few more years with the Diaward Steel Furniture Co. Ltd.

Silk products

In 1927, he launched out on his own by establishing the South China Organ Factory in Canton where he later also set up seven firms—one import-export company, three book stores, one shop selling scientific instruments, a metalware shop and a silk store.

He turned out his own silk products in a factory sited in Hangchow, the city, most noted in China for its production of silk fabrics.

But by far the biggest amount of business was done by two factories of the Diaward Steel Works which he established in Canton in 1932 to manufacture not only steel furniture but military equipment.

His steel works churned out helmets, shells, bullets, bayonets and ammunition.

Such were the mounting orders from the military authorities that he had to buy machines from Shanghai and set up branch factories in Hongkong to take care of the overflow and backlogs from the Canton factories.

With the fall of Canton in December, 1938, all his factories and firms on the mainland went to waste through Japanese bombing, demolition, and suspension of business.

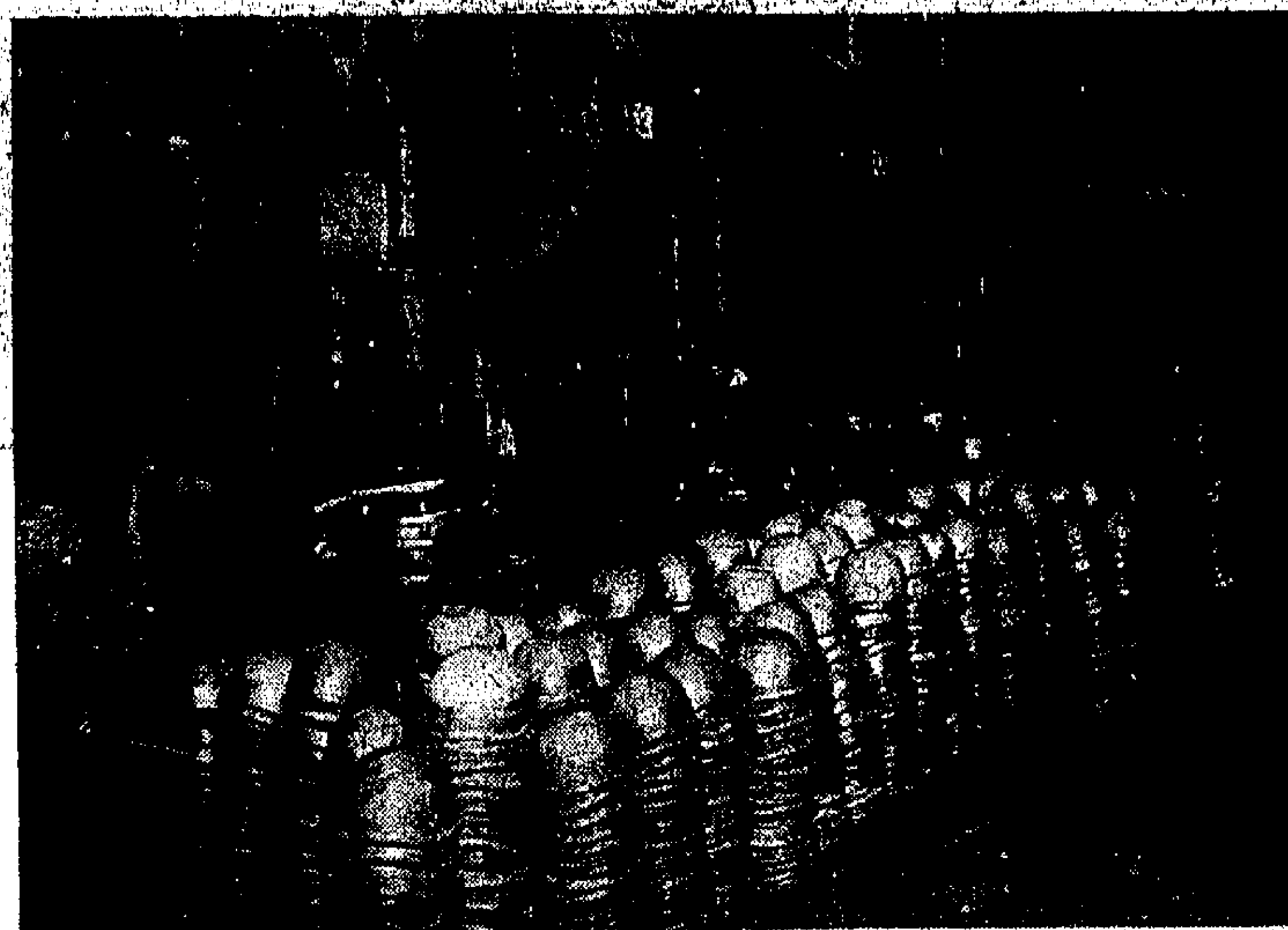
Nevertheless, Mr Hsu was not worried. He had more than something to fall back upon in Hongkong. In fact, his steel works here kept both his hands busy because of the wartime demand for military equipment.

Top gear

Plants of Diaward were thrown into top gear in 1941 when the United Kingdom, which had set up a War Supply Board after the outbreak of the Second World War, to equip 6 million Indian troops for the British Commonwealth's peace and security, placed part of their orders with Hongkong.

Hongkong got good business and Diaward, in particular, obtained orders for \$20,000,000 worth of military equipment.

During the peak period in 1941, five factories of Diaward were kept humming day and night with an army of 2,000 workers, turning out helmets, pick-axes, mess tins, wire cutters, shovels, jack knives, table ware, cutlery, webbing sets for carrying bullets and sacks, water bottles, and so on.



Steel helmets just off the assembly line at the Diaward Steel Works.

TITANS FROM THE NORTH

PART 10

By
DAVID LAN

Supplies

"Had it not been for the Japanese occupation of Hongkong, I could have done \$200,000,000 worth of business from the Supply Board—and that at a dollar value five times as much as it is today!" the industrialist revealed with a little regret.

No matter how big the orders, there was no trouble in obtaining supplies for the industry.

Diaward obtained steel sheets from the U.S., Germany, before the war and, after the war, from the U.K., Germany and Belgium.

It purchased brass sheets from Japan and the local market whereas cotton yarns were bought from Taiwan, Pakistan or local manufacturers directly.

Boom periods

The market is worldwide. "We have received orders from Singapore, Malaya, Thailand, Burma, Indonesia, Pakistan, Iraq, Denmark, America, South America and the United Kingdom."



C. L. HSU.

The industry with the coveted chances of quick-fortunes was not all smooth sailing for the able Mr Hsu who would otherwise have become an empire-builder in this part of the world.

"The boom periods were irregular for such an industry," he pointed out.

"In slack seasons, you have to cut down on the number of workers and reduce the number of plants."

"And sometimes you have to set up auxiliary industries to keep the main factory going. This is why I set up plants to make aluminium ware and enamelware."

FRANKFURT

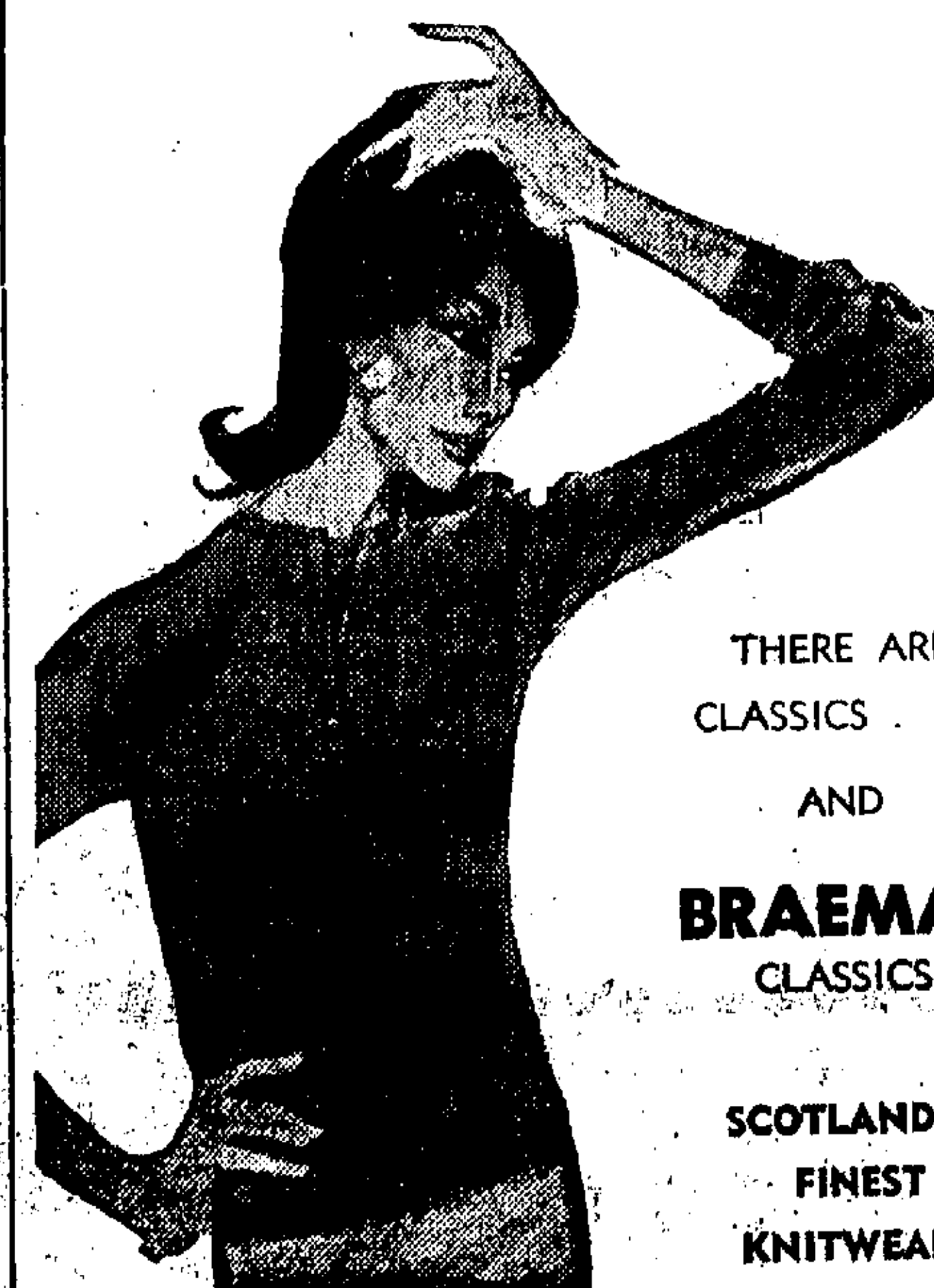


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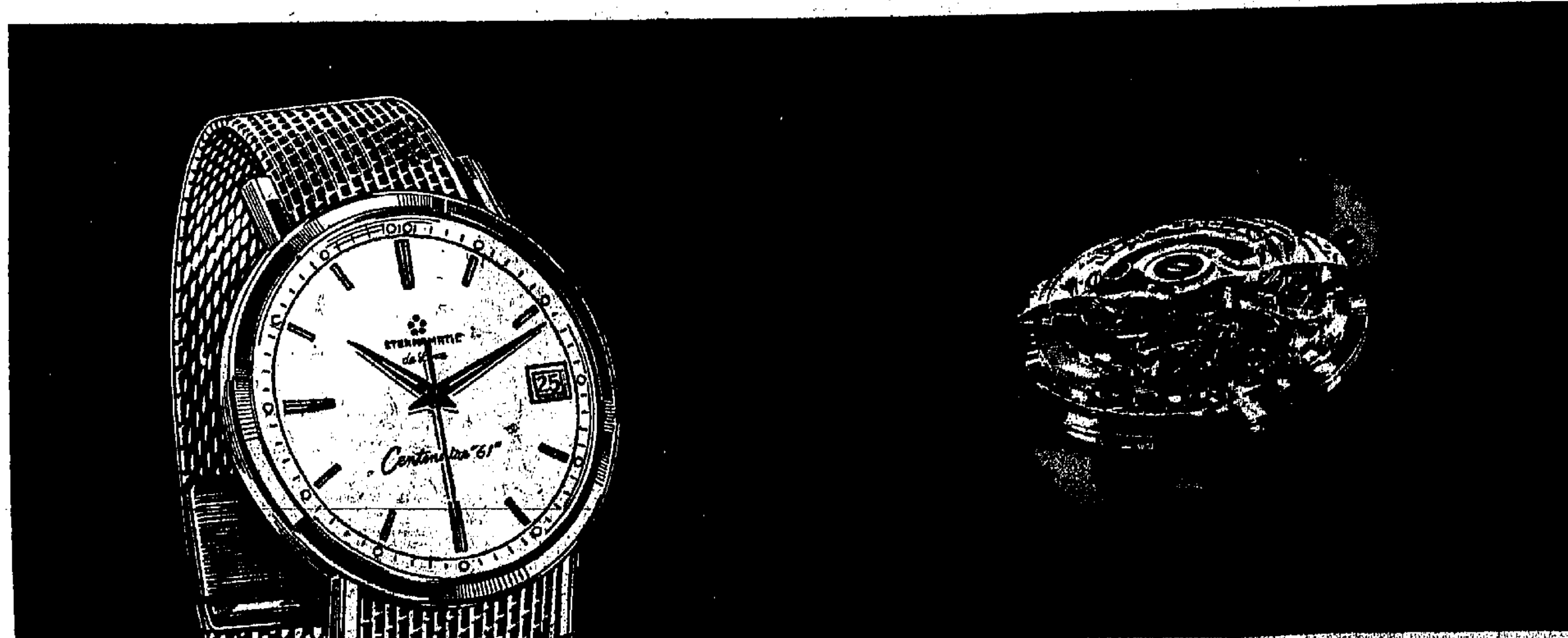
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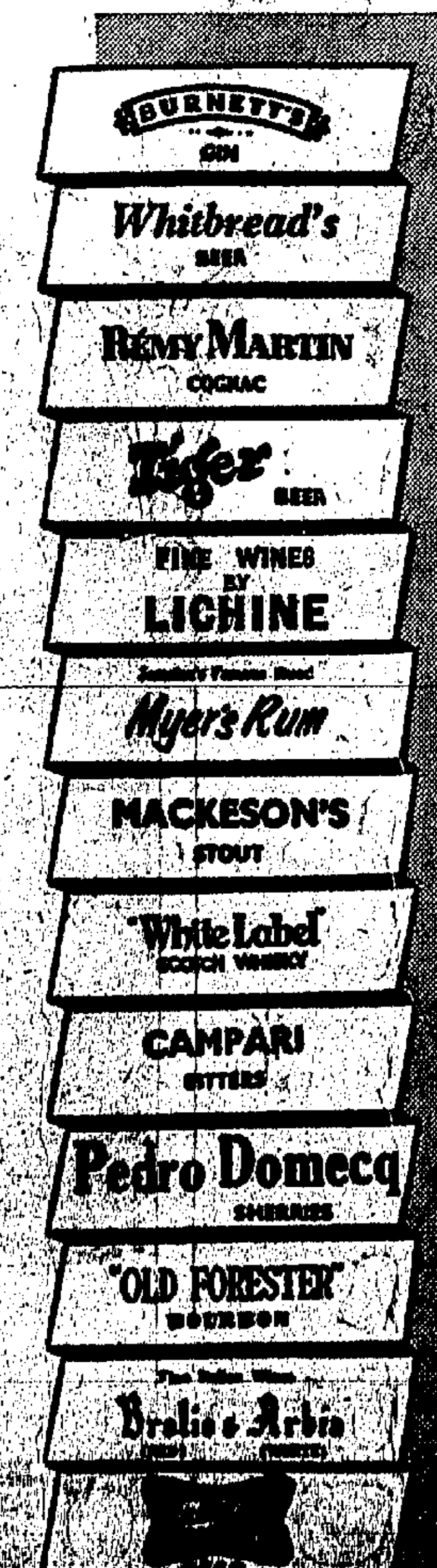
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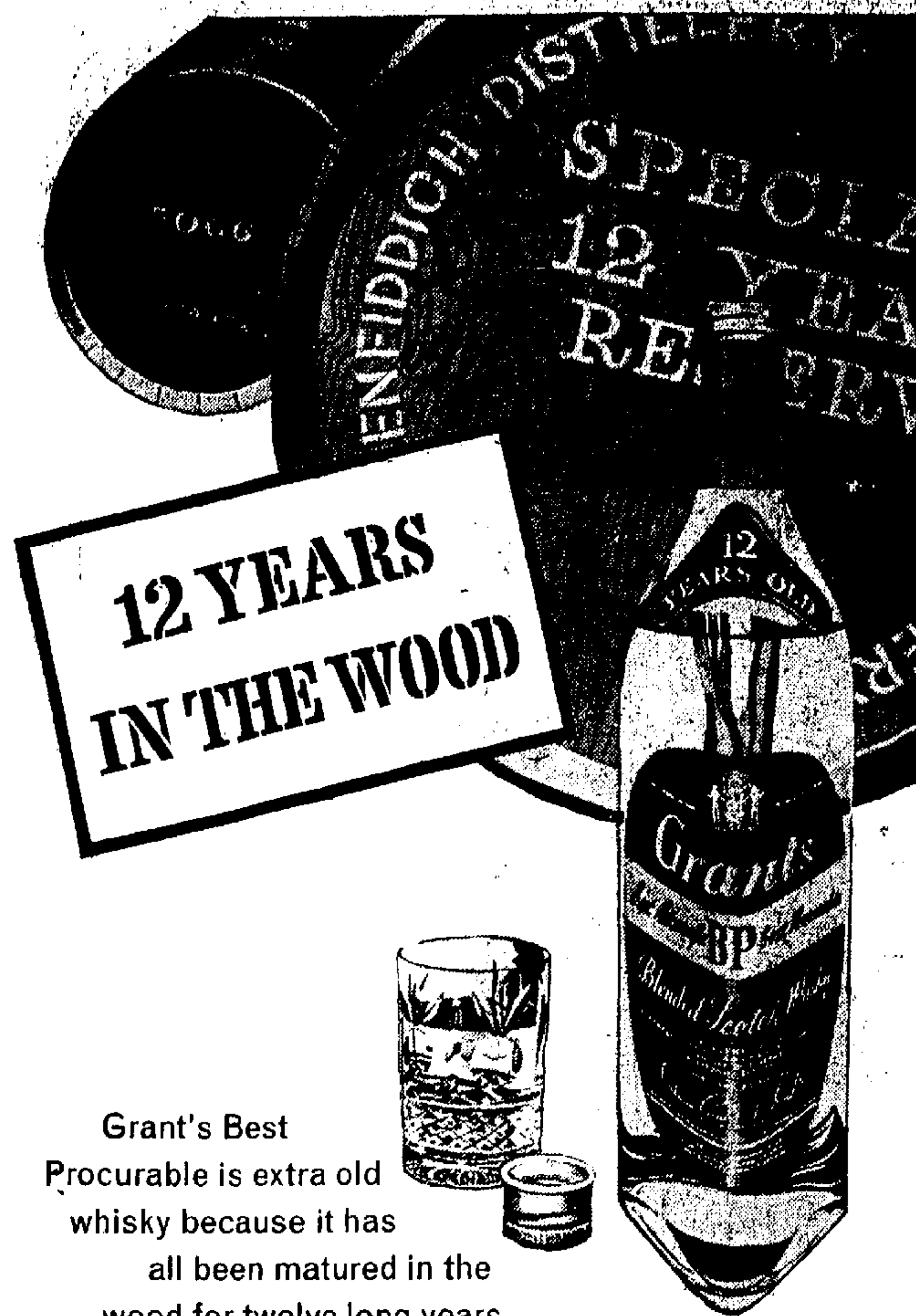
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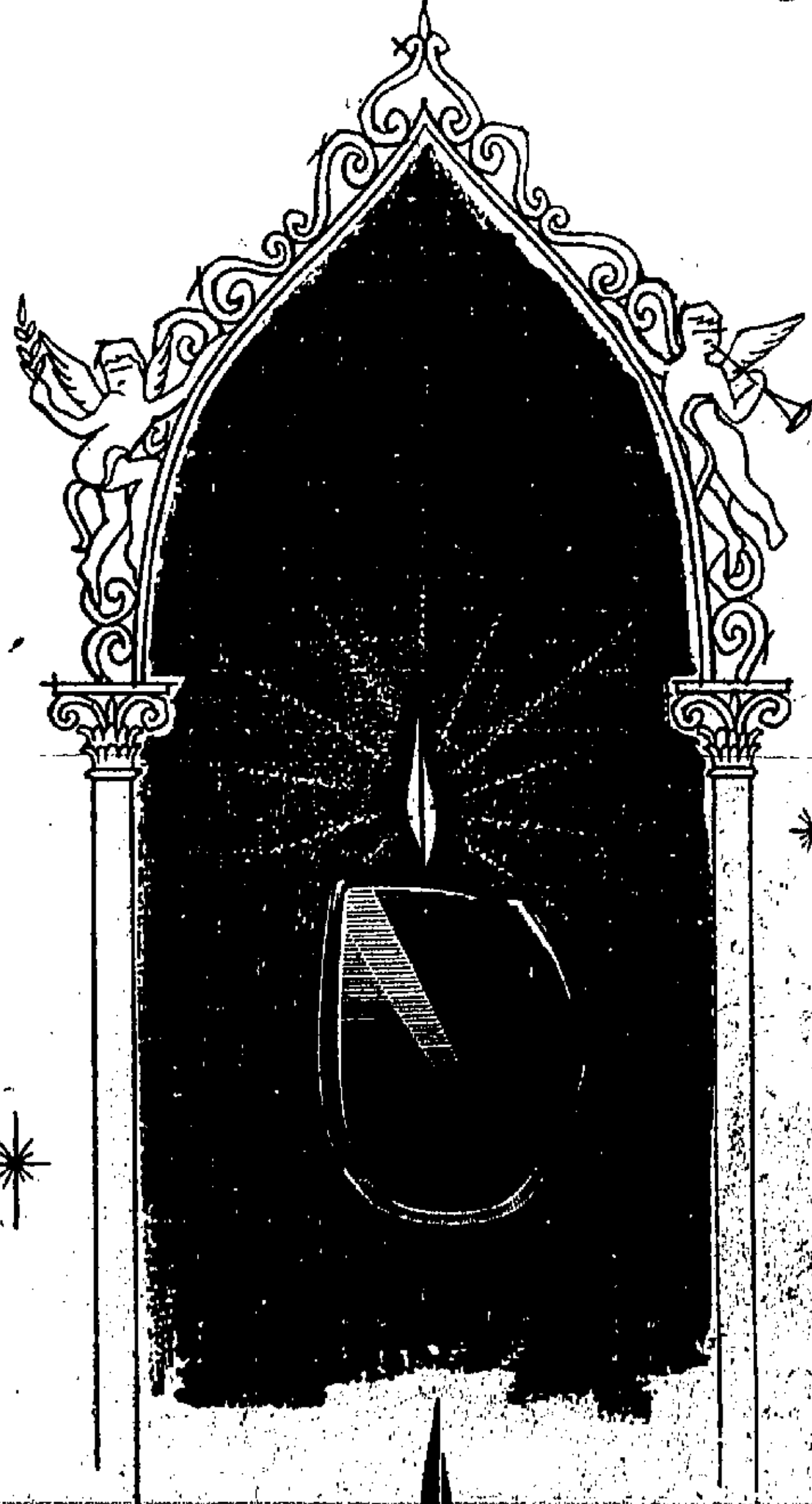


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Patricia Lewis

Well bred, well heeled, 18... latest in line of Olivier's leading ladies

**WHICH MAKES
A CHANGE FROM
SLUM-TO-STARDOM
BRIGADE**

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER'S new leading lady in the film "Term of Trial" is Sarah Miles, an 18-year-old unknown with long unset hair, sage-green sweater, and boy-sized jeans.

And script-page by script-page her part is much bigger than that of Oscar-winning French actress Simone Signoret, the co-star.

We met on Miss Miles' first day in front of a film camera, though from her assurance, her tremendous technical range, and uncanny emotional depth she behaved like a veteran.

"Of course, ever since drama school the part I really wanted to play was 'Lolita,'" she said, lighting the latest in a chain of menthol cigarettes. "But I didn't even get as far as an audition."

"I see 'Lolita' as thin and straight and freckly, don't you? What a shock to see photos of that cute little blonde who finally got the part! Still, I suppose that's what they mean about 'the Hollywood concept.'"

Miss Miles, let me stress, is not bitchy—just forthright.

Honesty

A girl used to money, she has none of the conventional "discovery" awe of champagne and minks; her apparent don't-care sophistication stems from a rich blend of natural honesty and inevitable naivety; and though she smells of talent, I believe her when she says she'd as soon spend her life training horses as monkeying around as a film star.

"Well naturally, I'm both terribly excited and a bit terrified at the thought of acting with Olivier and Signoret," she went on with a slight sniff at the cliché.

"Ever since I knew I'd got the job I've been dashing round to all the Classic Cinemas catching up on all the old Larry films."

"No, he wasn't there when I read for the part—in fact I met him for the first time when I bumped into him the other day at the wig-makers... I'm supposed to be blonde in the film, you see, but I absolutely refuse to dye my hair because I know it'll fall out so a wig's the only answer."

"...anyway, there I was at this dressing-table you see, trying on all these wigs under terribly bright lights and the only other person in the room was Olivier."

Giggle

"It was so embarrassing because we'd never been introduced and he just kept staring at me."

"So in the end I couldn't help giggling, and he said, 'You're playing the girl in 'Term of Trial' aren't you?'"

I said: "Yes, but what are you doing here?" and he said he had to get a wig too, so he'd look younger, and I said: "Oh! but you don't need one, and then, thank heavens, someone came in with tea."

Miss Miles's face contracted with laughter, and I found myself liking her more and more.

Her background, though extraordinary, is a change from the contemporary pattern of Salford - slum - to - sudden - stardom. She's well bred, well educated, and well heeled—even though, as is her prerogative, she tends to play all three down to the current key of equality, in "B" flat.

A graduate of R.A.D.A.—she won a scholarship but it was rescinded because her father was found to be wealthy—her first job took her straight into the West End playing a beatnik deb in "Dazzling Prospect" with Margaret Rutherford under the direction of Sir John Gielgud.

That was last summer. The show closed unexpectedly soon, and after a couple of brief stabs at other parts Sarah blazed her way down to Sussex for three months' cut and thrust with the Worthing Rep. She was still there in the midst of "The Moon is Blue" when called to read for the Olivier film.

Lucky young Miss Miles with her own flat ("my parents trust me because they think I'm sexless"), her solid romance

("I met a boy in advertising three years ago and we've been in love ever since"), and the whole world winking at her slender, unsuspecting feet.

WAS IT premonition or mere coincidence that drove SAMUEL BRONSTON to throw his film "King of Kings" to the public at the Coliseum?

Cleo finds it tough at the top

CLEO LAINE, who for my brass is one of the two best jazz-singers in

Britain today — reached out for the wider world recently by opening in cabaret at the Savoy Hotel... a slightly stuffer (in one sense) atmosphere than her natural jazz club habitat.

"Well, it seems you've got to turn commercial at some time if you're going to get over the hurdle to real fame," she shrugged.

"So far my working-life has just been a series of odds and ends. Then, suddenly having a hit record put me on the map. But I'm terrified of regular work—I'm such an inconsistent performer, always governed by moods."

"If I feel at ease I can ad lib and relax with the music, but if I'm tense I just lean back on the song and never get adventurous with it."

Miss Laine—wife, mother, and jazz-singer—shook her handsome dark head in confusion.

"You know, I can understand Lena Horne when she said she only worked because she needed the money to pay for her kids' schooling. I've got to work, too—but if I didn't have to...."

QUOTE from **DAVID NIVEN**, en route for Spain to make "Act of Mercy" with **LESLIE CARON**: "Thank God for the new generation of hell-raisers—the Finneys, the O'Tooles and the like—because the industry needs them. There are hardly any colourful characters—like Bogart—left."

London Express Service.



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from entering the sheer leg area—or you get a new pair of Berkshires free!

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HONG KONG

Love, Cranford's

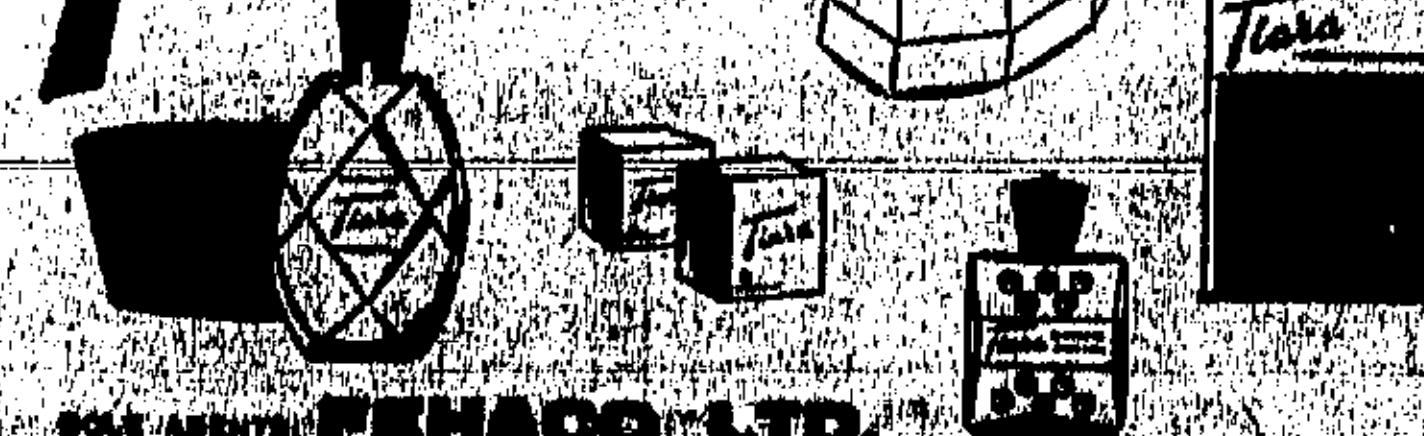
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Both Luxuries

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GET YOUR HAIR MOVING THIS SEASON

By ANGELA HUTH

"IT'S all back—back and up" (he took two paces away from me dancing on his toes, knees bent like a footballer) — "but with movement. Like the sea. And balance, one must have balance" — (he lunged forward again with arm out-stretched). "And sans fringe absolutely."

The athletic and excitable Mr John Olofson, new and talented young recruit to the Fashion House Group to London, was describing his latest hair-dos.

He was recently deep in preparations for their big show, cooking up eye-catching new lines for 24 girls with eight changes apiece; attempting to persuade irate milliners that a hairstyle is complimentary to a hat; accepting, no doubt, the fact that a hat is death to almost every hairstyle.

"The beehive was a stroke of genius," he told me, "but it's played out."

"We must stage a return to longer hair and more elaborate dressing. The 'stick-a-couple-of-dozen-rollers-in-and-leave-it-school-of-thought' has had its day."



Deep waves

★ ★ ★
"Certainly, it's a quick cut to a balloon-headed look, but I'm so bored with that."
"It'll come back, of course."
"Big head, small head—one's scope is limited."

"But this season it's movement, remember — and back-wards." I promised to remember and came away with a picture of Charmain Scott—"all up and back in wide, deep waves"—to remind me.

LADY LUCK

your CHINA MAIL horoscope

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16

AQUARIUS (January 21—February 19): Steer clear of a romantic adventure which can only result in ultimate trouble for you.

PISCES (February 20—March 20): You can best call attention to your fitness for promotion by your efficiency in handling your present job.

ARIES (March 21—April 19): It would be a waste of your energy to argue with a person who is too stubborn to admit he is ever in the wrong.

TAURUS (April 20—May 20): A labour saving device which you have so far refused to employ would give you more time to pursue your hobbies.

GEMINI (May 21—June 21): Although you may prefer the company of a few close friends, meeting a greater variety of people would widen your horizon.

CANCER (June 22—July 21): Don't allow yourself to become too pre-occupied with worries about health, and avoid listening to unprofessional advice.

LEO (July 22—August 21): A remark you resent may have no bearing on you, and you

would be well advised to ignore it completely.

VIRGO (August 22—September 22): If you waver too long between two different courses, it will become increasingly difficult to decide between them.

LIBRA (September 23—October 22): Try to distinguish between a genuine need of help and someone's attempt to impose on your good nature.

SCORPIO (October 23—November 21): By approaching people with an open mind you can always add to your store of knowledge.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22—December 21): You will enjoy the excitement of a gamble today, providing you invest no more than you can afford to lose.

CAPRICORN (December 22—January 20): A venture of yours which you thought doomed to failure should shortly take a more promising turn.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If today is your birthday, a meeting with a woman named VICTORIA may have some special significance.

HELEN BURKE'S SATURDAY COOKING COLUMN

Party giving? My way you can enjoy it too

SIMPLE METHOD: PREPARE FIRST



I AM a great believer in making things easy for myself, particularly at Christmas party time. I like to give parties—and enjoy them too, and there is only one way to achieve this: have everything possible made beforehand.

This does not necessarily mean an all-cold buffet. An electric plate-warmer will keep half-a-dozen dishes piping hot not only before the meal but also during it.

Even without a warmer, there are all sorts of casseroles on stands which have special squat candles underneath them, something like night-lights, to keep food warm.

Incidentally, this is the time to pass a few oblique remarks to the family about an electric plate-warmer as a Christmas present for the house.

ONE party I attended recently had a buffet with enough variety to inspire any party-giver. It was to mark the centenary of Kinloch, the wine shop.

First, simple things like Scotch eggs. Not for me, however, because I had made so many of them during the war, but the way the trolley kept moving around made it clear that my fellow-guests enjoyed them.

BUT I can never resist egg mayonnaise and the eggs here were criss-crossed with anchovy fillets. These, water-thin rolls of smoked salmon, folds of tongue and liver pate in sausage form lavishly studded with whole pistachio nuts, were my choice.

Much as I like them, I had to pass up the oysters, because I knew what a hazard they would be bobbing around on my plate.

There were also a large turkey and a wonderful York ham, potato salad, mixed vegetable salad and another dish which I cannot remember ever seeing at a buffet lunch — sliced beetroot and thin rings of Spanish onions, dressed with oil and vinegar. That is a man's salad.

Fried scampi also came along but, by this time, I had had enough.

One particular party hazard is dropping food, another is spilling wine. White wines present no problem but red ones stain.

If, then, you are planning to serve red wine at an informal party, keep a salt cellar at hand. Drop salt on to the spill, wine immediately and work it well in so that the stain cannot fasten into the carpet.

Trays, too, are very useful at buffet parties. They can prevent many mishaps and smallish trays which can be stacked when not in use take up very little space.

cheeses and wines, you want French bread, garlic bread, fresh butter with crisp celery in tall glasses and blanched chicory quartered in lengths. Radishes, too.

For further variety, serve slender sticks of raw carrots (an American custom).

This year, my wine merchant has sent out a list of suggestions for cheese and wine parties, giving the names of the cheeses and the appropriate wines to go with them, with the country of origin of each. Here are some examples:

Caerphilly (South Wales) — Vin Rose (France).

Cheddar (England) — Armon-tillado (Spain).

Double Gloucester (England) — Madeira (Portugal).

Stilton (England) — Port (Portugal).

Gruyere (Switzerland) — Moselle (Germany).

Cheshire (England) — Red Bordeaux (France).

START EARLY

ANOTHER job to get out of the way before the Christmas rush begins is the Christmas puddings. It is a good idea to make them in two easy stages—that is, to assemble all the dry ingredients one day, leaving

only the liquids to be added first thing next morning, giving plenty of time for the preliminary steaming on that day. The liquids, of course, include the lemon juice and beaten eggs.

The following quantities are enough for two 2- to 2½-pint sized basins:

Eight oz. stoned Valencia raisins (or "ordinary" ones, already stoned), 12oz. each currants and sultanas, 4oz. chopped stoned prunes, 2oz. chopped blanched almonds, 4oz. chopped mixed peel, 6oz. Demerara sugar, 6oz. plain flour, one teaspoonful baking-powder, pinch of salt, 6oz. breadcrumbs, 6 oz. prepared suet, a teaspoon mixed spice, juice and grated rind of one lemon, three beaten eggs and up to quarter pint port, dark sherry or milk to mix.

Pick over the fruit and, if necessary, wash it, with the exception of the Valencia raisins which have to be stoned — but packet dried fruits do not require to be washed. The fruits must be perfectly dry before they go into the pudding.

On the first day, mix everything except the liquids, well together and let each member of the family have a stir or two.

Next morning, add the lemon juice, beaten eggs and a little more than half of the port, dark sherry or even milk. Again mix thoroughly. Later, if needed, add the rest of the port or sherry or milk to make a fairly thick mixture.

Turn the mixture into two well-buttered basins. Cover with buttered greaseproof paper and then a cloth. Stand on a trivet in boiling water reaching halfway up the basins, cover and boil steadily for six to seven hours, replenishing with boiling water from time to time.

Remove, leave to become cold, then remove the cloths and replace them with dry ones. Store in a dry place until the Day, when they should be re-steamed for four hours.

Each pudding should serve six to seven people.

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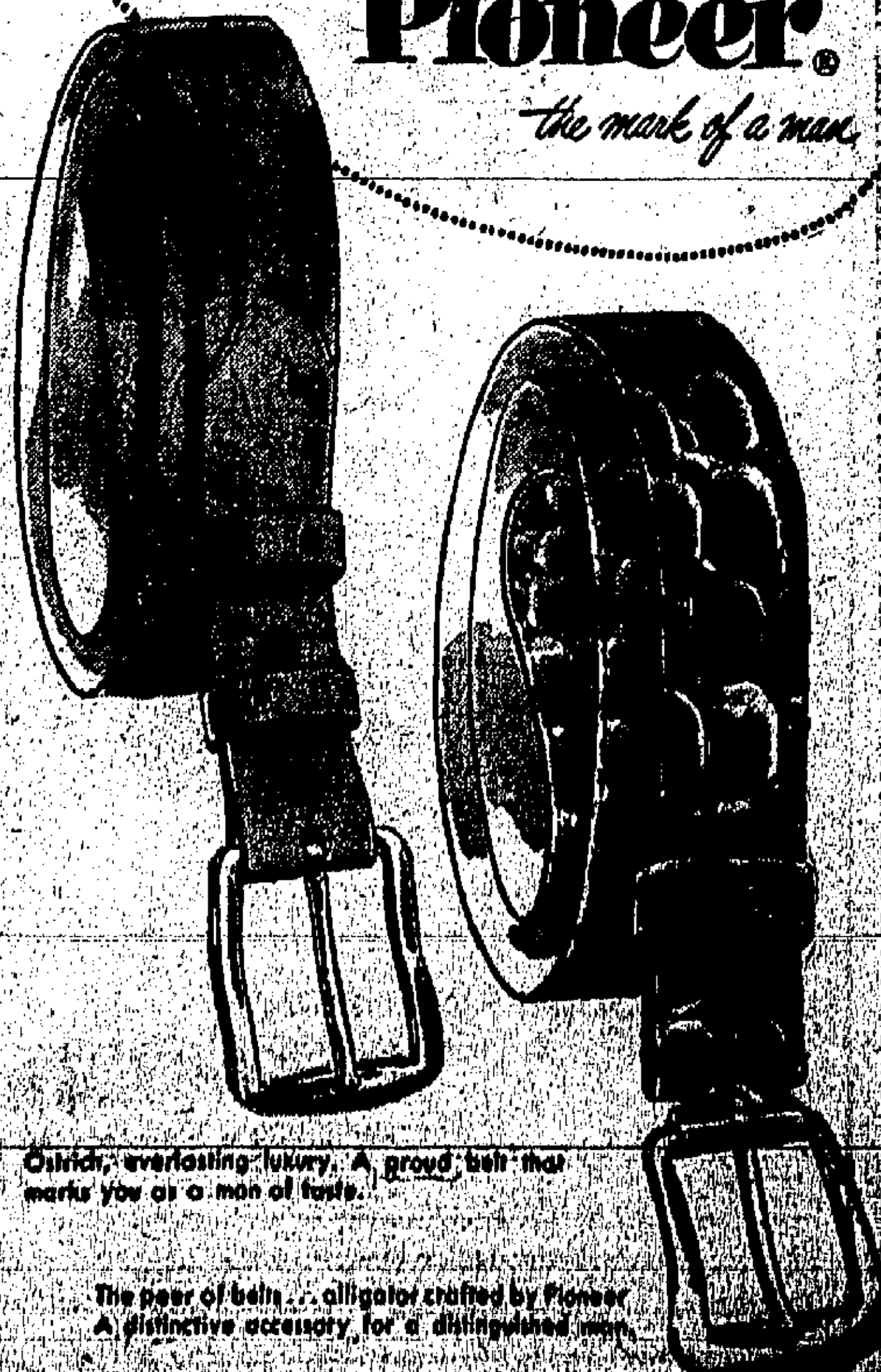


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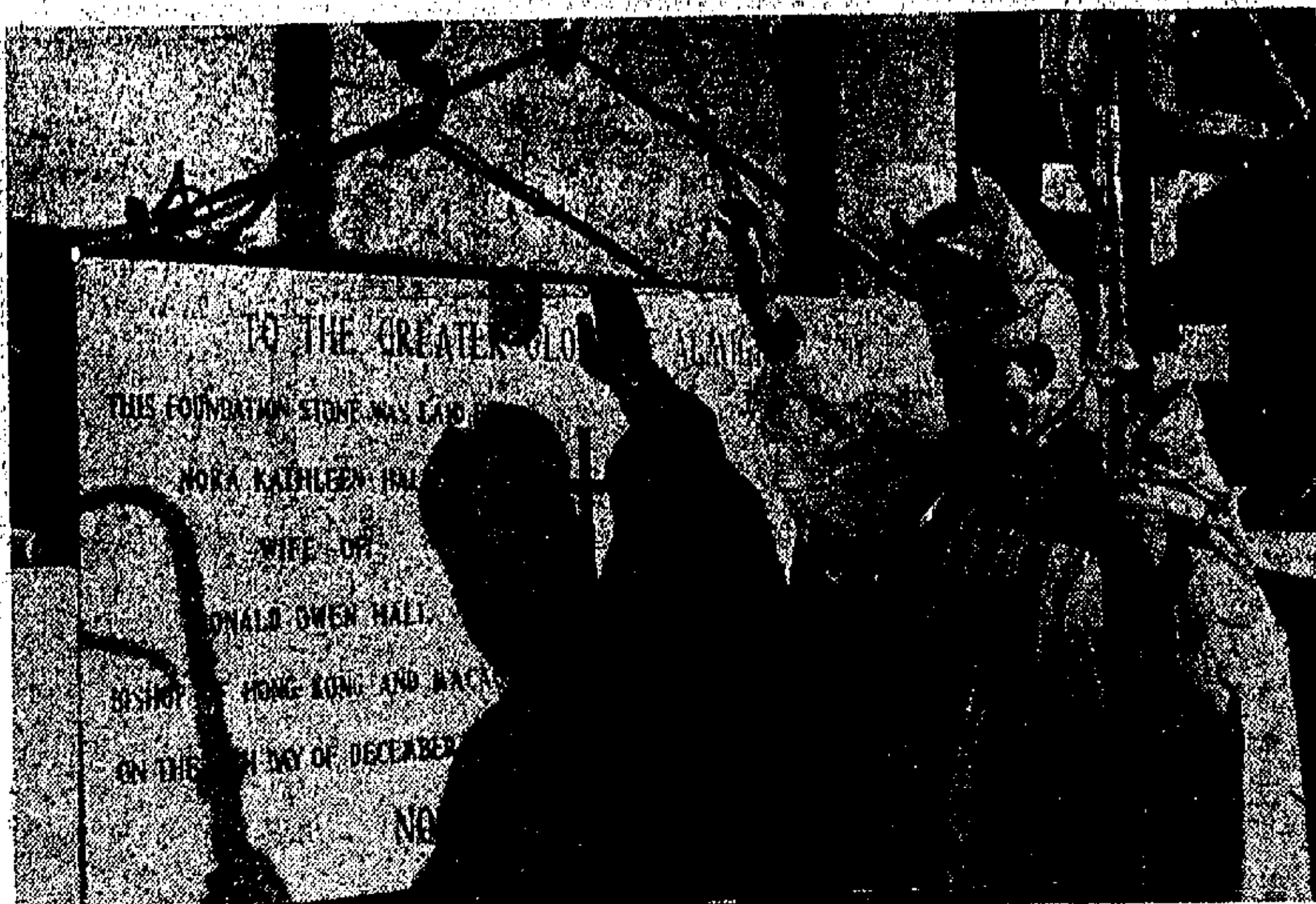
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CADBURY'S FRUIT SUNDAE!



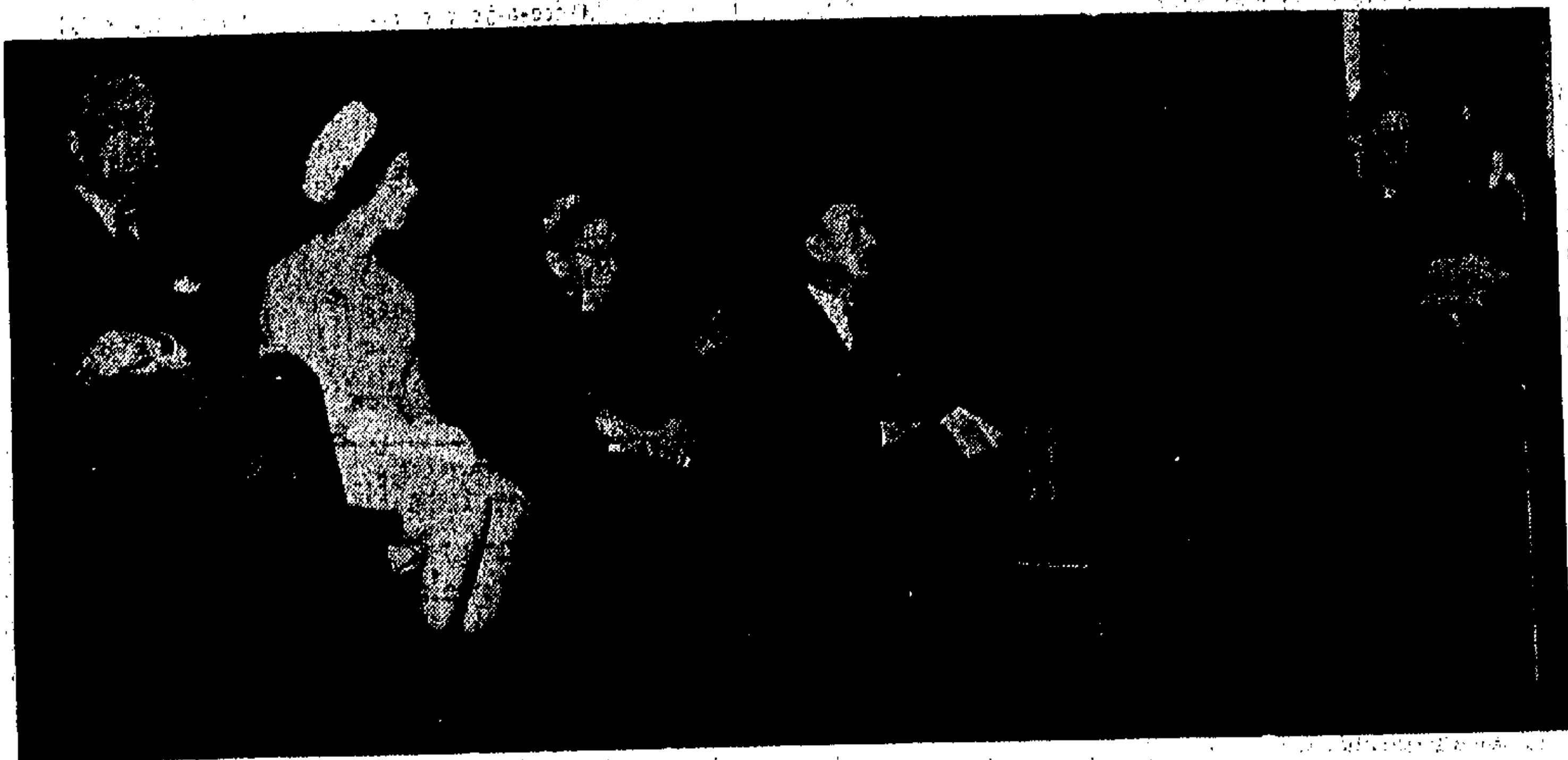
(ABOVE) Rt Rev R. O. Hall, Bishop of Hongkong is shown blessing the foundation stone of the Bishop Hall Jubilee School in Oxford-road, Kowloon, at a ceremony on December 10.

★ ★ ★
(LEFT) The Governor Sir Robert Black pins the Colonial Police Medal for Meritorious Service on Mr N. G. Rolph, Acting Assistant Commissioner of Police, during the 15th Annual Hongkong Police Review at the Government Stadium on December 10.



(ABOVE) The Governor Sir Robert Black presents a medal to Inspector W. M. McKay Gillies (left) at Government House on December 12. Insp Gillies was a member of the Hongkong Pistol Team that took part in the Overseas Pistol Matches last year. Others in photo from left to right are Mr Pat George, Brigadier J. F. Willoughby and Lt Col M. J. R. Fletcher.

★ ★ ★
(LEFT) Mr Paul Y. C. Hsu is seen holding the President's Trophy of the Hongkong Amateur Radio Transmitting Society. The trophy was presented to him by Mrs R. V. Talbot-Jones (left) at the Society's annual dinner party on December 2.



(LEFT) Rev. Father Francis Hsu, Director of Catholic Centre, makes an address at the annual speech day of the Canossian Sacred Heart Girls' School on December 12. Others in photo are (seated left to right) the Italian Consul General, Mr P. Guadagnini, Mrs J. A. McLean, the Rev Lawrence Bianchi, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, and Mr J. A. McLean.



(ABOVE) The Argentine President Senor Arturo Frondizi, accompanied by Senora Frondizi arrived in Hongkong for a 3-day unofficial visit on December 11.

★ ★ ★
(BELOW) Mrs C. B. Burgess, wife of the Colonial Secretary, presents a certificate to Cheung Tsang-shay at the St Paul Co-educational College annual speech day recently.



(ABOVE) Miss Irene Tam, daughter of Mr Tam Tit-yau, of 135 Hennessy-road, second floor, became the bride of Mr Roger Chu, son of Mr Yue-faung Chu, at Kowloon Union Church on December 9. The newlyweds are seen with their attendants and friends.



(ABOVE) Miss Elaine Phyllis Willis and Mr James Paul Swaine, Prison Officer, were married at St Teresa's Church on December 9. The newlyweds are seen with their attendants.

★
(LEFT) Seen at the Pharmaceutical Society annual dinner on December 9 are (left to right) Mr J. M. H. Lau, President, Prof J. Miller, Dr R. W. Riddell and Dr D. J. M. McKenzie.

★
(BELOW) The famous Vienna Boys' Choir who performed in Hongkong recently are shown shortly after arriving at Kai Tak.

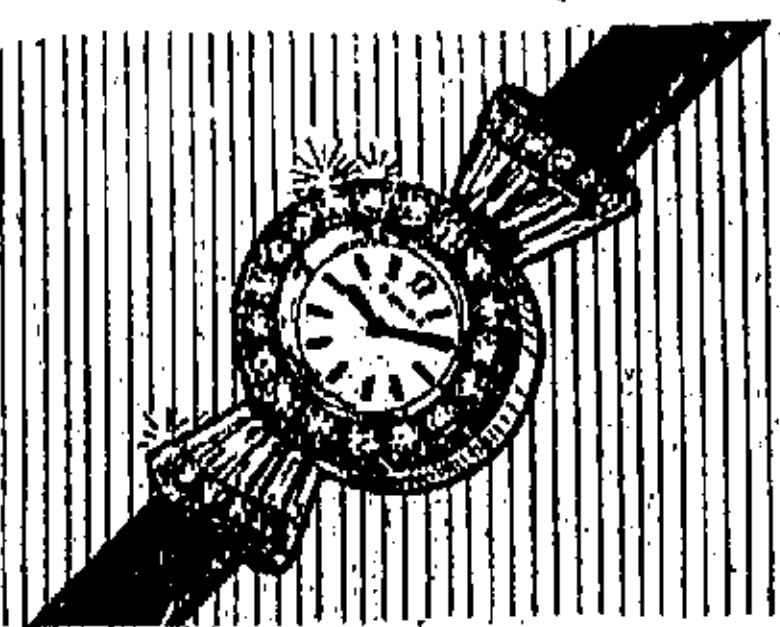
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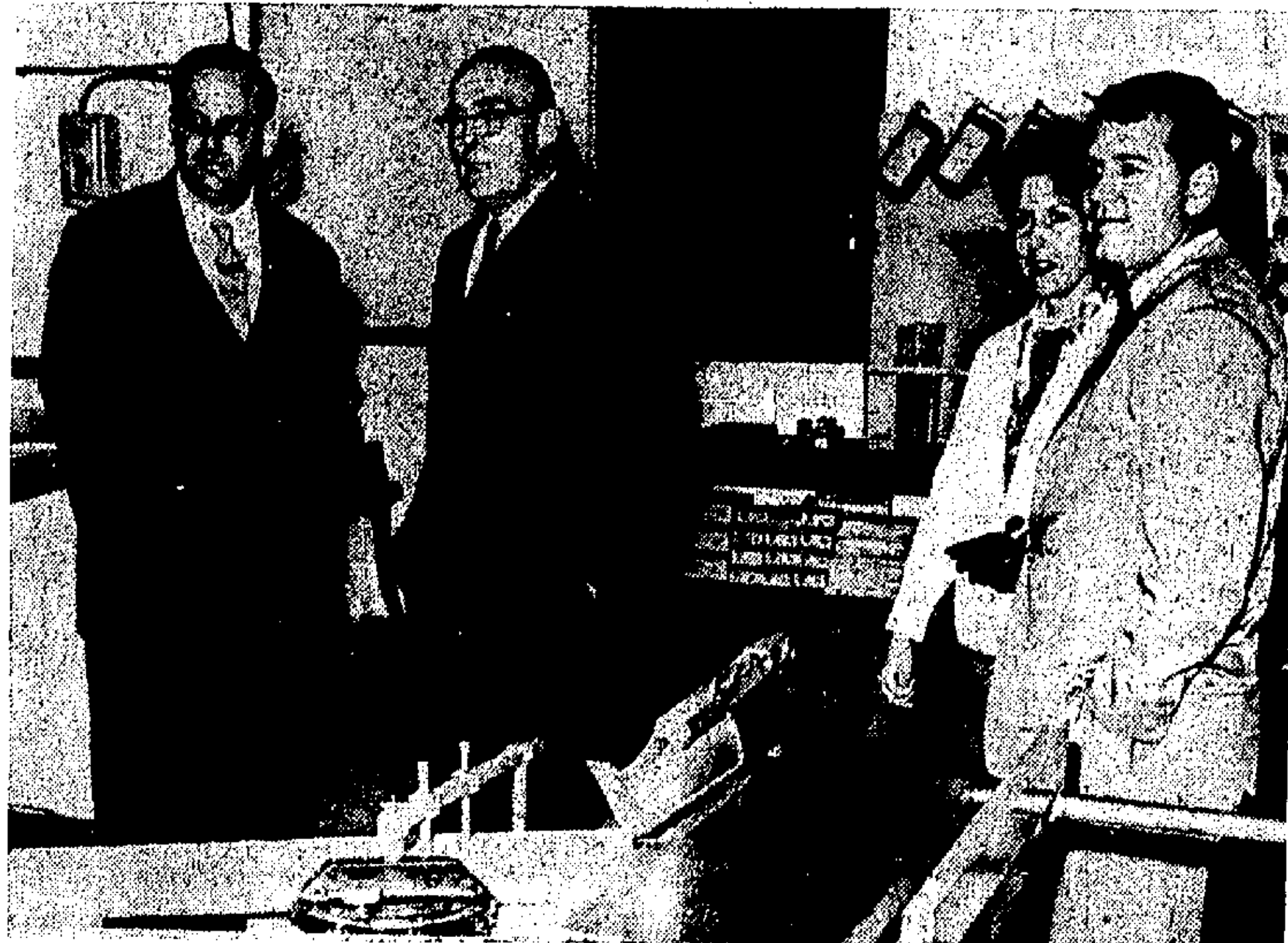


BELOW: Col Jaime Silverio Marques, the Governor of Macao, greeting Col H. A. de Barros Botelho at the Macao Club on the occasion of the visit of a group of the Portuguese community in Hongkong to Macao.



ABOVE: Frank Sinatra, and his hat, arriving last week at Kai Tak for a visit to the Colony.

LEFT: Sir Robert Black shaking hands with Mrs H. D. M. Barton, chairman of the SPC, at the SPC Ball, recently held at the Repulse Bay Hotel. On the right is Mrs H. C. Schoch, chairman of the Ball committee.



ABOVE: From (lt to rt) Mr Fung Ping Fan, Bishop Bianchi, Dr D. J. M. MacKenzie and Mr Romaniello at the opening of Our Lady of Maryknoll Hospital, Shatin Pass Road, Wong Tai Sin.

BELOW: Sir Tsun-nin Chau (second from left) presides at the formal opening of the Hongkong-Malayan Insurance Company at the Li Po Chun Chambers on December 9. Others in picture are (lt to rt) Messrs Lam Kin, Cheung Sei-hon and Leung Kin-cheong.



ABOVE: From (lt to rt) Mr Sui-ju Yue, Mr Henry Hsu, Mr D. W. B. Baron, Dr Paul Lambert, and Mr Kwok Lam Po at the opening of the YMCA Town Centre, On Lok Yuen Building.

ABOVE: CARE presented a fully powered workshop to the Hongkong Sea School, Stanley, on December 11. Photo shows (left to right) Mr B. A. Bernacchi, QC, Chairman of the School, Mr R. Aylward of the American Consulate, Miss L. Tesar and Mr J. L. Rhodes.

BELOW: Mrs C. K. Law (lt) wife of the Assistant Director of Education, presenting a certificate to Chan Kit-ye at the Munsang College Speech Day.



ABOVE: Group photo taken after the christening of Emily Jane Duncan at the St John's Cathedral on December 10.



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ABOVE: Picture taken during the recent dinner party held for Mr D. R. Holmes (rt) by Heung Yee Kuk at the Sun Ya hotel. Also in the picture are Mrs D. R. Holmes and Mr Ho Chuen Yiu (centre).



ABOVE: Mrs Diana Vogt, wife of the president of "Fortis" Watch Co Ltd, presenting an award to Miss Hong Kay (rt), at the photographic competition prize presentation held at the Union Restaurant.

LEFT: The North Point Kaitung Association held a dinner reception recently in honour of Mr Stephen Y. H. (centre) on his appointment as Assistant Chinese Affairs Officer.

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

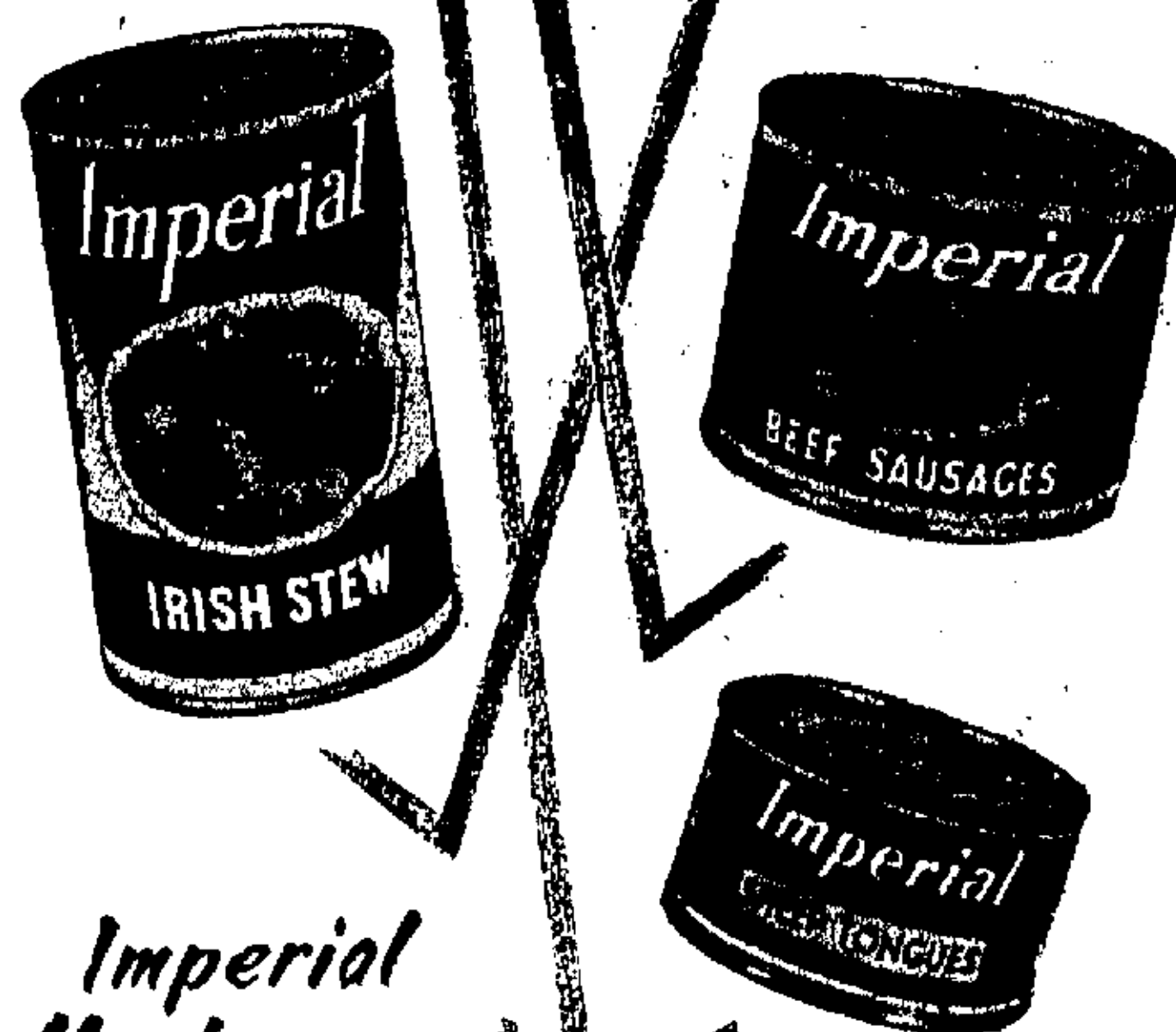
NIGHTCLUB AND RESTAURANT
1st Fl. Munson House, Nathan Road, Kowloon

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR RESERVATIONS

Customers who have already reserved accommodation and have not collected their Reservation Tickets are respectfully advised to do so as soon as possible, as reservations cannot be held over after December 16th for Christmas Eve and December 23rd for New Year's Eve.

Bookings for the above are now almost complete.

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Union House, Hongkong. Tel. 30366

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

JENNIFER LANE offers you

A guide to Christmas Shopping

BUYING PRESENTS CAN BE FUN — WITH A BIT OF KNOW-HOW

THE worst thing about Christmas is almost certainly Christmas shopping. Normally intelligent people go mad, buy things for the sake of buying them, come home laden with the oddities and decide whom to give them to later.

Every January I make a firm resolution to buy all my next year's Christmas presents gradually through the year — but somehow it never quite seems to work out that way, and every December finds me battling through the crowds as usual in a last minute rush.

So for all the last minute rushers like our family — here are a few suggestions for presents, all of which you will find on the Christmas counters in Hongkong.

The great thing about giving presents is to give something that would not be bought ordinarily — something that has a luxurious, festive or even a dotty quality about it.

for him

Men are perhaps the most difficult people of all to give presents to in the family. By the time they are 21 they all seem to be well equipped with wallets, lighters, hair-brushes and a Parker 51's. Not to mention all those natty little hip flasks and miscellaneous pigskin jobs with manicure sets in the top.

So after running the gamut of bedroom slippers, socks, ties and handker-



18th century style, ornamental gold clock. By Ebel, \$95.

chiefs and pullovers — men really are a problem. Or are they?

Under \$20

Pocket chess set, \$10.
Silk cravat, \$8.50, Man Cheong.
Chinese brocade stud box, \$1.50, Wyndham Str.
A bottle of dry white wine — try Chateau Carbonneux-Graves \$16, A. S. Watson.
Scarlet tartan boxer shorts, \$9, Lane, Crawford.
Back-scrubber and nailbrush (Addis), \$6.40.
1 doz. Capri golf balls, \$19.
Handsome after-shave lotion, by Arden for Men \$19.70.

Between \$20 and \$60

Multicoloured golf umbrella, \$45.
Silver mounted crystal ash-tray, \$27.50, or a Lalique one for \$45, Skinner's.
If he likes music, Correll's Concerto Grosso No 3 (Christmas concerto) with Karl Münchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, \$21.60.

SHOPPING LIST

1. Gold toothpick
2. Pink elephant
3. Hongkong Shanghai bank



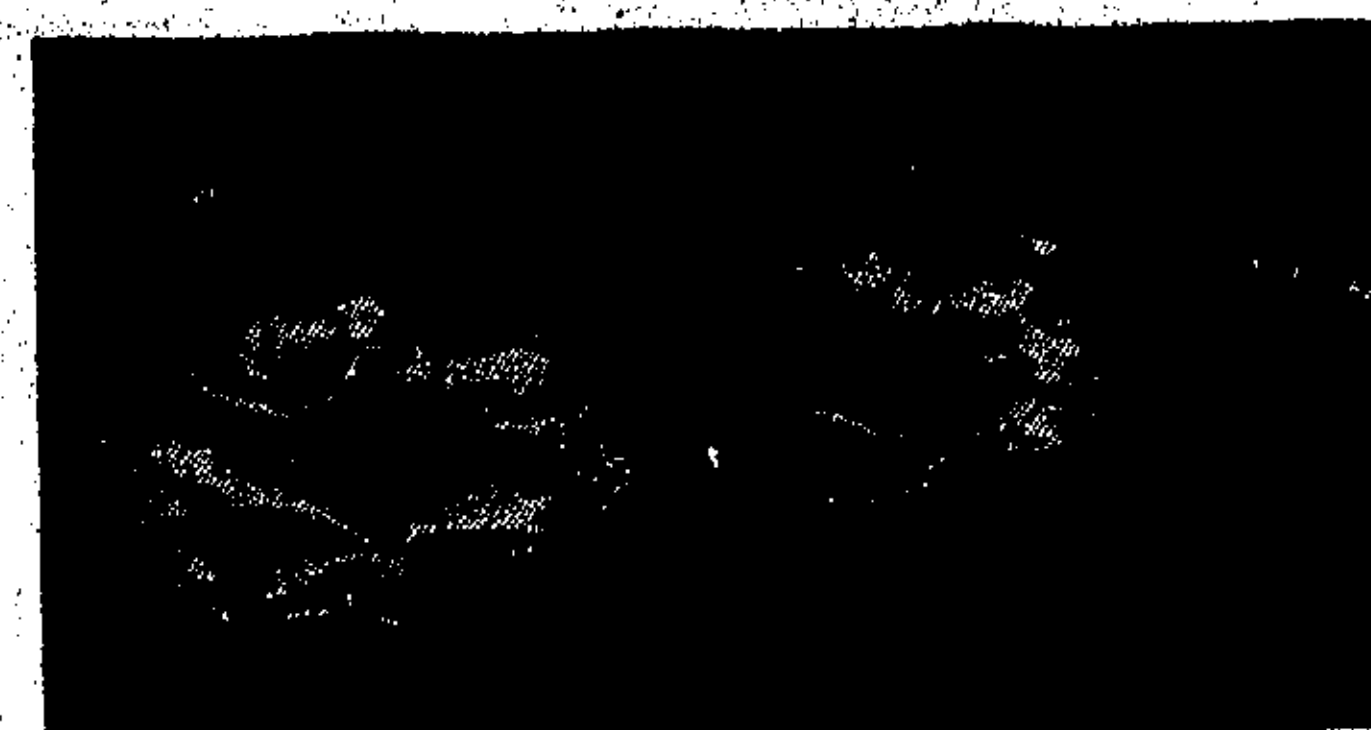
drawing by Bill Burton

Or perhaps Harry Belafonte, To Wish You a Merry Christmas, \$21.60. Both from Moutries.
Hardy Amies cream poplin shirt \$57.50, Lane, Crawford.
Royal blue brocade dressing gown \$38, China Arts and Crafts.

Over \$60

Roulette wheel, \$135.

Hide briefcase, \$90 to \$430, at Skinner's.
Length of tweed for a suit, \$140, Man Cheong.
Fine champagne cognac in a Baccarat crystal decanter, \$120, Watson's.
Dark green photo frame in Moroccan leather tooled in gold, \$87.50 for "12 x 14" size, Lane, Crawford.



Leaf patterned sweet dishes, in German Alpaca Plate, \$22.50 to \$50.

Cocktail shaker in silver and crystal, \$80.

for her

Presents for the girls are much easier. I can always think of thousands of things I should like at the drop of a hat. But having taken the minks and the Bentleys off the list, how about:

Under \$20

Box of engraved initial notes, \$7.50.
Ruched organdy tissue dispenser, \$17.50 Lane, Crawford.
Apothecary jars filled with bubble bath salts or miniature soaps, \$10.
One exquisite embroidered handkerchief, \$15.20, Chinese Bazaar.
Gilt and rhinestone flower spray by Core, \$9.50.
Box of maroon glasses, Dairy Lane.
Slim, silver cigarette holder, \$20, George Falconer.

Between \$20 and \$60

Silk blouse in apricot and celadon green, \$25, Kanebo.
A Fenelope tapestry to work, \$39 complete.
Brilliant Thai silk cushion, \$34, Lane, Crawford.
Pair of satin slippers, \$30.
Fill box in enamel and silver, \$32.50 Lane, Crawford.
If she likes scent, try Guerlain's 'Ode' \$35, or Lanvin's 'Arpege' \$34, or perhaps Worth's classic 'Je Reviens' \$40. Smallest size, but all lovely.
Just to finish it off, a Wedgewood green scent spray, \$45.
Rolled gold propelling pencil, \$35.
Cushion worked in petit-point, \$40, Wyndham Str.
Polish crystal powder bowl, \$40, Lane Crawford.
(Continued on Page 19)

Eat drink and be slim

Formula 21 is an entirely new method of losing weight in a normal, healthy way. It is approved by Doctors because it slims without drugs and without hunger and loss of nourishing food. You eat as much nourishing food as you like, and yet you lose weight progressively—as much as 3 lbs. every week. Formula 21 controls your appetite gently, while allowing you to eat and drink with your family and friends. Start taking Formula 21 today . . . in three weeks you will be slimmer, healthier and more attractive.



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The China Emporium Ltd. Queen's Road.	H. K. Dalmaru Dept. Store Causeway Bay.
The Sunda Shoe Co. Des Voeux Road.	May May Co., Ltd. Queen's Road.
The Lily's Queen's Road.	Mide Company North Point.
The Shui Hing Co., Ltd. Des Voeux Road.	Jones Wang & Co. Central Bldg.
	The Shamrock Emporium Nathan Road.
	Jones Wang & Co. Nathan Road.
	Kow Hoo Shoe Co. Miramar Arcade.
	The Sunda Shoe Co. Nathan Road.
	The Shui Hing Co., Ltd. Nathan Road.

Sole Agents: **HARRY WICKING & CO., LTD.**
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Jones Wang & Co., Shui Hing
Lo Man

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

the way out of the present problem

(Continued from Page 18)

Pure silk headscarf from Liberty's or Jaquemar, around \$30.

A year's subscription for Woman's Journal \$40.
Giant plastic hat-box \$32.
Good Housekeeping's Book of Entertaining (Invaluable!) \$21.
Over \$60

Single pearl on a gold chain, \$65, Dabara.

Weaving loom set, \$42.50, Skinnars.

Snorkel mask \$18, and flippers \$21.

Dart board, \$18 for the 18" x 3/4" size.

Records: Connie Francis, Christmas in my Heart, \$21.50.
Johnny Mathis, Christmas Song, \$21.50.

"Why", a new mystery game presented by Alfred Hitchcock, \$26.50.

Atomic long range cannon, (look out Dad) \$32, Lane, Crawford.

Scooter, \$25.

Child's projector and slides \$27.50.

Paintbox and drawing block.

for toddlers

Two new animal books: "The Whispering Land" by Gerald Durrell, \$18.
"Living Free" by Joy Adamson, \$25.

for children

Christmas is always such a splendid day for children, and shops rise to the occasion wonderfully well with toys of every conceivable shape and size. You should have no trouble here—but just in case you are not so much at a loss as overwhelmed.

Box of model tin soldiers. All prices.

Doll's tea set. All prices.

Wheelbarrow, \$39.50, Lane, Crawford.

Triang London bus, \$69.50.

Fretwork set, \$26.

Model fort, \$42.

Books: "Sons of the Steppes," by Hans Bauman, \$12.50.

"The Silver Curlew," by Eleanor Farjeon with illustrations by E. H. Sheppard, \$12.50.

Triang doll's house, \$60.

Royal Worcester birthday mug, \$20.

Musical top, \$15.

Soft brown and white squirrel (Pedigree), \$18.

Noddy crayons, 50c. each.

Kiddercraft Hammer Peg, very popular, at \$9.50.

Book of hankies, one for every day of the week, \$6 from Daimaru.

Huffy Puffy wood train with 3 carriages, \$45, Lane, Crawford.

Silver pusher, \$40.

Books: "The Night Before Christmas," by Clement Moore, \$4.50; "In a Pumpkin Shell," by Joan Walsh Anglund, \$10.50.

Tricycle, around \$15, Cat Street.

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Tricycle, around \$15, Cat Street.



Cuddly Koala bears, \$45 for largest size.

The biggest, pinkest elephant you ever saw, \$220.

Big glass bowl, complete with water and 2 goldfish, \$80.

Man's Italian straw hat, \$23, Hongkong Sports Shop.

Ronson's Roto-Shine electric shoe polisher, \$120 in a hard-wood box or \$96 without.

Gift high wire birdcage with a carved teak base and hammered brass top (detachable). Only \$850.

As far as possible when you do your shopping, make a list of what you want to get and stick

to it. Try and save energy and unnecessary thought by buying as many things as you can at one time and one place.

Think of the person on the receiving end of your present and give them something they would like and not something you've always wanted yourself. A little thought goes a long way towards making a success of your presents.

Wrap them up carefully with gay paper and ties and pretty labels. Half the fun of the present lies in the unwrapping.

And above all keep the whole thing a big surprise!

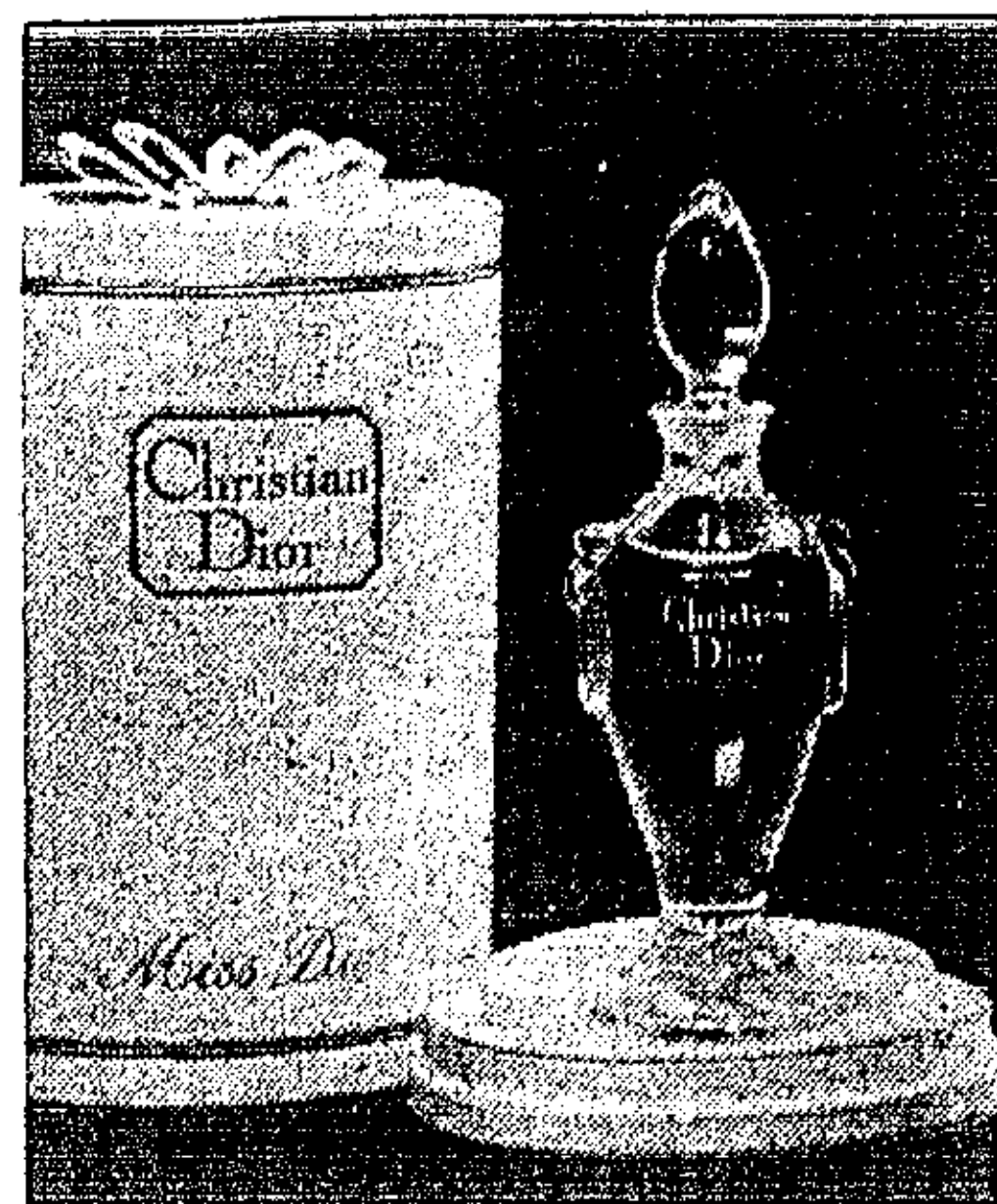
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Christian Dior's "Miss Dior," \$121 for 1 oz.

Elizabeth Arden Beauty case containing harmonised make-up, \$120.

A bottle of Jean Patou's 'Joy,' the most expensive scent in the world, \$169 for 1 oz.

Boudoir telephone in pastel shades, with a chime, \$299, Lane, Crawford.

A year's subscription for Queen magazine, \$83.50, Kelly and Walsh.

for the teenager

If you are buying presents for teenagers, look around for some of the following:

Gaily bound photo album, \$11, Daimaru.

Tub of Yardley's Lavender dusting powder, \$9.60.

Box of 54 board, card and dice games, good value for \$27.50, Pak Hop Co.

Brownie Starflash camera, \$48.

5 yr diary with a lock, \$45, Skinnars.

Roller skates, \$29.50 a pair.
Big box of printed stationery, from \$9.

Elizabeth Arden's Disc-Course on Beauty, \$24 complete with record and make-up.



Set of six carpet bowls, \$60.



Five piece china set for a child, \$14, Lane, Crawford.

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Ref. 7806: Dainty 18 K yellow or white gold watch. Two sparkling diamonds - Starlight sapphire crystal.
Ref. 7661: 18 K gold mesh-bracelet and Starlight sapphire crystal give this 18 K yellow gold watch its quiet elegance.
Ref. 7747: On the wrist of Miss Europe: a lovely conversation piece, set with 18 diamonds and 6 blue sapphires, 18 K white gold bracelet.

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LACRIMA CHRISTI
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AQUAVIT
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PUNT E MES (bitter)
BOSCA (dry)
 Vodka **WOLFSCHMIDT**
 Brandy **EMU ★ ★ ★**
FRENCH CLUB ★ ★ ★
DORVILLE ★ ★ ★
 Liebfraumilch **BLUE NUN**
SPARKLING BLUE NUN
 Burgundies red/white
A. BICHOT. OGIER FILS
 Sparkling Burgundies red/white
A. BICHOT
 Bordeaux red/white
HANAPPIER'S SICHEL FRERES
VALLON ROSE
 Austrian Wine
KELLERBRAUT SONNBERG
NUSSBERGER GRINSINGER
 Riesling
 Italian wine: red/white
 Chianti: **CAMPANI, SERCHI,**
FRASCATI, ORVIETO.
MARSALA
ASTI SPUMANTE
LACRIMA CHRISTI
 Bourbon Whisky **JAMES E PEPPER**
 Liqueur **KIRSCH DETTLING (Swiss)**
 and many others obtainable at all leading
 stores, restaurants & hotels

Also

GIFT HAMPERS

Made up of your own Selection



'Better try and speed up your deliveries, Lightning, or we'll never notice you going slow after Christmas'

London Express Service.

BETHLEHEM 1961

Continued
 from Page 8

Moslem policemen, stationed in the Church even in this century, have been seen to pray on that same spot. For there entered then into the story of the cave and its attendant faithful a complication that has lasted to this day: remaining the holiest spot in Christendom, under Moslem rule.

Out of necessity, a kind of working co-existence evolved. Moslems respected the birth-place of Jesus too. They could pray in a Church cleaned and tended by Christians, even if they tried to change it too.

But things were quieter, for a time, in Bethlehem. In 808 Charlemagne found that the four monasteries of Justinian's time had dwindled to 15 monks, priests and clerics, and two followers of St Simeon Stylites who sat on pillars.

CRUSADERS

In the Eleventh Century, the cave escaped widespread razing of Christian buildings by a fanatical Egyptian ruler.

There were exultant days again when the Crusaders swept down on Palestine; when Tancred, captain of 100 swift-mounted knights, clattered into the little town of peasants of psalm-singing, and was led triumphantly into church to gaze on the Manger.

The cave survived looting by the Saracens that left Bethlehem hardly habitable; a catastrophic battle that placed it back in Moslem hands; and dreadful pillage by a wild horde of Kharismian Turks.

Under Turkish rule, the cave endured exploitation of its very holiness, and fomentation of small differences between sects, for commercial gain.

The fabric of the Church was allowed to decay until collapse threatened, and pigeons fluttered and left droppings on

the floor. The removal of marble from the Church to Moslem shrines, from 1517, was openly allowed.

During the 17th and 18th Centuries pilgrims returned with frightening stories of ruthless robbery and exploitation in Bethlehem.

The matter of ownership of the Holy Places, and of the rights of access and worship between sects, became increasingly and dangerously political.

QUARRELS

And when the great Crimean War erupted last century, one of the main issues concerned the mysterious theft one night of the silver star set in marble beneath the Altar of the Nativity.

THE MIRACLE OF MIRACLES

A German representation of the Nativity.

In 1869 a disastrous fire in the cave destroyed all its rich furnishings and hangings, and most of what remained of the mediaeval mosaic ceiling.

A dividing wall had to be built inside the Church, and the door opening reduced in size, to prevent Moslems from driving in sheep, goats and even camels.

Between priests of different sects, whose fifteen lamps burn always over the altar, many a bitter quarrel has marred the spot where the Prince of Peace was born. There has been haggling over strips of carpet, over the number of times incense might be burned, over the parts of the Church each sect might clean.

Christmas in Bethlehem became a protracted affair that began with the Latin celebration on December 25, and was not

over until after the Armenian version on January 19 and the Greek on January 27.

It sometimes needed a battalion of 1,000 Turkish soldiers stationed in the town to keep the Christmas peace.

In 1928 there were reports of an unseemly quarrel between priests, over the arrangement of timetables for services, that ended in the shedding of blood on the Manger of Christ.

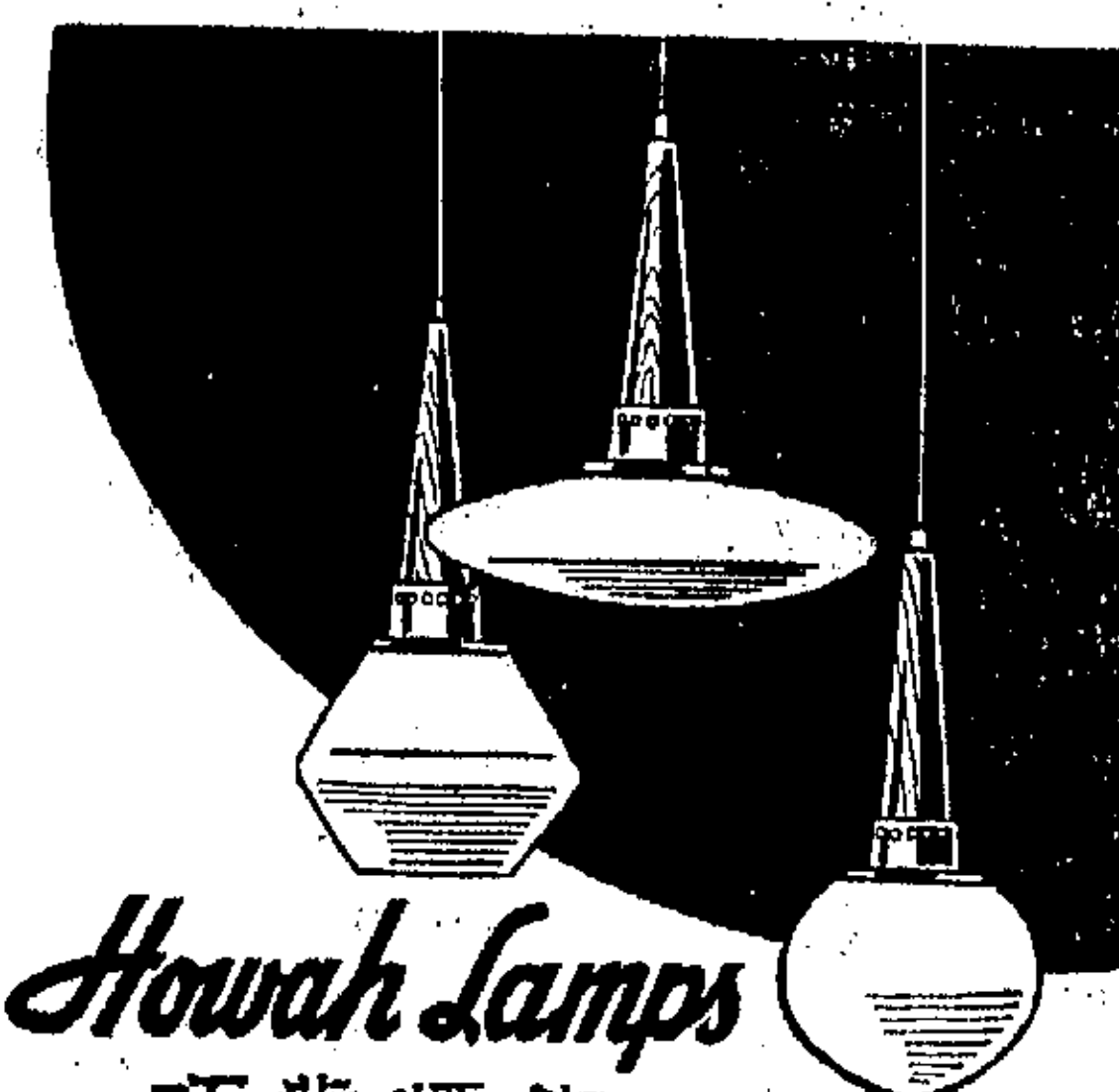
More recently, as this century's British Mandate ended, Bethlehem saw machine-guns bristling from flat roofs over the Church and its cave at Christmas.

But it is Christmas again, and there are still pilgrims at the Grotto that has stood unimpaired through centuries of spoliation, battle and conquest.

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WE DREADED CHRISTMAS IN DARTMOOR

AN INTERVIEW WITH A MAN
WHO SPENT 19
CHRISTMASSES IN PRISON

By Lewis De Fries

FOR the man in prison, Christmas day is the longest day in the year. It's the day you get the worst punishment of all—a day off.

They don't let you sew mailbags or go outside on working parties. They leave you to your thoughts. I used to pray for something to do. Something to stop me thinking.

I got drunk and killed someone I loved. They sentenced me to death. Then they changed their minds. I was given a life sentence.

Parkhurst Prison was bad enough, but when they transferred me to Dartmoor I thought I should die there. Everything you hear about Dartmoor is true. It's the most horrible place on earth.

All we had to look forward to that night was a damp cell, and the grating of a key in the lock.

At 6 am the bell clanged as usual. No sleeping late on Christmas Day. Make your bed, tidy your cell. Line up outside to be marched in to breakfast.

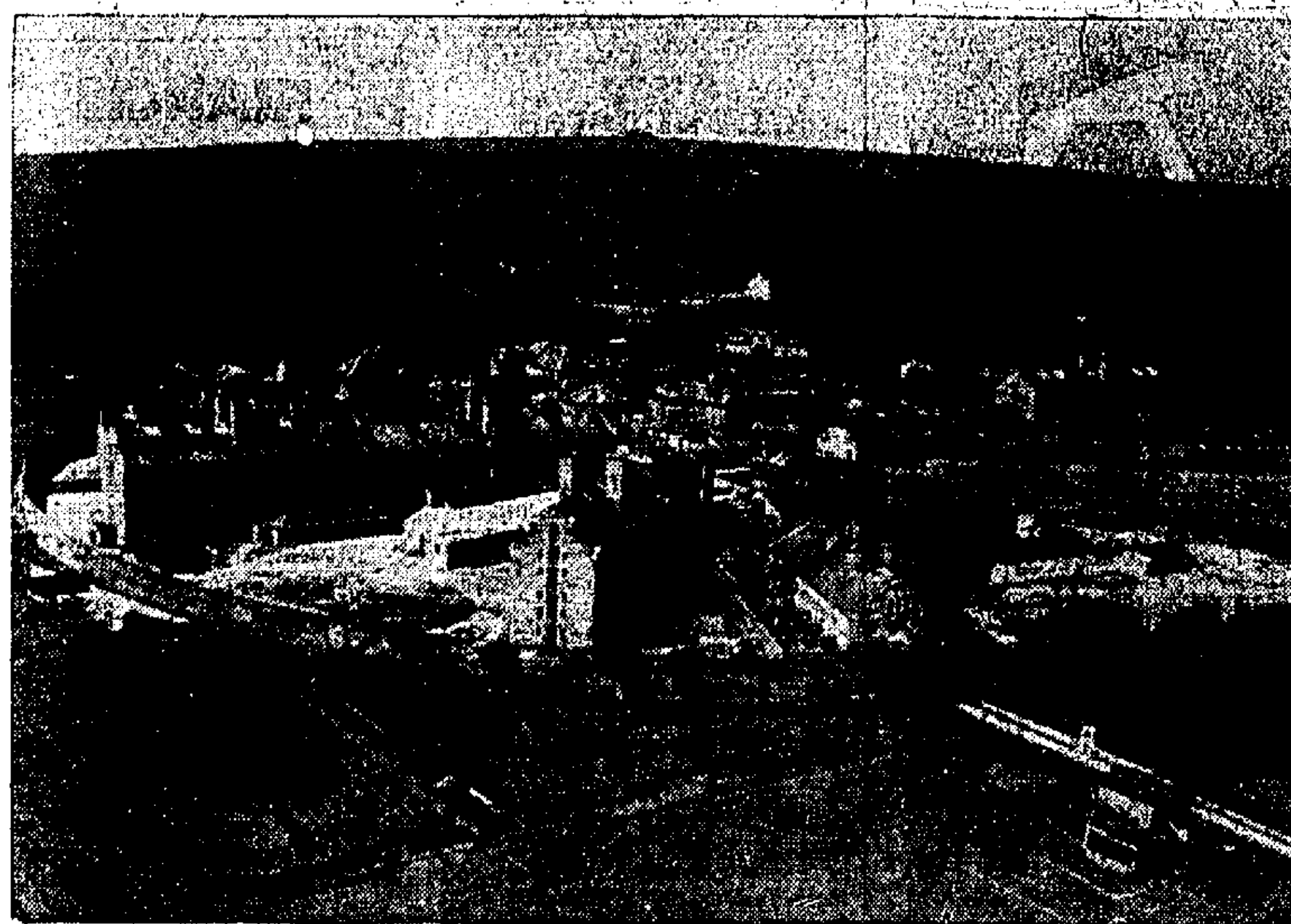
Not even
a card

I dreaded Christmas. I had lost my wife, my home, everything. I knew I wouldn't get even a card from outside.

Most of the others got cards and parcels. But they never showed them to me because they wanted to spare my feelings.

The six Christmases I spent on the Moor were the worst of the lot. Sometimes we'd get the sort of weather you expect at Christmas. The snow piled up outside and on Christmas Eve we'd clear paths, just like I used to do at home.

As we tramped past the little cottages on the moor we would see lighted trees in the windows, the father of the house putting up the decorations. A cheerful fire burning in the grate, and the children gathered around it.



Dartmoor—Where Christmas is the longest day of the year.

... It's the most horrible place on earth"

anyone did. There was never any trouble getting the men back to their cells by locking-up time. Almost everyone was there already. Supper of bread and cheese was a meal you got down as fast as you could.

You heard the key turn and you were almost glad. Ten o'clock. Lights out.

Christmas was over for another year. Thank God.

Happy
Christmas!

The warders were as fed up as us. They hated being on duty Christmas morning. But they were a bit more friendly than usual. The Governor insisted on it. They would wish us a happy Christmas.

Breakfast was cereal, bacon, bread and margarine, tea. Then into the yard for exercise until chapel. No one said much. They were all too busy thinking. Those with families would be wondering what they were doing. And me? I would be thinking how things used to be on Christmas morning. How they would never be again.

Chapel. More crowded than usual. Even if you were an atheist you would be in chapel on Christmas morning. The chaplain would tell us about the meaning of Christmas, the birth of Christ, everything we knew already.

What a laugh

You would try to listen, to stop your thoughts wandering. But you couldn't keep your mind on the sermon. You'd lean back, close your eyes—and think. When it was over the chaplain would come around, "Good luck—and I hope you

won't be spending many more Christmases here." What a laugh. You'd say: "I hope it won't be much longer now."

Then back to your cell. You would lie on your bed and start thinking again. Why, why, why? I must have been mad that day I had too much to drink. I'll never touch a drop again when I get out. If I get out. If the place doesn't kill me first.

How long to dinner time? Dinner was at 12 as usual. Chapel finished at ten. God, how the time dragged...

Never again

The dinner bell. Christmas dinner—roast beef, roast potatoes, Christmas pudding and custard. No second helping. No "pass the plate, Dad, I know you'll want some more." Never again.

Then the Governor would come. "Happy Christmas, everyone."

A good sort, the Governor. Human. You couldn't help liking him. I wouldn't have had his job for anything. Especially at Christmas.

The afternoon was yours. There would be a film show—the one film they put on in the whole year that didn't cost you

the normal penny. You didn't have to watch. But everyone did. It was better than thinking.

A longing

There was television afterwards. We crowded around the set, watching children sing carols, and joining in. But after a time we would stop singing, watch quietly and then drift away, one by one. It was too much like home.

Unless you've been inside you just can't imagine how, quite suddenly, you have a longing to get back to your cell. On Christmas afternoons I couldn't shut myself away fast enough.

I'm no angel, but heaven knows there were far tougher characters on the Moor than me. Bikes you'd think were just heartless thugs would come up to you, tears in their eyes. "I can't stand it, mate. I want to be at home with my folks. I'll have to get out of here."

Lights out

That's why there are so many escape attempts just after Christmas.

The tea bell. The day would soon be over. Bread, margarine, Christmas cake, fruit. You didn't like chatting. Hardly



London Express Service

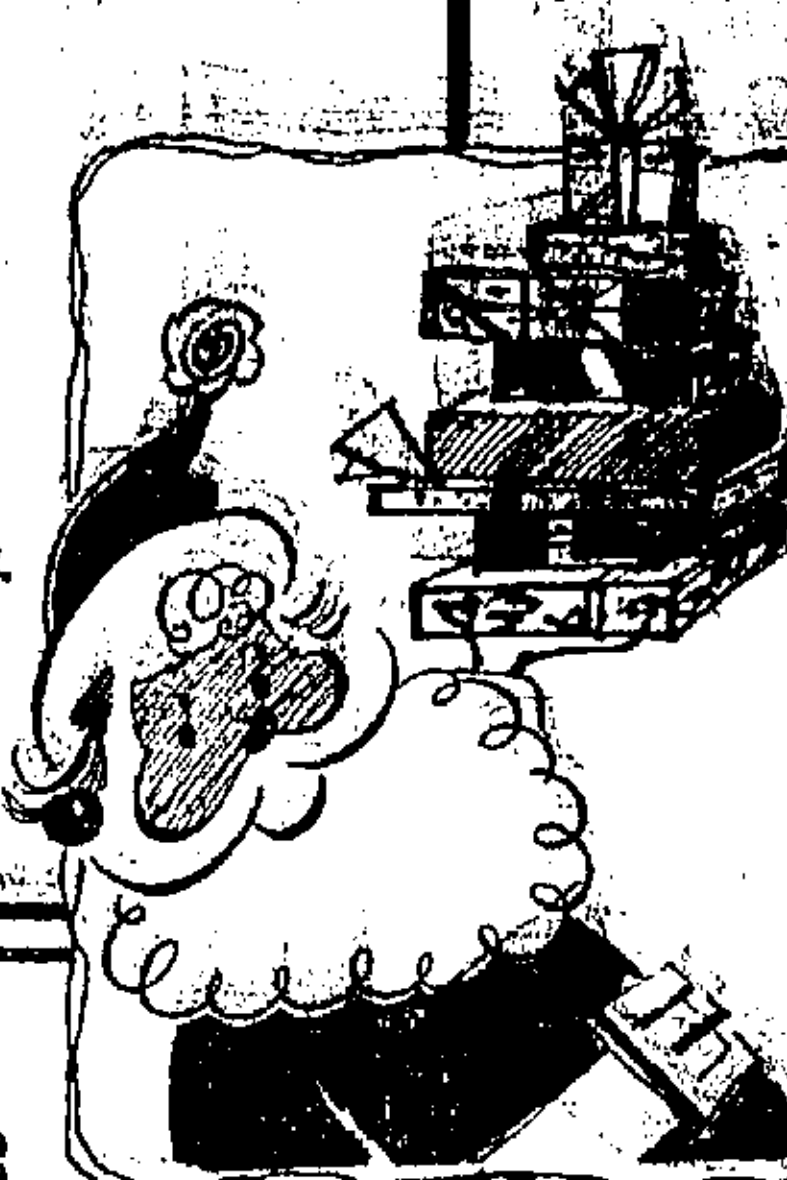
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... the time they depend on you so much

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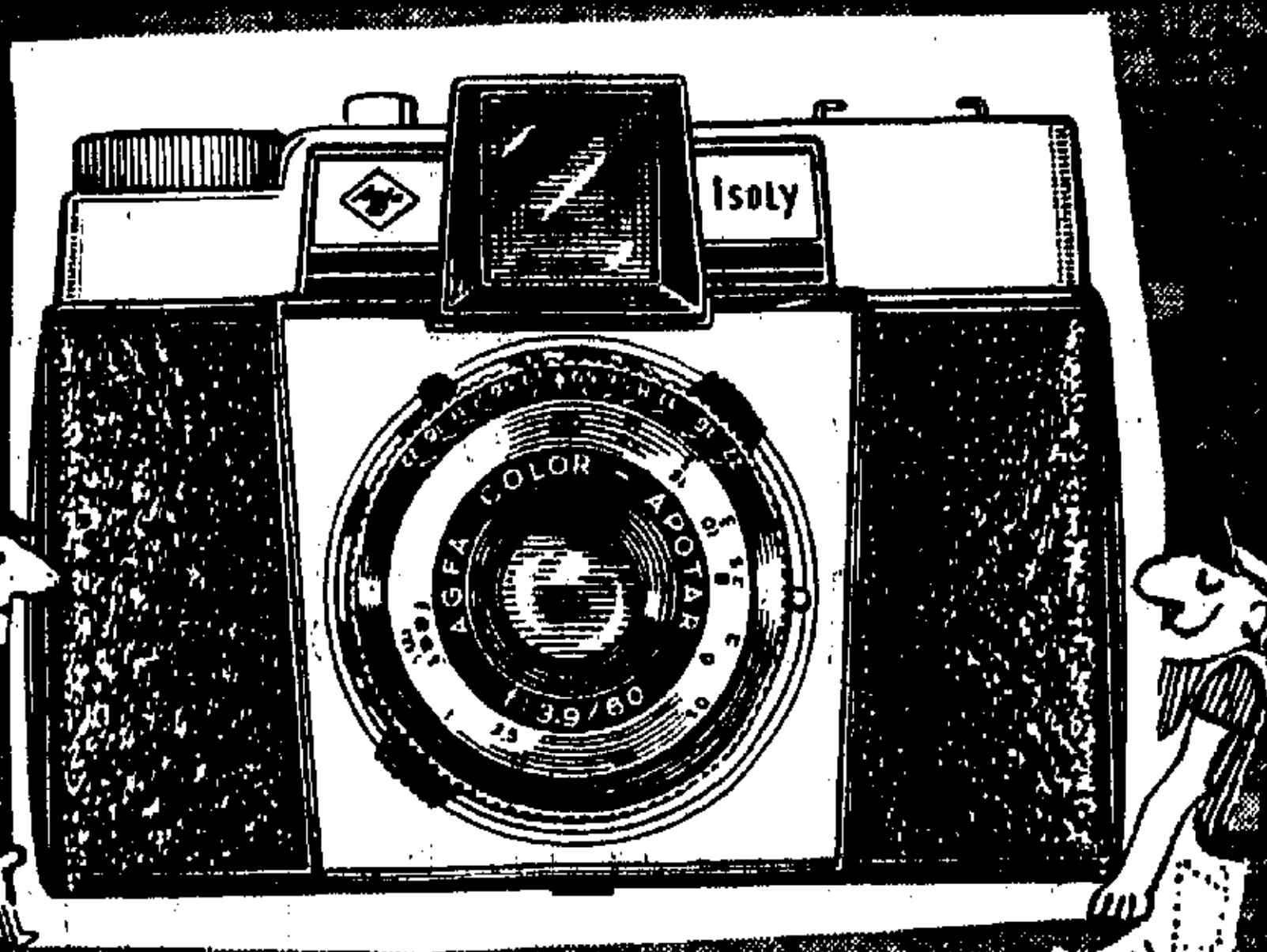
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11, JOHN LUFF'S HONGKONG - Christmas 1941

The return home, and the hasty packing and the long frightening walk to the ferry, only to find yet another long walk down the wharf to a boat which will take Allen and her sister to Victoria.

Bewildered

So this is war. Two women struggling ashore in Hongkong, with nowhere to go, bewildered by the tragic fate that has swept them from home and the life they understood.

Yet there is no self pity. Only a huge question mark. For of thinking of that home back in Kowloon, there is this entry: "Oh, dear God, shall we ever know what happened to our loved servants and pets... could we have walked out and left them to such an uncertain fate?"

At last, this tragic journey ends at the War Memorial Hospital. Allen and Doris are welcomed there, for the servant staff have left to seek safety with their own people.

But the domestic needs of the wounded Canadian soldiers must be administered. There are dishes to wash; food to be prepared; and the thousand and one chores which continue to pile up, even though shells are exploding around and upon the Peak.

Wild rumours percolate through the hospital. Desperate disorganised bands of defenders pass by and are lost as they reform into isolated units preparing for that last stand of all.

Healing

But in the hospital, the work of healing must continue. A rumour, and a wounded Canadian officer gives an order to such of his troops who are able to rise from their beds. Arms and ammunition must be destroyed.

Allen pauses in her chores as this order is obeyed. Is it the prelude to the unthinkable conditions of surrender?

It is surrender. The flag is lowered. Allen Woods' diary is so personal upon what she herself felt about it all.

Need it have been? In what sense was she and her sister responsible? A natural reaction, remember, for the diary is an immediate thing, recalling, not reflecting upon the mood of the moment.

To see the British flag lowered in defeat. The quiet as the shells ceased to fall around. The humiliation and the uncertain tomorrow or this Christmas evening when the Japanese soldiers arrive.

Darkest come and the long shadow of the Peak fell across Victoria far below. Down there, they knew. Up here was uncertainty. The long night had begun. And Allen and Doris Woods were alone among a lonely group who had carried on until the flag was lowered. And then on the morning found courage again to carry on until the flag waved again in freedom.

In London it was time to open our Christmas presents. There was not much about that Christmas. But the wrappings and the ribbons, the silver stars and the benevolent bearded Santa Claus were the same as ever. There was even a cracker or two. Afterwards we sat around the fire and talked of a future we could

not know then; yet talked with brightness and optimism.

FRANCIS CAREY

Lieutenant Francis Carey of the Hongkong Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve was, in the Dockyard. They had been shelled from Kowloon and were firing back with one four-inch gun manned by the Royal Marines. Lieutenant Carey was with a party who were blowing up Dockyard equipment to save it from falling into the hands of the Japanese.

Ominous rumours were pouring in, so that was the reason why BERTIE BATEMAN from Jardines, now a Lieutenant Royal Naval Reserve was in charge of a section manning a Lewis Gun which was on the water front pointing towards Wanchai.

Mr Carey takes over: "At about 3.15 pm, a tremendous silence seemed to fall around, and then Bertie said, 'My God the Ensign is coming down.' It was, and later we saw some fellows burning the flag to save it from further dishonour."

But with no definite orders coming along, it was difficult to get a picture of what was happening, and all that followed seemed strange and unreal to Lieutenant Carey.

Surrender

For instance, "At five o'clock, shelling started up again, and we went to the liquor stores and started to destroy them. Gin, rum, and whisky were flowing down the drains. None of our party knew for certain that we had surrendered." And then a strange thing happened, at least it seemed strange to Francis Carey at that moment.

"Suddenly, a party of Royal Marines marched into the Dockyard. As I understood it, they were not really combatants, but had been forward to Morrison Hill to help reinforce the resistance there. They marched in as if they were on parade, and then their Commanding officer, Captain Farrington addressed them: 'Thank you very much chaps for a jolly good show.' The Marines fell out as if it were just another parade. It is one of the vivid recollections of that day."

Francis and I were having a coffee in Central Building when he told me this. He put down his cup and in reference to the Royal Marines, said, "I remember much later when we had been taken to North Point, a Japanese General, wearing the World War I medal ribbons, had this party of Royal Marines paraded."

Drama

After viewing this small company he said through an interpreter, "But surely there was a battalion of these."

Francis Carey continues: "The Japs came into the Dock-

yard. I was not unduly disturbed because I had seen it all before in Shanghai, in 1937 when I was in the Shanghai Volunteer Corps. It seemed as if I was watching something of which I was not a part. It was like witnessing a drama rather than being involved in it."

Francis Carey says that there was no violence as far as he was concerned when the Japanese entered the Dockyard. Salutes were exchanged, courtesies were extended, and then for the time being they were left alone.

At this point, I reminded Francis I was anxious to get the Christmas Day angle into his story. His answer: "I was quite unaware that it was Christmas Day."

But out on Shouson Hill, one British Officer had decided to hold out on his own. It was MAJOR DEWAR, and he had placed himself at the head of his party in the cave ammunition dumps, and threatened to blow them up if any tried to get at him. Now the point is, had Major Dewar blown up those dumps, half the island would have gone up with the explosion.

Francis Carey continues: "The Japanese approached us."

I think it must have been the same evening... and asked if some volunteers would drive out with the Japanese to inform Major Dewar that Hongkong had surrendered. "We drove out in trucks covered in white sheets, I was at the wheel of a 2½ cut Morris."

Gun-point

"We were stopped only once on the journey somewhere at Pokfulam, but nothing sensational happened until we arrived at the caves."

"We entered with a loud-hailer. Then Major Dewar appeared with a revolver, and told us not to approach any nearer. There was no violence but negotiations were certainly carried out at gun-point."

"In the end, we were able to convince Major Dewar it was not so much how he felt about surrender, but that surrender was the decision arrived at by the Governor in the best interests of the survivors of the campaign."

"Eventually Major Dewar decided that it was best to face facts, and we returned together." So Christmas Day ended in Hongkong as a hopelessly outnumbered force was battered into surrender.

In London, our Christmas Day was over also. I went to my room where a small fire burned in the grate. I looked along the rows of books which I had left so long ago. The old familiar titles which recalled the summer of 1939 welcomed me like old friends.

I wandered over to the wardrobe. Flannels, a blazer, a tennis racket in its press, all the odds and ends of an ordinary chap's life. What would it be like in the years to come? Suppose there were not any years to come? One did not think about that.

The uniform straight from the tailor, small awfully new. So incongruous alongside the clothes which belonged to a former life. But that was just a pause on the way. A stop in the long journey which brought me to Hongkong to meet the people whose Christmas Day 1941 is described above.

JACOBY on BRIDGE

In third seat the opening bid of three is the same as in first or second seat—primarily an attempt with a weak hand to make it hard for the opponents to find their best contract.

The opening bid of four hearts or spades is primarily defensive also, but it can be made with a pretty strong hand.

East's four heart opening is one of those strong bids and it paid unexpected dividends.

South knew that his four spade bid was a gamble, but people who don't ever take

NORTH 25	
3	♦
102	♥
8754	♠
QJ42	♣
WEST (D) EAST	
QJ978	♠
5	♥
KQJ10	♦
1093	♣
AK10854	♠
97	♥
A93	♦
K6	♣
Both vulnerable	
West	North East South
Pass	Pass 4♥ 4♠
Double	Pass Pass
Opening lead—♦K	

chances seldom win at bridge and he was not going to be shut out.

Four spades was really slaughtered. South managed to gather in five tricks. Three in trumps and one each in diamonds and clubs.

In addition the 1,400 penalty was all profit. If East had opened with one heart he probably would have wound up playing four hearts. South would have opened the king of spades, and while the defence might have slipped enough to give East his contract, the chances are that he would have gone down one or two tricks.

CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1♥ Pass 1♠ Pass
2♠ Pass 3♠ Pass
4♠ Pass ?

You, South, hold:
♠KQ10753 ♣KQ6432
What do you do?
A—Bid four no-trumps. Your partner has opened the bidding and shown enthusiastic spade support. You will try for a slam if he shows you any ace.

TODAY'S QUESTION
Your partner answers your Blackwood bid with four spades. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday



Smedley's

THE CHOICE OF ENGLAND'S RICHEST CROPS

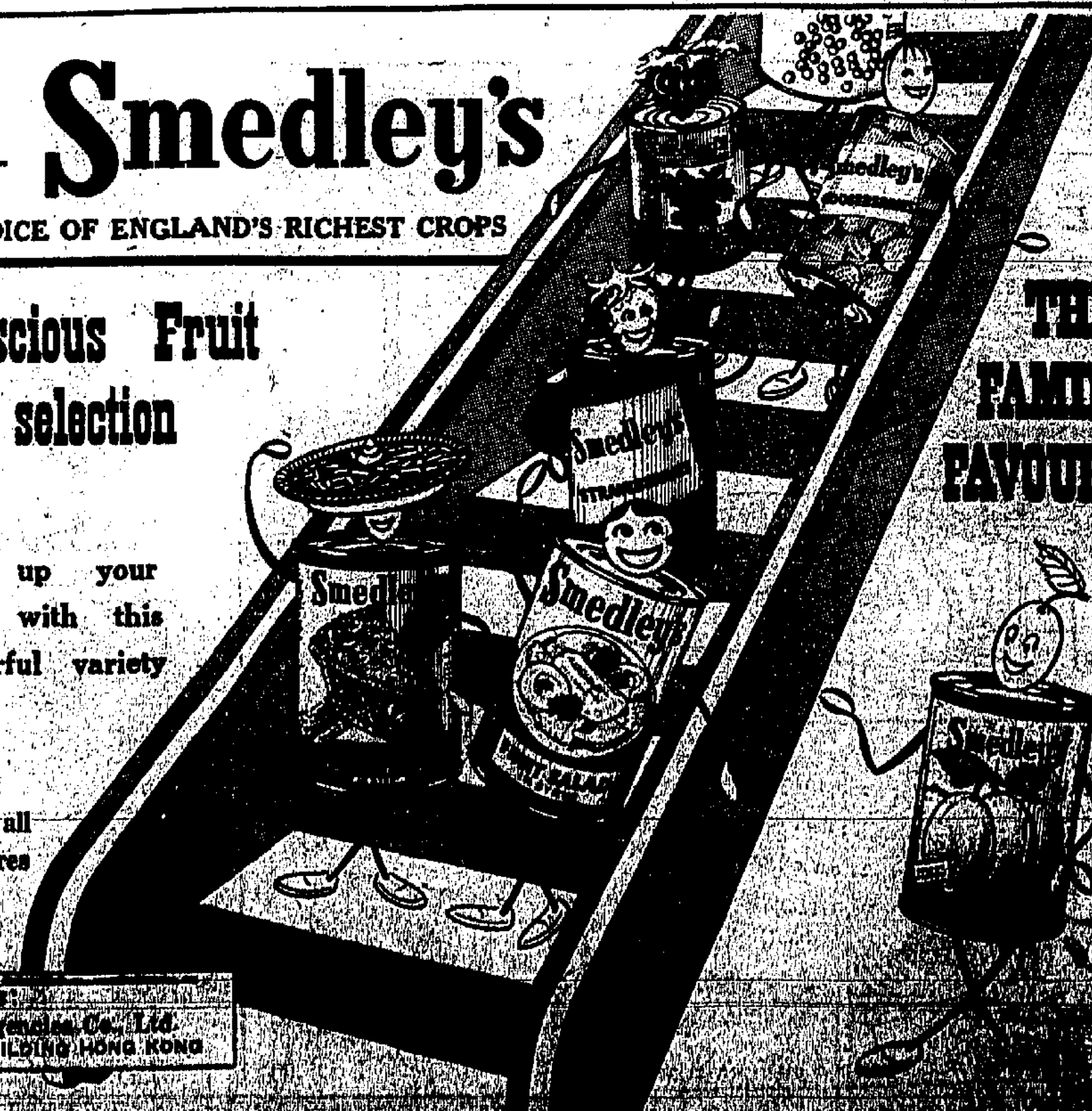
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THE FAMILY'S FAVOURITES



Roderick Mann



To the attack—but behind the war-paint how many palefaces?

I track down Redwing —fastest gun in the TV West

I WAS a weekend guest at Cary Grant's home in Palm Springs, and we were out riding the range, drinking in the crisp desert air, when Mr Grant suddenly said: "Anytime now you'll see your Indians."

I have been interested in Indians, you see, ever since I got a television set—first because I was curious to know why it was they always lost, and secondly because I was curious to know where it was they all went after Maverick and Gunsmoke were finished.

And Mr Grant, whom you can count on to produce anything at a moment's notice (in London once I asked him to bring along a dinner date for me, and he turned up with Ingrid Bergman), said he would be glad to turn up an Indian—or two—for me.

RICHEST TRIBE

As it was he turned up a whole tribe—and the richest Indians in America at that. The Agua Caliente tribe, who own half of Palm Springs.

Palm Springs is the plushy desert resort about 100 miles from Los Angeles, where all the film stars go to get those spectacular sunbaths.

If you didn't know better you might suppose it was rather decent of a benevolent American Government to have given the Indians such a choice spot to pitch their wigwams, or whatever it is that Indians pitch.

But the truth is, of course, that when they handed Palm Springs over to the Agua Caliente some 70 years ago, it was nothing but a worthless piece of desert.

Just how much that useless piece of desert is worth today can be judged by the fact that recently one Indian got \$100,000 for 20 acres of land which the city of Palm Springs needed to extend its airport.

Mr Grant and I rode on across the desert, and pretty soon, sure enough, we found ourselves in Indian territory.

And there they all were, the Agua Caliente Indians, rolling about and making like they were all millionaires, which some of them, I gather, are rapidly becoming.

ITALIAN-STYLE

Years of brainwashing by Hollywood Westerns had led me to suppose that some Indians, at least, still wandered around wearing head-dresses or smoking pipes or holding an occasional pow-wow.

But, no. There they were. All in their Italian-style suits and snazzy footwear, leaning against their cars, and obviously not giving a damn about living up to their television-brand image.

Presently, Mr Grant and I were joined by a tall, rangy-looking character who turned out to be the Mayor of Palm Springs, Frank Bogert.

I liked him immediately, which was just as well, for he stood about 9ft. tall in his cowboy boots.

"These here Indians," said Mr Bogert, "are the luckiest god-damn Indians alive. There are only about 100 of them in the Agua Caliente tribe, and between them they own 46 per cent of Palm Springs."

"Can you imagine what that means in a fast-growing, wealthy community like ours? And what do they do? Nothing. Boy—you've never seen anyone as lazy as a lazy Indian. I ought to know."

"I am the conservator of a young Indian called Pete Siva. That means I am officially appointed to look after his interests by the State."

TYPICAL

"Pete is a typical Indian. Twenty-two years old and completely irresponsible. Before I became his conservator he sold some of his land and went through \$60,000 within six months."

"This was happening to so many Indians out here that two years ago they began appointing conservators to look after the Indians' interests."

"Now Pete can't do anything without my O.K." "So your job is to teach him to be a good, careful, rich little Indian?" I said.

"Yessuh," said Mr Bogert, 9ft. of lean mayoral dignity, "that's my job."

With that, away he rode, presumably to make sure his rich little Indian was not flogging off any more territory while his back was turned.

Now Mr Grant is not the man to do things by halves. Realising that I was taking this Red Indian thing seriously, he decided to produce a full-blooded one for me. And not one who lived off the fat of his land either, but one who worked hard for a living.

And so it was that I met Redwing, a Chicasaw Indian, is one of the most sensational pistol shots in the world. It is he who teaches most of the Hollywood cowboys to shoot, and if you ever see Yul Brynner, Tony Quinn, or Marlon Brando being fast on the draw, it is almost certainly because of Redwing's expert coaching.

At 20ft. he can fire at a knife, split the bullet on it, and shatter two targets.

His drawing and firing speed is a fifth of a second, and if you don't think that's fast, you should see it.

Or rather try to see it, for the hand is simply a blur. Redwing, to my disappointment, showed up in a smart brown silk suit and chose a Bloody Mary as his particular brand of firewater.

I told him what I had learned about his red brothers in Palm Springs, and he said "Ugh." At least, that's what it sounded like though it might have been him choking in his drink.

LIKE CHILDREN

"Shall I answer you in Indian or American talk?" he asked. "Try a bit of both," I suggested.

"Right," he said. "Paleface makum me sick."

"Why?" I asked. "Listen," he said. "Have you any idea what a rotten deal the Indians have had from the American Government over the years?"

"Do you know that until a few years ago we were not even allowed to drink on the reservations? It was against the law for a white man to sell us liquor. We could not vote; we could not get a passport. We were treated like children."

"They gave you all that stuff about putting us on reservations to help maintain our ancient culture and way of life. The truth is we were dumped on the reservations to get us out of the way."

"Do you think for a minute the white man would have given us that land in Palm Springs if he had thought it would one day be worth a dime?" He thought it was useless desert—and that was why we got it. Redwing sank his Bloody Mary in silence staring gloomily at the table.

"Let me tell you something about my race," he said. "Do you know the Indians only ever lost two battles against the white man during the whole of the territory wars? 'Yet on television we lose five a night. It makes me mad. When the white man wins it's a great victory. If we ever win, by some mistake, it's always a massacre."

"Everything they tell you about us Indians is usually wrong. They'll tell you we would never fight at night, that we were too scared. It's not true. We didn't fight at night because at night the great spirit couldn't see our brave deeds, and if we were killed we wouldn't be sure of going to the happy hunting ground."

IMPOSSIBLE

"Also, to get a new feather in our bonnets—which was the same as the white man earning a medal—we had to be seen touching our enemy."

"So you see, it was impossible for us to fight in the darkness. And you want to know something else? We copied many of our cruelties from the white man. It was the white man who started scalping. They scalped Indians for hair to send back to Europe to make up as wigs."

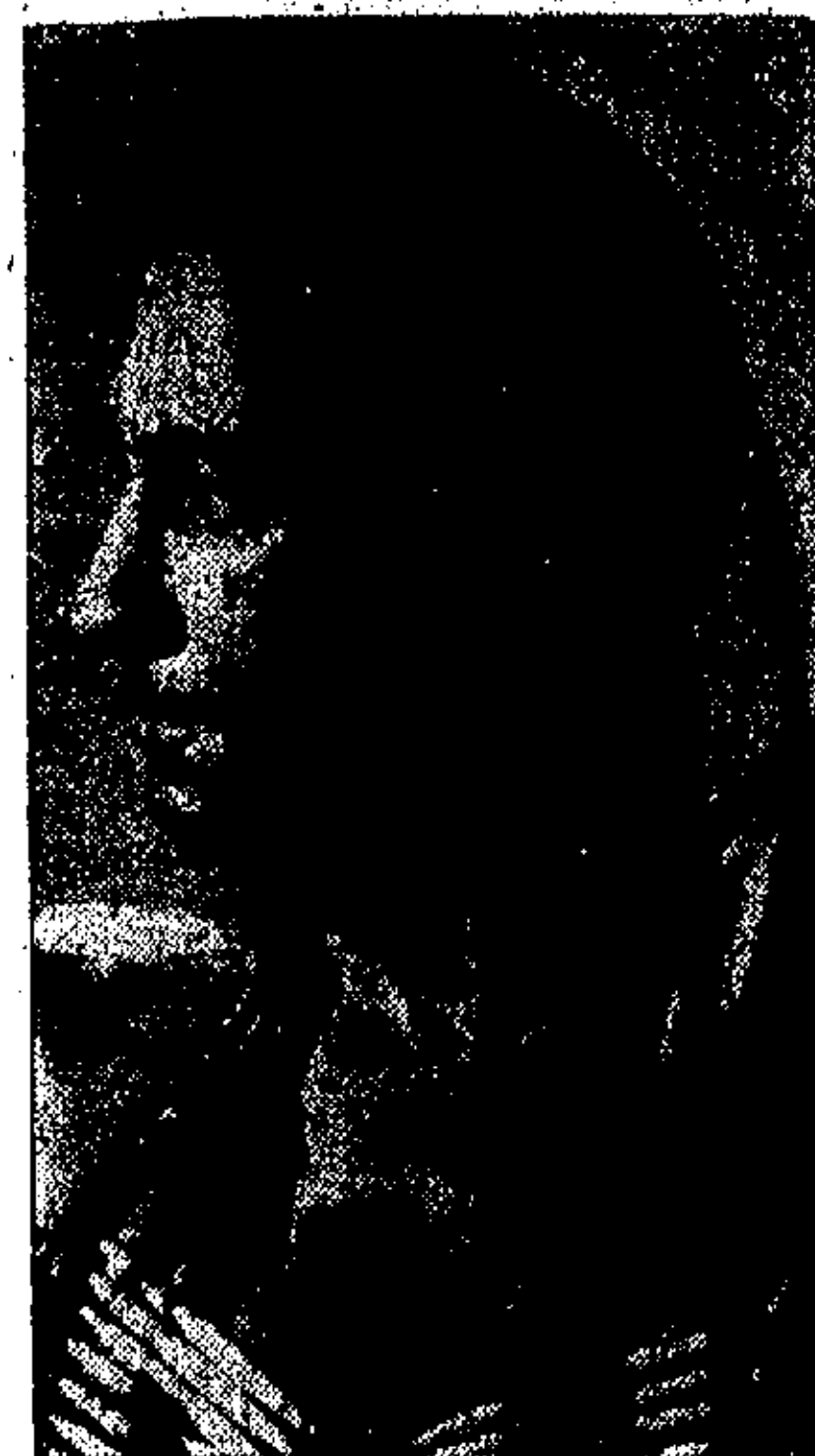
"A good scalp would fetch as much as \$500, even in those days. Well, we thought it quite a good idea, so we started scalping too."

"But there's something very few people know. A few people lived after being scalped. We only ever took one or two square inches from the top of the head." He sat back and gave me a wide smile and ordered another round of drinks.

DESPAIR

"If you Indians take all this so much to heart," I said, "why don't you refuse to work in films where they always show you losing?"

A top columnist goes scouting in Indian territory—and reports on an unusual pow-wow.



CHICASAW REDWING Paleface makum me sick

He spread his arms wide in a gesture of despair. "Do you know how many Indians there are working in Hollywood movies?" he demanded. "Eight. Eight—that's all. Everyone plays Indians but Indians."

"Italians play Indians—we call them Wopahos. Jews play Indians—we call them Schmohawks. Everyone plays us, except Indians."

"So what can we do? When people ask me why it is that the Indians always lose on television, I always answer the same thing: 'Because white man writum scripts.'"

I told him that after all this I would never again feel the same about television Westerns. As far as I was concerned, those Indians could fear Robert Horton limb from limb, because I would know, of course, that they weren't really Indians at all merely a bunch of big phoneyos from Palermo or Tel Aviv earning a couple of bucks.

Redwing, I could see, was pleased with these sentiments, but he did hasten to point out that he was earning his bread and butter by teaching the heroic-looking television pale-faces how to shoot, and would I please not be too hasty in kicking my television set out of the window.

We got up to go, and I walked with him out to his car. "You know something," he said, "there's still a law in operation which prohibits the shooting of Indians from moving street cars."

"That's how much they think of us: they haven't even bothered to repeal it. So remember, if you want to take a shot at one of us, for heaven's sake wait until the car stops, otherwise they'll fine you."

"I will remember," I said solemnly.

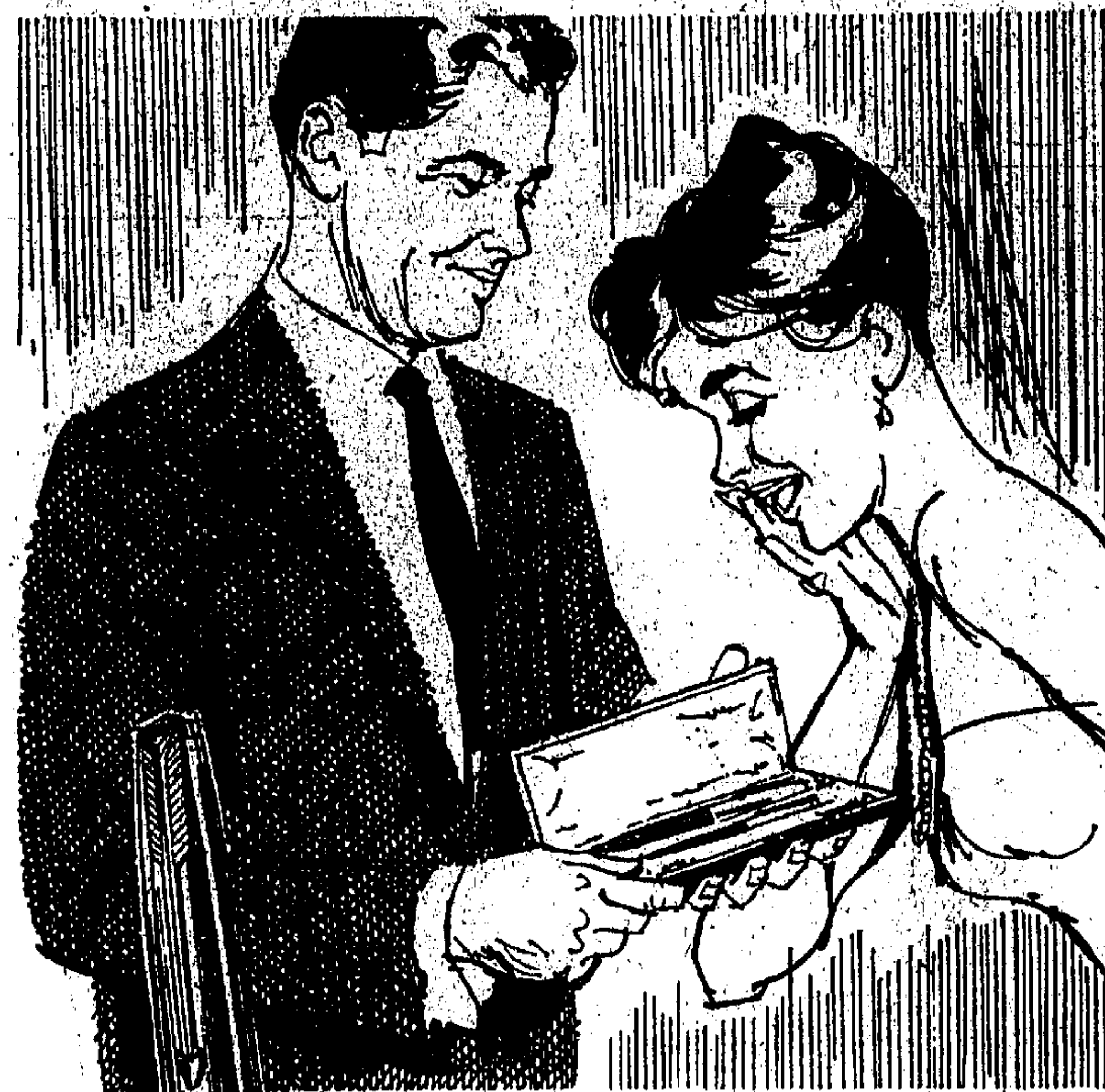
"If you'd like to see me shoot sometime," Redwing said, "just get in touch. I will be happy to give you a demonstration."

"I would enjoy that," I said. "How do I reach you?"

"Oh," he said dryly. "Just send up some smoke signals. No, no, second thoughts, that's rather a messy business. Use the phone, I always do."

(London Express Service).

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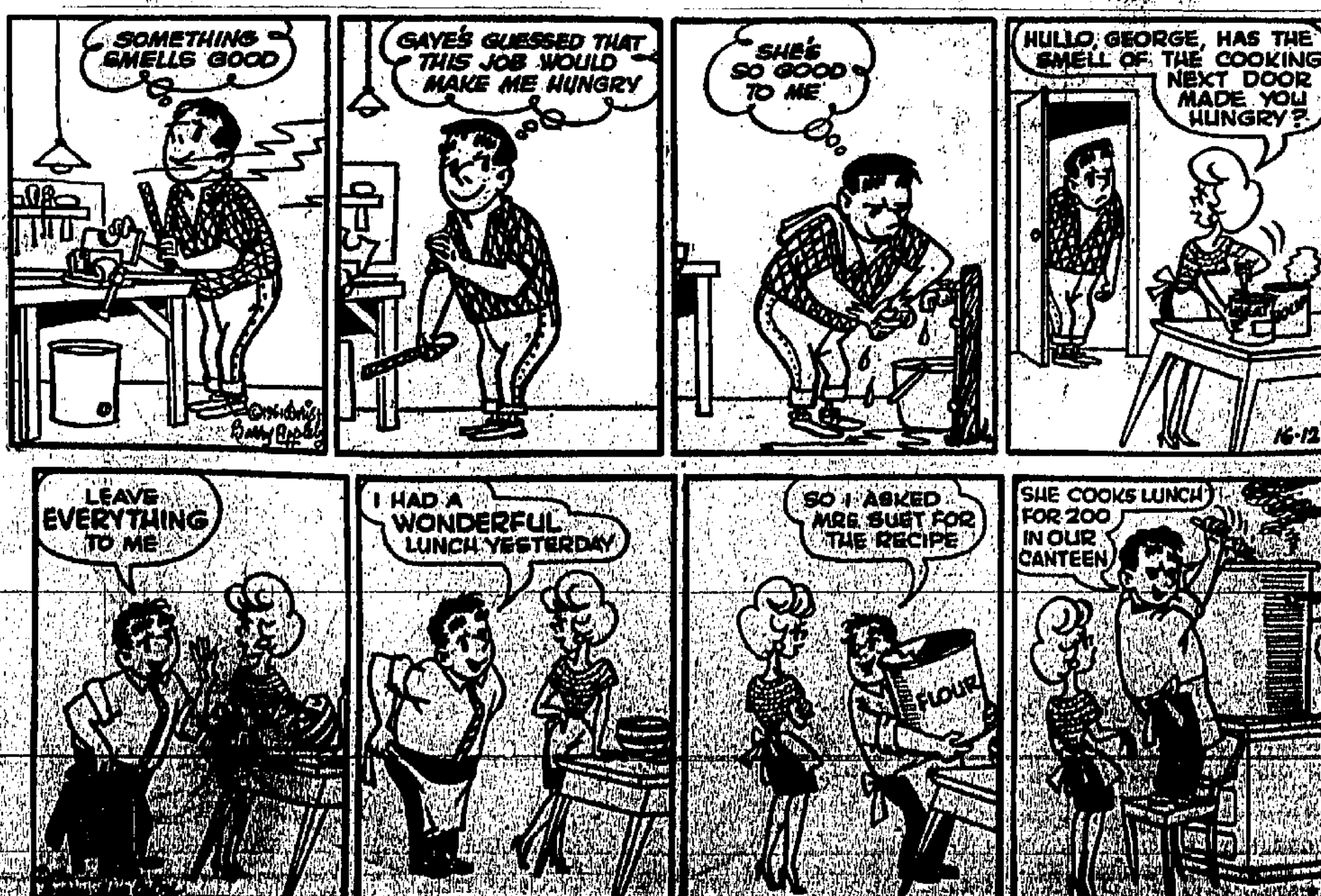
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Mainly for Men

THIS will shock you, I know. But there are, here and there, people who—well, to put it bluntly, people who regard their bath simply as something to WASH in.

They are not, of course, people one knows but one hears about them. They look like anyone else. You can sit next to one on a bus and never know. That's the awful thing.

But leave them to their philistine ways. Let them jump in, brandish their loofahs and jump out again. The rest of us know that the bath is a sanctuary, a retreat, a place to read and smoke and drink in, a place to think and dream and plan.

Dr Zygmunt E. Slezko took a bath the other day. It lasted two hours and by the end of it he had laid the plans which were to make him the owner of a decent slice of Piccadilly Circus.

Now that's what I call a bath.

Mr Angus Wilson, the novelist, also finds inspiration in his bath. "When I'm working on a book I always think out the next episode in the bath," he says. "It is the ideal place for concentrated thought. There is nothing to distract you." There is nothing to distract you. There is the essence of the serious bathman's philosophy. Men who jump out of their baths and run dripping into the hall just because the telephone rings are displaying serious symptoms of anxiety and insecurity.

Let it ring for heaven's sake. Or be like Larry Adler and have a telephone installed in the bathroom. Or like Mr Bernard Defont, a man who lives on the telephone. He has two just outside his bathroom door and can bring them in with him.

Mr Sidney Rene, the Mayfair hairdresser, likes to lie in his bath, light a cigarette and contemplate the collection of porcelain which he keeps in the bathroom for that purpose.

Now smoking in the bath is not the easy thing Mr Rene makes it seem. However careful

you are the cigarette tends to get a bit soggy. Mr Jack Geiber, who wrote *The Connection*, likes to smoke in his shower. "Of course," he says, "you have to practise."

Pipe smokers are better equipped for the bath and also, if they use a churchwarden, for the shower as well.

Some men are social bathers. They like company. Such a one is Mr Christopher Mayhew who likes to take a long morning bath and invites his three small children into the bathroom for a chat.

DOUBLE

There is something about a bathroom that tests the happiest marriage. Men's behaviour in them infuriates women. Women's behaviour in them infuriates men. Which is why it is a good idea to have one each. I mean why not? Mr Paul Getty has 14.



"Pipe smokers are better equipped for the bath..."

Personally I like to read in my bath. I was recently reading *Zuleika Dobson* and I dropped the damn thing in. A nice copy, too, completely ruined. Luckily it belonged to a friend.

Many a man reads his morning mail in the bath. Marat wrote letters in his; which is what he was doing when that

impetuous Miss Corday dashed in and stabbed him to death. This incident suggests that tyrants should lock the bathroom door.

Men with low boiling points and a hot bath a good way of lowering the temperature. Mr Irvin Allen, the film producer, has a private Turkish bath in his office which is very handy when tempers run high. "We let our pet hates out through our pores," says Mr Allen.

At the moment Mr Allen's pet hate is Mr Alexander Walker, film critic of the *Evening Standard*. Mr Walker is frequently exercised in Mr Allen's steam room.

There is something about a bathroom that tests the happiest marriage. Men's behaviour in them infuriates women. Women's behaviour in them infuriates men. Which is why it is a good idea to have one each. I mean why not? Mr Paul Getty has 14.

FOR MEN

And nowadays there is no need to annoy your wife by pinching her precious bathcubes and stuff. People like Dr Zygmunt are now making these things just for us—bathcubes for men, soap for men, talcum powder for men and goodness knows what else.

Zygmunt's are called Ambassadors. They come in classy wooden boxes, are very expensive, very exclusive and very good. They have made him a millionaire.

Men who shave in their baths can buy soap racks with shaving mirrors permanently mounted and soap racks are also good for holding things like matches, magazines, copies of *Zuleika Dobson* and glasses of whisky.

Louis XIV had cushions in his bath. But no one need be outdone by Louis XIV. You can buy nylon bath cushions for 27s. 6d. and I'm told they are very comfortable.

ONE FOR THE TUB...

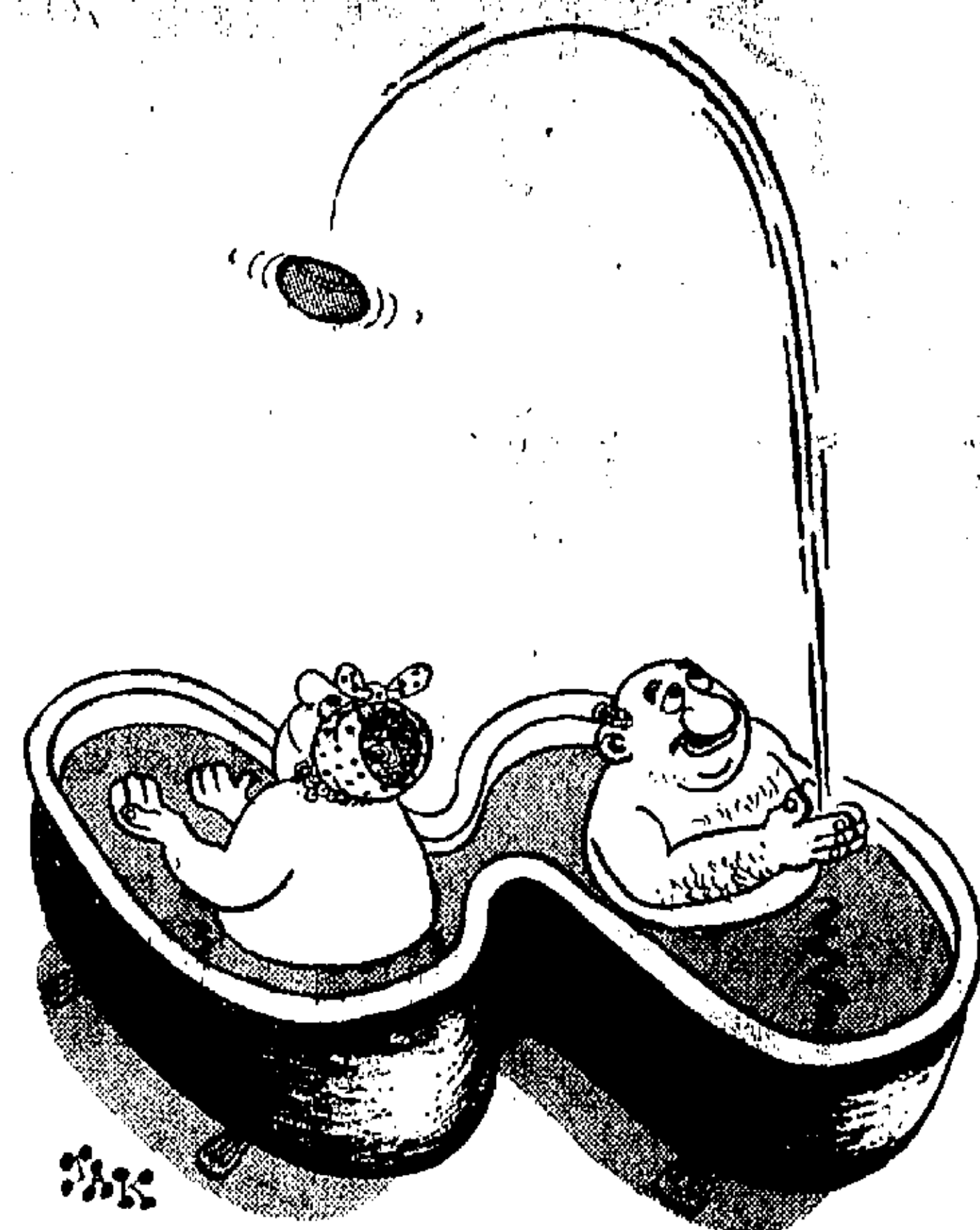
My Uncle Peregrine regards his days in India as the Golden Age. I think that is why he takes such prodigious baths, filling the place with steam and sloshing about for hours. He is re-creating his tropical past.

That, too, is why he keeps a bottle of Scotch in the airing cupboard. Many is the burra peg he downs as he lies soaking, many the pause for a chota per as he dries this back with his porridge-coloured friction towel.

Personally I prefer an iced lager in my bath. What could be more luxurious? The water so hot, the lager so cold and you in the middle.

Some say a Danish lager goes best in the bath. Some say English. I like a nice mild Dutch one myself. But you must decide for yourself—perhaps by taking an extra long bath and trying all three.

DO YOU GET THE BEST OUT OF YOUR BATH?



DOUBLE BATHS: "Another form of social bathing catered for by the French."

LUXURY

Some of the new modern baths are magnificent. You can get them with arm rests and drop fronts and tap controls in the wall just by your hand.



"Some men are social bathers. They like company..."

Froy's of Hammersmith do a luxurious job for £186 with a thermometer in the tap so that you can see how hot the water is.

I've had a gadget for this job for years. I call it my toe.

People lavish money on their bathrooms. "Orders for £1,000 bathrooms are not uncommon,"

say John Bolding and Sons, of Mayfair, who lash their customers up with marble and onyx and gold-plated fittings.

Even lavatory paper holders can be gold plated, even lavatory seat hinges!

HIPSTERS

But some stick to the old ways. Members of *Thames Hare and Hounds*, for instance. They operate from a clubhouse above some stables in Roehampton and cling passionately to their hip baths. They have seven as well as a curious object called a sitz bath which they never use.

Bannister, Chataway and Brasher have all wallowed in these hip baths. "They are like deep arm chairs," says Mr Anthony Fletcher. "They are scandalously enjoyable."

Let me turn from these civilised and hedonistic country runners to the painful subject of Mr Lungley Foye.

Every morning of his life Mr Powe has a quick cold bath. He is, in every other respect, perfectly sane.

(London Express Service)

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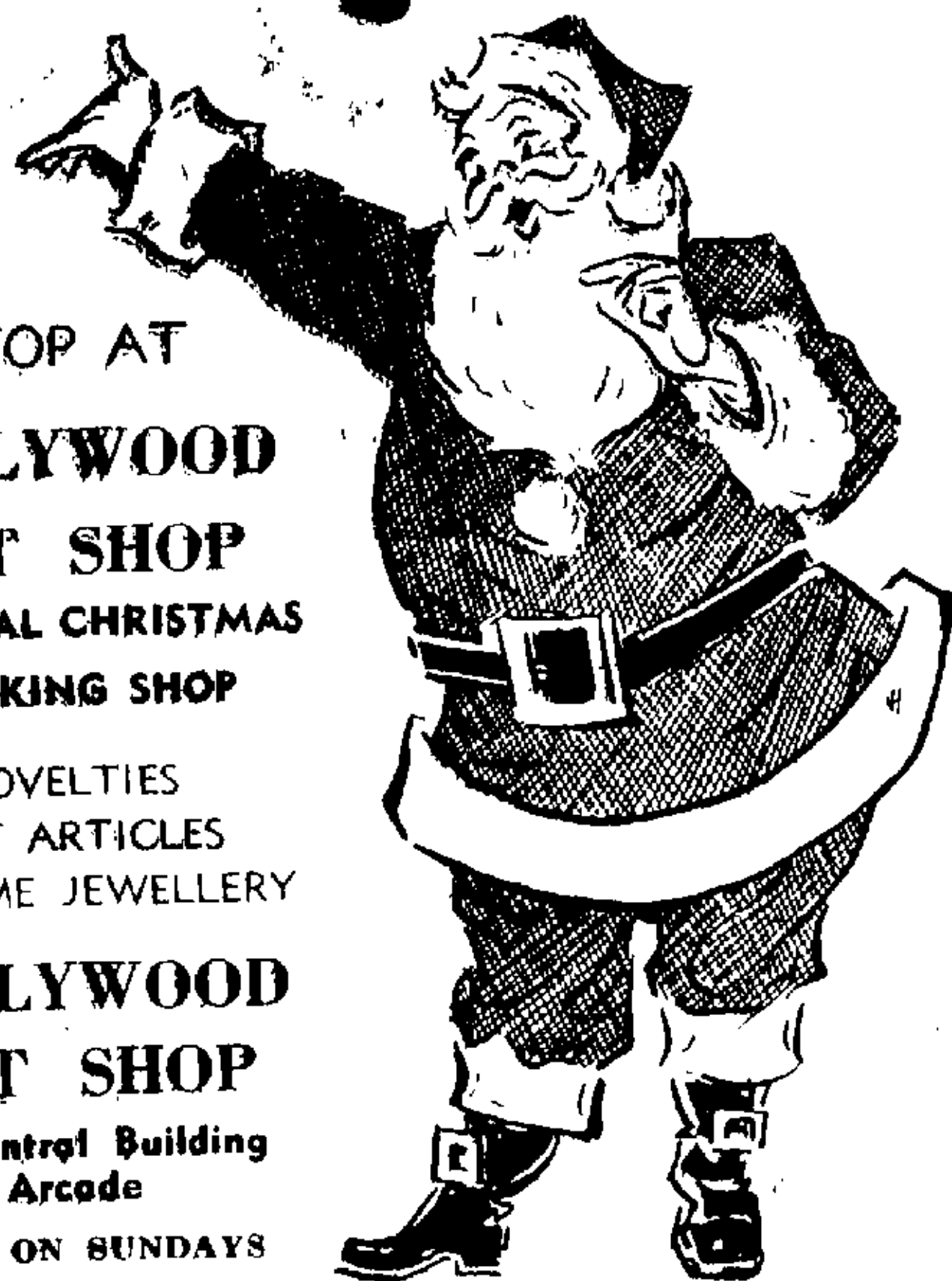
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A REMARKABLE story concerning a major 1914-18 war policy decision is told by Clemenceau's son in a book of memoirs of his father just published here.

It concerns the struggle waged by Clemenceau and finally won by him to place the BEF in France under French command.

There was powerful opposition to this move in Britain and this was headed by the British C-in-C, Sir Douglas Haig, and King George V, over whom Haig had considerable influence.

Clemenceau finally triumphed, according to his son, because he found an influential ally in the wife of a Cecil.

She was Lady Violet Gascoyne-Cecil, a woman of remarkable beauty and intelligence with whom Clemenceau had once been in love.

How a beautiful woman won a battle for France

the War Cabinet, had replaced him in her affections.

She came to see him in Paris at his request when the Anglo-French dispute over a single overall command was at its height.

Clemenceau converted her to the French viewpoint and she in turn on her return to London convinced Milner who in turn convinced Lloyd George.

Then came the historic War Council of March 21, 1918.

At this meeting, in order not to still further ruffle Haig's feelings by making it appear that the British Cabinet was yielding to a French demand, it was Lloyd George and Milner who proposed Foch's appointment as supreme commander.

Lady Violet married Lord Milner in 1921. Before her death in 1958 she sent her correspondence with Clemenceau to the Clemenceau Museum.

It lies there a bulky package under seal and accompanied by instructions that the letters should not be opened until 10 years after her death.

This correspondence should yield a rich store of information for future historians.



Those pretty candles on
the Christmas tree, they're—

A custom that all began with fire worship

THE candles that you will light this Christmas, on the tree, on the cake, or even in church, have a common origin—pagan fire worship.

Only time has mellowed crude Saturnalian orgies and helped to dim memories about the origin of the Christmastime fires which began with the ancient worship of the sun.

For thousands of years pagans celebrated the Nativity of the Sun on the shortest day of the year . . . December 25, the date set by the Julian calendar, changed with the advent of the Gregorian calendar to December 21.

That was the day when it was feared that the sun was in grave danger of going out. They tried to strengthen the sun's dying flames by lighting huge fires. From these annual fires emerged the fire festival with its religious rites.

To the Egyptians the rebirth of the sun on December 25 was what the birth of Christ is to Christians. On the stroke of midnight on Christmas Eve, having prayed for several hours, the Egyptians left their inner shrines to cry out:

"The Virgin has brought forth!
The light is waxing!"

Image

The new sun which grew stronger after the winter solstice was like a new-born child to the Egyptians. And they worshipped its image . . . a doll-like figure brought out only on December 25.

The Egyptian Christians were the first to celebrate the birth of Christ, and they picked January 6 as the most likely date. But the Church in the West, which did not celebrate the birth of Christ, became anxious over the pagan worship of the Nativity of the Sun on December 25.

To win over the heathens, the Western Church, in the fifth century, declared the same date to be celebrated as Christ's birth date. The pagans were pacified with the explanation that they would lose nothing, but by celebrating the birth of Christ, Son of God, they would be celebrating the birth of the sun's Maker, as well as the Nativity of the Sun.

Perpetuated

The Church made no great effort to banish the pagan fire festival used in the worship of the sun's deity. It merely adapted it. Today, candlelight services are held in churches, cathedrals, castles, and in simulated, bare brightly-lit green Christmas trees. And when Twelfth Night comes round, villagers often gather in the square to watch a bonfire burning at all the children's Christmas trees. The bonfire is the last remnant of the ancient fire festival.

mas service both in home and in church. On Christmas Eve, the family sing psalms, candle in hand, round a blazing hearthfire. Every eye is on the curling flames, looking for the sign of good luck found in the right twist of a flame.

As the solstitial year draws to a close at midnight, mothers and fathers and children all leap over the dying fire—a symbol of the dying sun—and make a wish.

Before the new sun touches the Syrian rooftops on Christmas morning, a huge bonfire is lit on the church floor—to kindle the sun.

Saturnalia

To the Ukrainians, an agrarian people, the birth of a new sun means summer crops will soon be growing under the sun's rays. A good harvest and the sun are inseparable. And thus on the Saturnalia, they bake a harvest cake of cereal grains, honey, raisins, and nuts, and top it with the sun symbol, a Christmas candle.

Fire was at the centre of the Norman Christmas festivities. It ranked in importance with the Christmas Eve mass. As the village church service began, the head of the Norman family rolled a heavy Yule log onto the hearth and set it aflame. His family grouped around the hearth on bended knees to recite three "Aves."

Charm

"Bless this log and this home, O Lord," the family patriarch beseeched. When next the church bells rang to signal the beginning of the sacrament of the mass, he sprinkled the log with holy water, and blessed it in the name of the Holy Trinity.

Then the log was tugged from the hearth. The charred remains were put away and treasured all year, as a charm for keeping evil spirits at bay.

The Fire Log of Burgundian families always brought sweets for the children on Christmas Eve. When the carols had been sung, the small children were sent to pray in a corner. And when they had finished, they found the Fire Log had rewarded them.

Europeans have not been the only people to celebrate the fire festival of the mid-winter solstice.

Indians

The Iroquois Indians, savage and proud, splurged licentiously during their Saturnalian feast. The sun's strength was emphasized by the throwing of flaming coals and sticks at the heads of anyone within throwing distance.

There was only one way to escape the skin-searing torture. That was to guess what the answer had dreamed of the night before. As the Saturnalia progressed and the sun grew stronger, the young Iroquois braves celebrated the event by scattering the fires in all the wigwags.

And there is one Christmas-time fire which serves to remind people of their debt to the sun's power. To the Jewish people, Hanukkah, Feast of Light, is the time to celebrate the victory of Judas Maccabeus and his army over the Syrians. A time to be celebrated with candles in the home and the synagogue.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE—It is now possible to insure against damage caused by plastic bombs at a rate only one per cent higher than that of a fire insurance policy.

SUCCESS

The most popular music-hall act in Paris at the moment is that of a young man who both imitates and parodies General de Gaulle.

He is 23-year-old Henri Tisot, who after performing his act for nearly a year at a small cabaret-style theatre, now has his name in lights outside Paris's biggest music-hall, the A.B.C.

His success is greater than that of the current star, Sacha Distel.

Tisot began by imitating a de Gaulle speech but he has now perfected a new and more ambitious act—a de Gaulle Press conference.

Portentous questions on world and national issues are fired at him to all of which he listens with a characteristically benign air, twirling his glasses, making a mordant comment now and then, or occasionally asking that the question be repeated.

Then question time over, Tisot begins his overall reply with a favourite de Gaulle trick—that of replying to a question which has never been asked.

In this case Tisot begins: "It seems to me someone asked me a question about the grave problem of the pigeons of Paris . . ." Then follows an hilarious 20-minute discourse on "de-pigeonisation."

QUOTE OF THE WEEK:

Former Prime Minister Georges B. d'ault: "It is not unusual for French generals to be sentenced to death. This does not prevent General de Gaulle from moving about freely in France as General Salan moves about freely in Algeria."

—(London Express Service)

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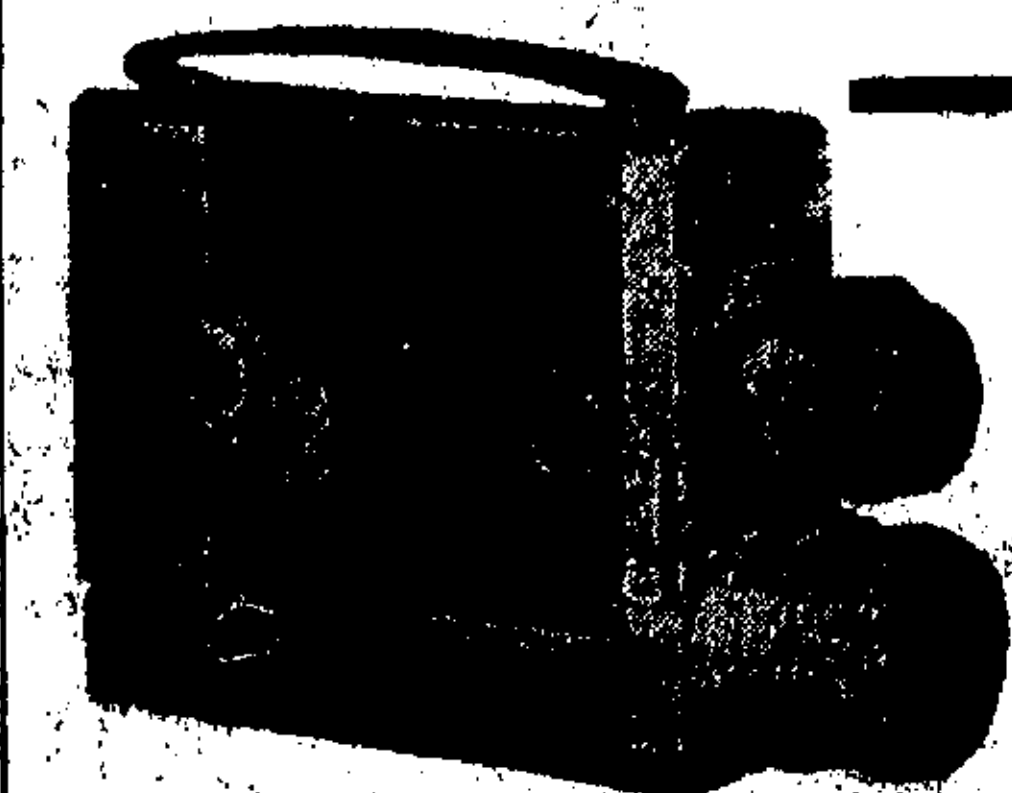
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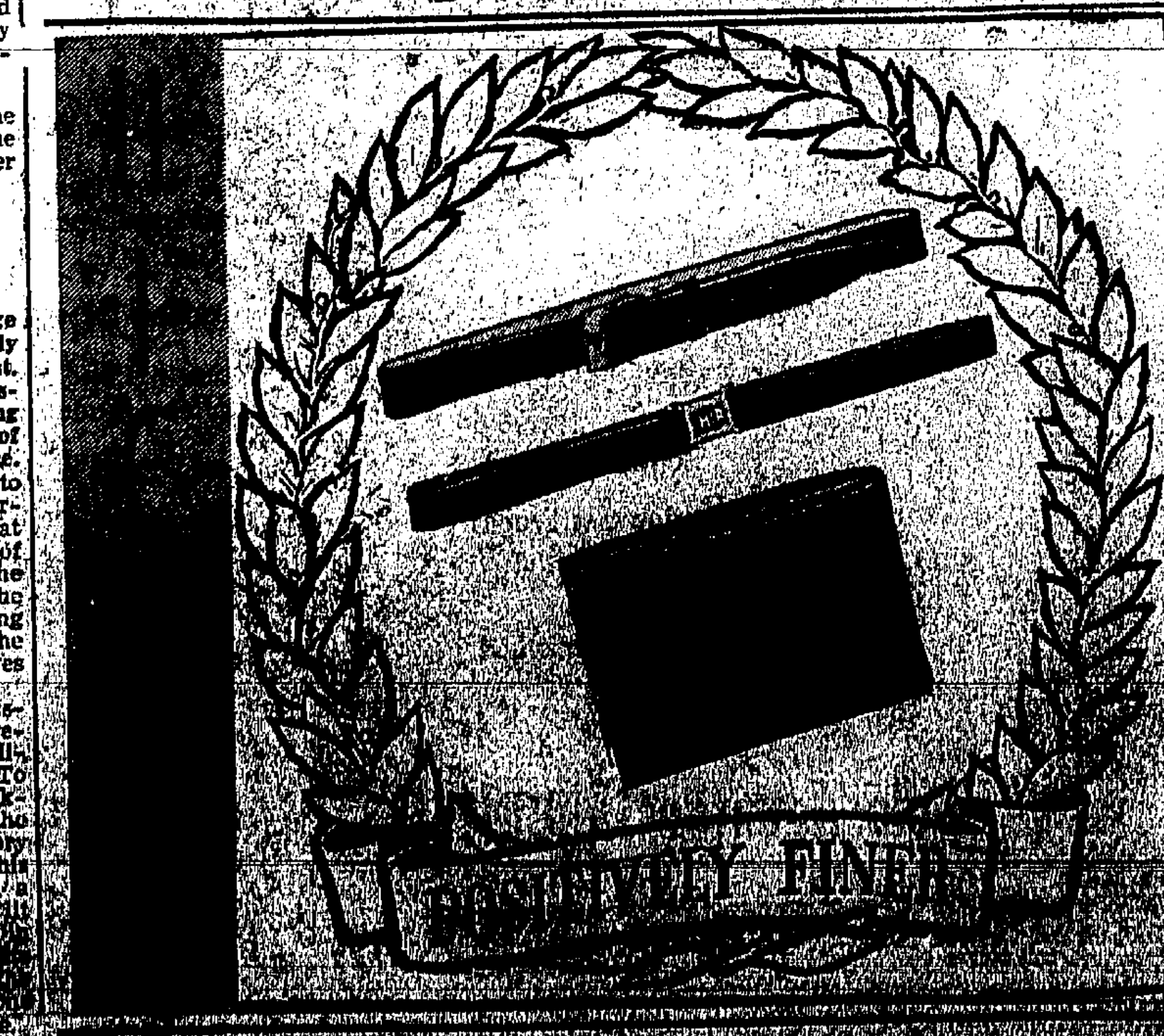
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AT THE VERY TOP...

Tito Gobbi

‘How can they sing this rock ‘n’ roll—such monkey men with knocked knees’

BY DONALD GOMERY



BOXER, barrister, doctor, decorator—no matter what the job, all must have certain qualities to get to the very top. Columnist Donald Gomery has been meeting people who have achieved fame in the career of their choice—and finding out exactly how they did it. Today he talks to the world's greatest baritone.

“THEN,” said Tito Gobbi, “there was the time I nearly broke a man's leg.

“It was in ‘Rigoletto,’ and I was lying on the ground. You know the scene?—Lah, lah, lah, LAH. All very profound.

“Then this fool he stepped right out of the chorus and began prodding me with his foot. Prod, prod, prod.

“He hadn't any right to leave the chorus at all. No, he was trying to laugh on Rigoletto and on Tito Gobbi. Just a fool of a man.

“I had in my hand a stick—a stick—with a sort of, what you call it, Punch's head on top. I was feeling pretty mad, I tell

you. So I up with the stick—stuck?—and hit him, whoof, across the leg while I was still there, lying, singing.

Fools

“Then other men stepped out from the chorus and carried him away. I do not know whether the audience noticed it. But I cannot stand fools.

“I do not mind born fools, mind you. They cannot help it. But I cannot stand people who try to be fools. A fool will be singing with me perhaps, and he will commence going ‘Lah, lah, lah—let's go some-

where nice to have a drink tonight—lah, lah, lah. This when he is supposed to be doing a broken heart! Can you imagine anyone being a fool like that?

“Me, when I sing, I AM the man I sing. I AM Scarpa. I am Schicchi. I am Iago.

“Yes, yes, you can say I have a temperament. But now it is a controlled temperament.

“It is like driving a car you know well. You know when to press the accelerator, so, when to pull the brake. You are in control. Like me now with my temperament.

“Of course I am temperamental. Each year 10,000 people say, ‘We will become singers.’ But only two or three become singers. Like Callas and Tito Gobbi. Of course Callas and Gobbi are temperamental.

“But I am not so temperamental now. It is when you are younger, when you know the job is bigger really than you are, then you throw the temperament, blah, blah, blah, to cover up what is lacking in you. I too have been like that, but no more.”

Mr Gobbi paused. “As I say, on the stage I am the man I play. To me the acting is as much as the singing. I AM Scarpa.

Embraced

“There is the time once I am telephoned in Genoa. Will Tito Gobbi sing in Rome that night? Tito Gobbi does not hesitate. I will sing in Rome, I say. In the car, on the way, I change into my costume, for there is not much time. All the way I sing, lah, lah, lah; I rehearse. I am Scarpa. Still I am Scarpa when I dash on to the stage. I sing well and the people applaud.

“Next day I telephone my dear mama and papa, and say, ‘I am sorry, mama and papa, that I cannot see you last night for I am told in Genoa to sing in Rome, and this I have done.’

“But our dear Tito,” they say—“do you not remember? We were in the dressing-room in Rome last night and you spoke to us and embraced us and we were happy for you.”

“You see,” said Tito Gobbi. “I do not remember. I embrace my dear mama and papa, but I am still Scarpa. Nothing else I remember.

“No, no, I am not the poor boy who suddenly was heard singing when he drove his goats. My father, he was wealthy. I am going to Padua University. “Then one day I am playing tennis. I am 18 and I make good shots and I am happy and gay and I am singing lah, lah, lah—you know how it is when you are young?

“There is this famous composer there. Baron Zanchetta, and he goes to my father and say, ‘Your son should be trained for the singing,’ and my father heeds, because this man is famous. So I go to singing teacher.

“But my father he also insist I qualify as lawyer in case my voice it turn out not so good. So I qualify.”

Happy

Tito Gobbi sipped a gin and tonic in his London hotel. He is 45, going bald a bit, and the greatest operatic baritone in the world.

“I am happy always. I am gay. I have wonderful wife in Italy, wonderful daughter who is going to university in Rome. Will she sing? My daughter, Cecilia, when she has one, two

glass of vermouth she sing a top note—ping! But I do not know if she will sing.

“Only one bad thing is there in the life of Tito Gobbi. I cannot sleep. Ten years since some thing go phit somehow and now I sleep only two, three hours a night. Sleeping tablets? No, no, no more. I take sleeping tablets and next day I feel like a hip-popotamus all day, blah, blah, blah. So at night, when others sleep, I take out my stamp collection.

Madness!

“Do I sing in the night? This would be a madness! You know a car in the morning when it is cold and will not start? Crrh, crrh, crrh. So with the voice when it is cold. At night the voice is all tense and tight; it must be released in the morning, slowly. Me, me, me... so,” sang Tito Gobbi.

“Do I sing in the bath? No, no, a madness again! For other people it is good to sing in the bath, they sound so, BOOM! But a singer he sing in the bath and it sound LAH, LAH, LAH, and he think I am in good voice today, and then he go on stage and all he finds he sing in the big hall is lah, lah, lah, very small. This is very bad.

“All the time the voice is a great worry. I come on the plane from Italy and there is this little—snoodle?—above the head that shoots out air. I turn it this way and it hit me, swoosh, in the ear. Each way I

turn it it hit me with air in the neck, the heart, the throat. It is very dangerous, very primitive.”

‘I draw...’

Tito Gobbi stroked the front of his neck lovingly. “I paint, I write, I read. I do the sculpture. I draw. My brain it is condemned to work. I sit down for one minute only and then I see the clock on the mantel, and I ask myself how does it work? So I am up again and take it to pieces to see.

“Not more than 10 times in my life do I ever go to opera. No. I sit there and do not enjoy it. I think I am up there and I am Figaro, or Scarpa, or Schicchi, lah, lah, lah, and I am all tensed.

“But I like to see the young people in the audience. The young people are much more cultural today than 20, 30 year ago. Except for this rock ‘n’ roll... such monkey men with knocked knees. Blah, blah, blah, how can they sing like that? Ugh!

“But now I go to rehearse. Lah, lah, lah. And Tito Gobbi sang on.

NEXT WEEK

Ann Burns

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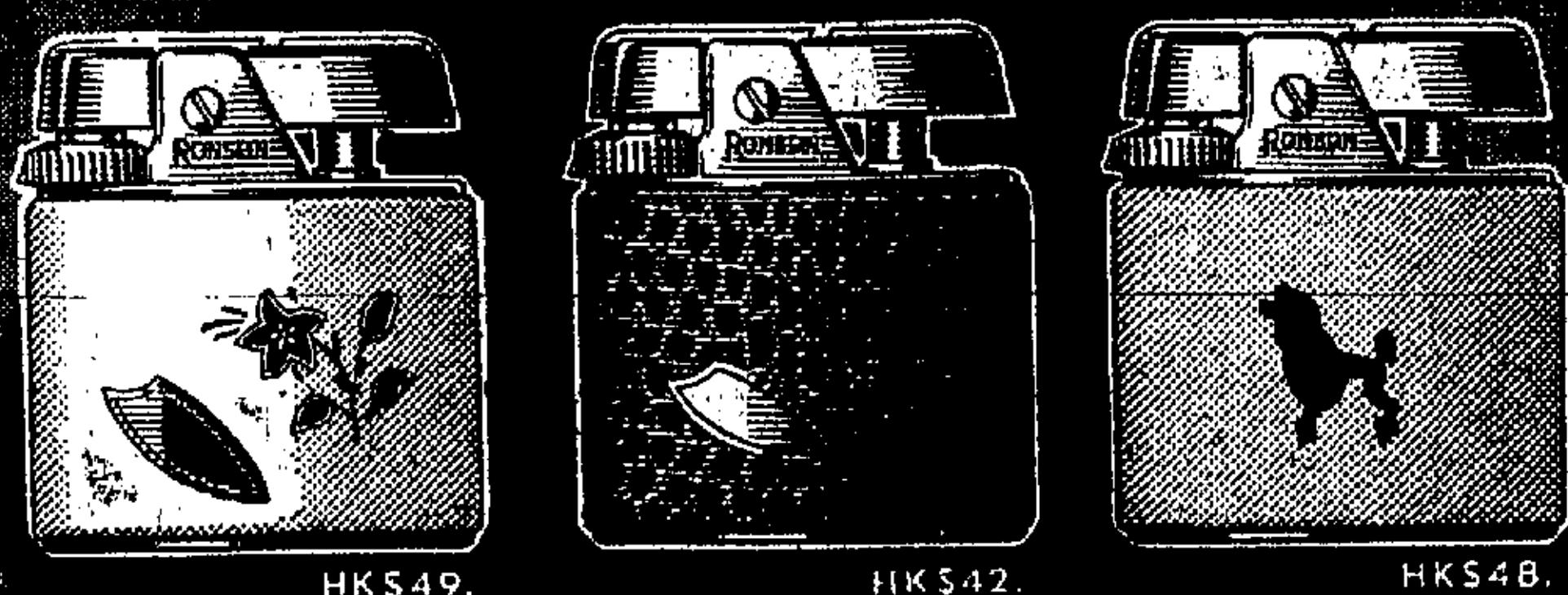
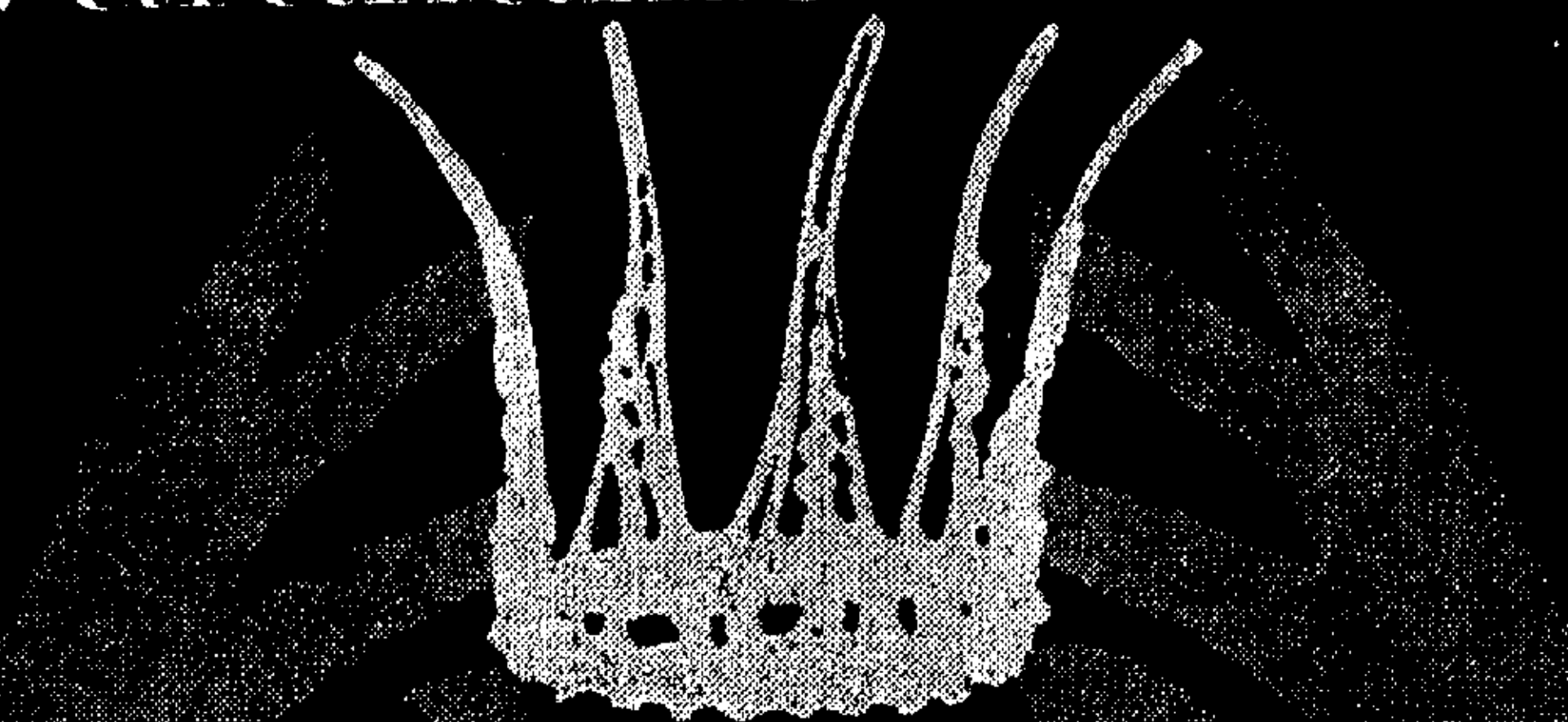
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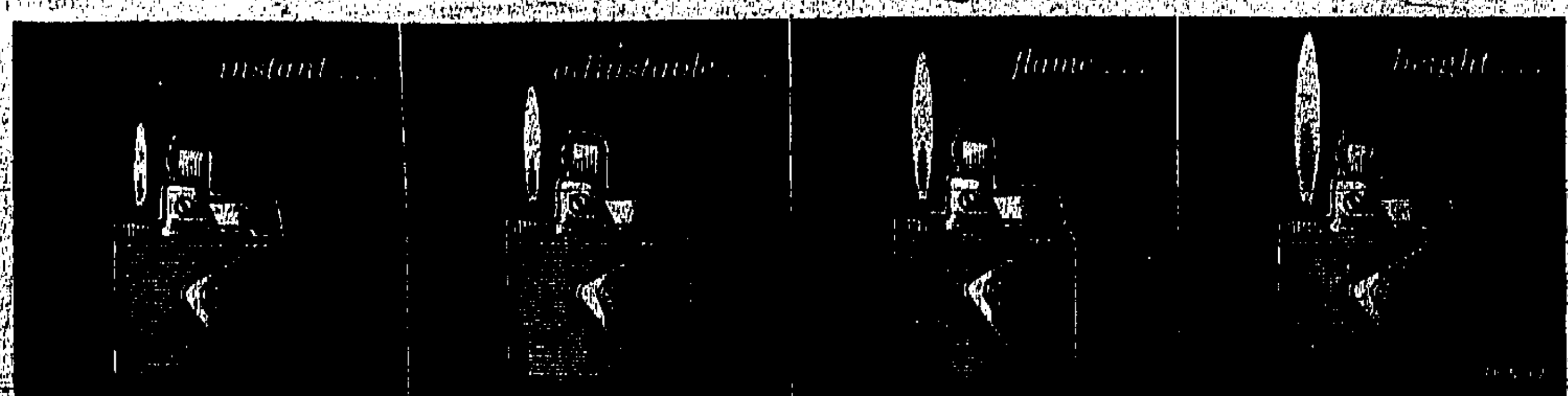
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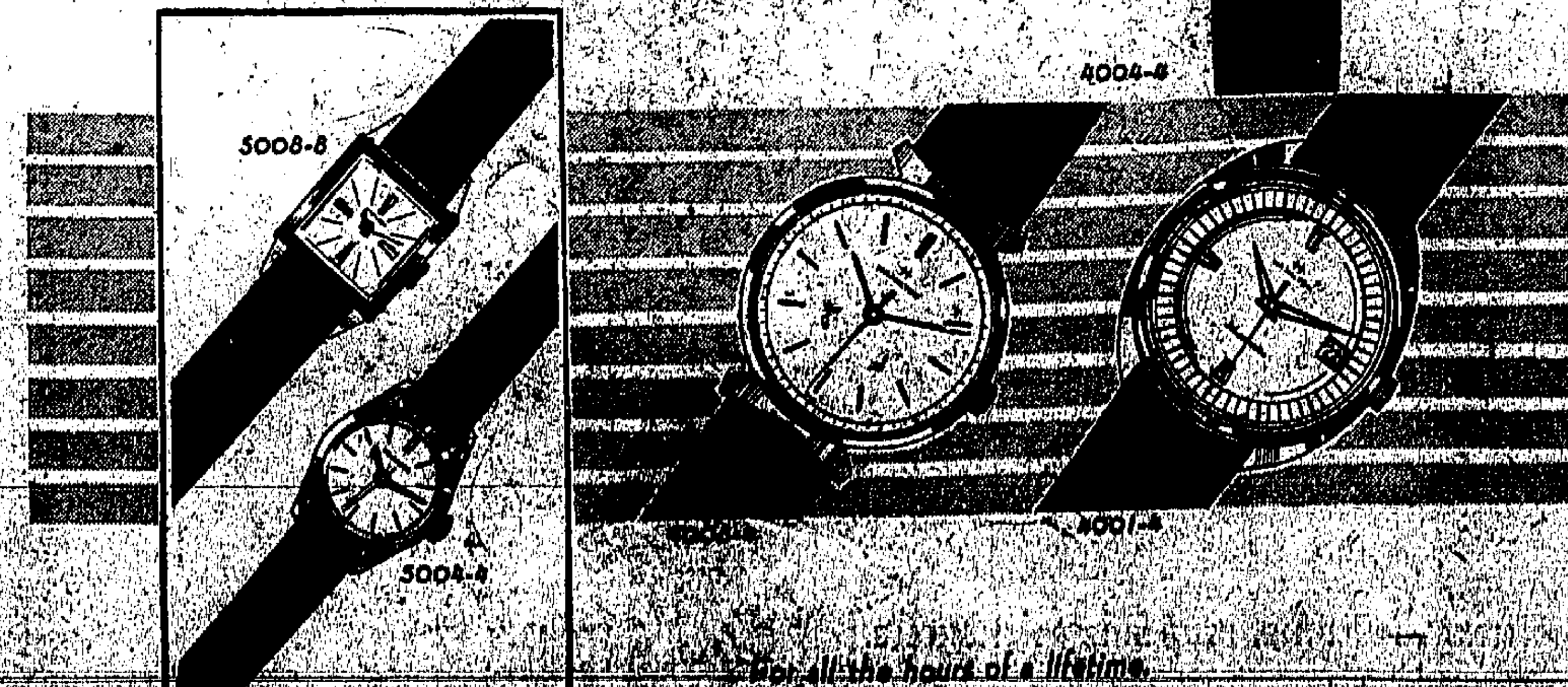
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RARE, rare as the nightingale in this most democratic of democracies is the dynasty.

The Rockefeller's had the dynastic touch but they masked it in milk and modesty. The Kennedys have it, flat out and flagrantly.

And now, thank goodness, I have met another true dynasty. He weighs 250lb. and unlike most dynasts his name begins with Z.

Project

What is more, the Zeckendorfs boast that they have erected the biggest building project in the British Commonwealth—in Montreal.

At this moment the Zeckendorfs have \$70 million worth of construction going on in Canada. Half of it is financed by English capital.

Everybody who works on it is Canadian — but Zeckendorf brings the Canadians to his New York office for a course in

Father and son build a city—in Hollywood

Zeckendorff before they begin building.

After that, he says modestly, "Zeckendorff's English partners are Second Covent Garden Property Co and Eagle Star Insurance."

I asked Bill Jr. if he and his father had considered doing any development or redevelopment in London.

"Only if our partners ask us. In the meantime your Mr Cotton and Mr Clor seem to be doing fine." The Zeckendorfs have no business dealings with Clor, although they know him well socially.

William senior is 56. He looks like a flush-faced Falstaff. William junior has the pale sensitive hands of an artist. Both men are bound to the United Nations.

William senior sold the site of the U.N. to the Rockefeller's for almost \$3,000,000. William junior married Gurie, the daughter of the U.N.'s first Secretary-General, the Norwegian Trygve Lie.

To mark these affiliations, Zeckendorff has put an engraving of the United Nations on all his stock certificates.

The two Williams have a touching devotion to each other. After office hours they go fishing together and they are both great lovers of good wine.

William senior has the most interesting office in New York. It looks a cross between a giant igloo and a gazebo.

All round

It is round and super-sound-proofed. His desk is also round. So, too, is the lift shaft that takes him to his half-moon shaped private dining room.

Zeckendorff is the Merlin of this civilisation. With the wand of borrowed capital (the Prudential Society lent him \$8,000,000 to build the new Zeckendorff Hotel) he buys property, razes it to the earth and builds fantastic creations upon it.

In Hollywood he bought the lot of 20th Century Fox — 160 acres—and today he is creating something called Century City upon the Waste.

It will be an aluminium city where 25,000 people can live, work, bank, play, shop. As befits a Merlin, the main avenue, bespeckled with fountains, has been named "The Avenue of the Stars."

BROKEN VOW

Pablo Casals "the king of all string players" has broken a vow. He swore in 1949 that he would never again play in either England or America, for the English and the Americans had recognised Franco's Spain.

Now Casals has been playing in the White House. But the fiery Spanish Loyalist has good reason to break his vow. The Kennedys are entertaining Governor and Mrs. Luis Munoz Marin, of Puerto Rico, and Casals lives on that lovely island where

he is revered like a Grecian god.

Casals is 83 years old. He is married to a girl of 23 who was once his pupil. He is said to be at his finest when he plays the sonatas of Beethoven and Brahms.

But best he enjoys playing the Bach unaccompanied suites for cello.

One thing is certain. Pablo Casals will not be paid for his visit to Washington, for he has said: "I love the English. I love the Americans. I once had faith in their governments. But I have been deceived."

"It would not be dignified to go to their countries to earn money."

Casals's visit to the White House shows that Jacqueline Kennedy is carrying out the plan she talked about to her friends — she intends to make the presidential home an important world centre for all that is finest in music and the arts.

I am told that her contemporary, Princess Margaret, has much the same ambition for her home.

COURAGEOUS

Visiting London recently was Eleanor Seale Whitney, Eleanor or is a remarkable woman who has known sadness and con-

quered it with the courage that is only given to the strong.

One day she suddenly turned on the wireless to hear that her marriage had been dissolved and that her husband had remarried.

Happily, Eleanor was able to bury her troubles in song.

Singer

She had trained to become an opera singer as a girl and she always fostered the gift.

In these last years she has turned from opera to church music. She is a devout follower of Billy Graham and she now sings solo with choirs all over this country. However, Eleanor's evangelism does not make her solemn.

She is full of fun and laughter, and her house on Long Island is the favourite gathering place for visiting ballet and opera stars.

The daughter of a doctor, she was married for 18 years to the dashing Sonny Whitney (heir to \$40 million).

They had one son.

JOKE OF THE WEEK: New York has settled down after her rough and tumble elections—settled into two distinct parties, the **Appointed** and the **Disappointed**.
(—London Express Service).

Most incredible crime of the century

Continued from Page 10

The girl, they soon heard, had reached the safety of a friend's house in Birmingham with her part of the Stone; but not before it had crashed alarmingly out of the boot, which had not been properly shut, in the middle of a central London street.

But their mission was not yet complete. After resting, they must return south to pick up the stone, and bring it to Scotland.

Reward

When they reached the hiding place they found that gypsies had camped over the spot where the Stone was secreted. But gypsies are not policemen; when they explained that there was something in the wood they had to get, and that it was illegal it was not wrong, they were not hindered.

"STONE: £1,000 REWARD", screamed newspaper placards as they headed back in triumph with the stone of destiny.

For weeks, as questions were asked in the House of Commons and a huge hue-and-cry was raised, the Stone rested secretly on native soil.

Then, after 107 days, came a report that three unknown men had left it, draped in the flag of St. Andrew, under the high altar of the ruined abbey of Arbroath. It was picked up in a police shooting-brake and taken to Forfar police station.

Restored

There would be no prosecutions, stated the Attorney-General, Sir Hartley Shawcross, in the House.

And, 429 days after the stirring Christmas that no London policeman will ever forget, the Stone of Seone was restored to its resting-place in the Abbey, now electronically guarded.

The story does not end there. Earlier this year, after holding it in custody for eleven years, the Home Office gave Ian Hamilton back his watch. Many (some Scots, even) denounced the theft as a senseless adolescent joke. But at least, since then, there have been a good deal fewer misadventures south of the border about the Scots' demand for home rule.

Perhaps the story never will end, until the Scots get the Stone of Seone for good.

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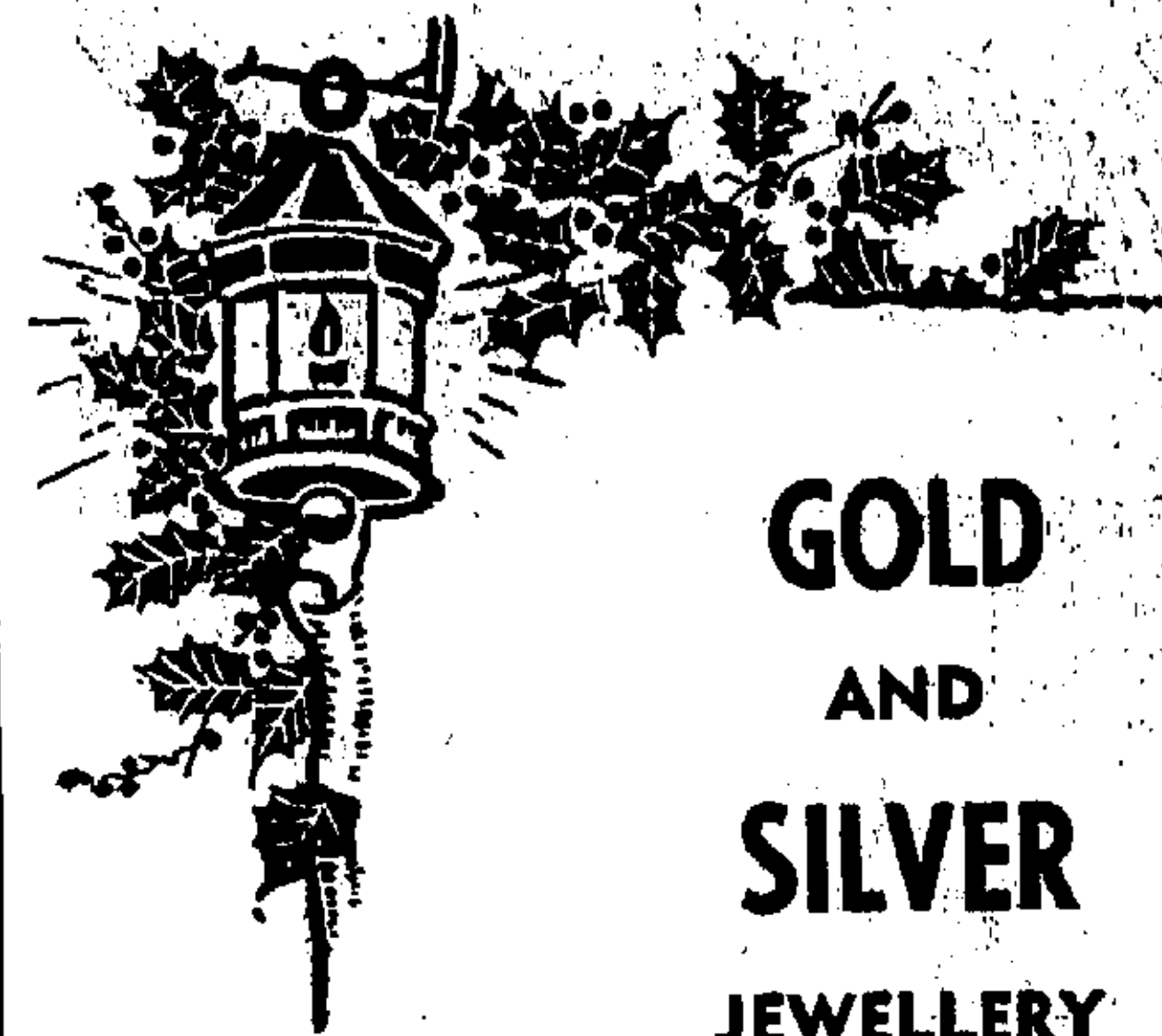
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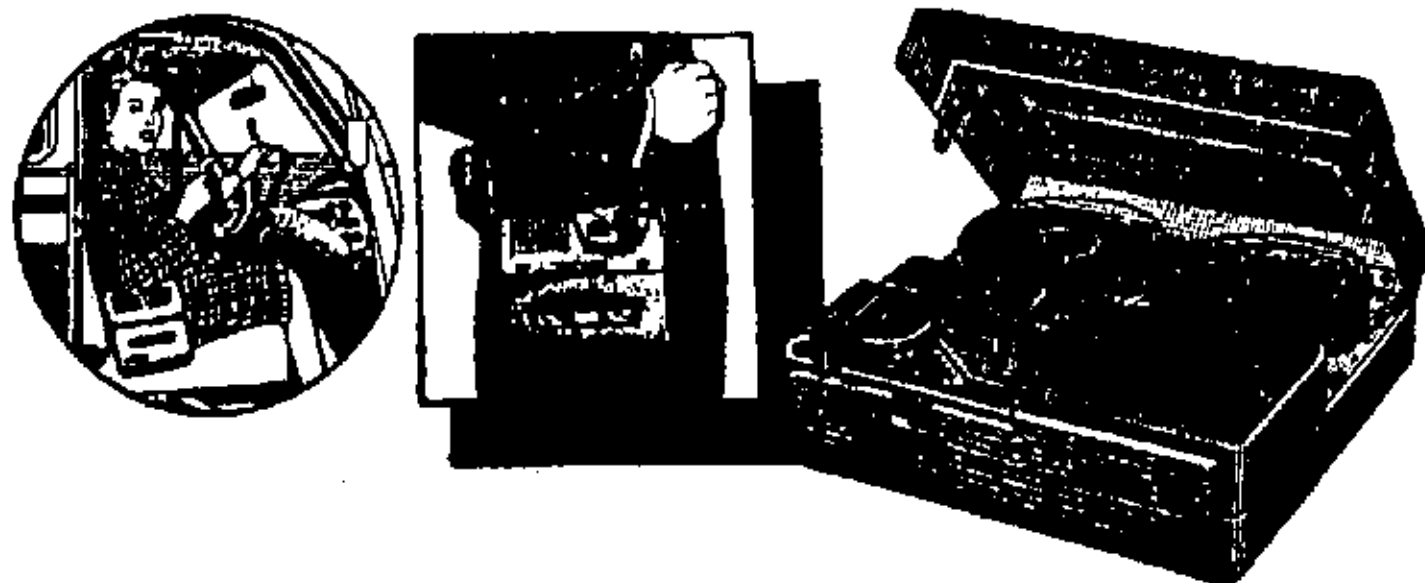
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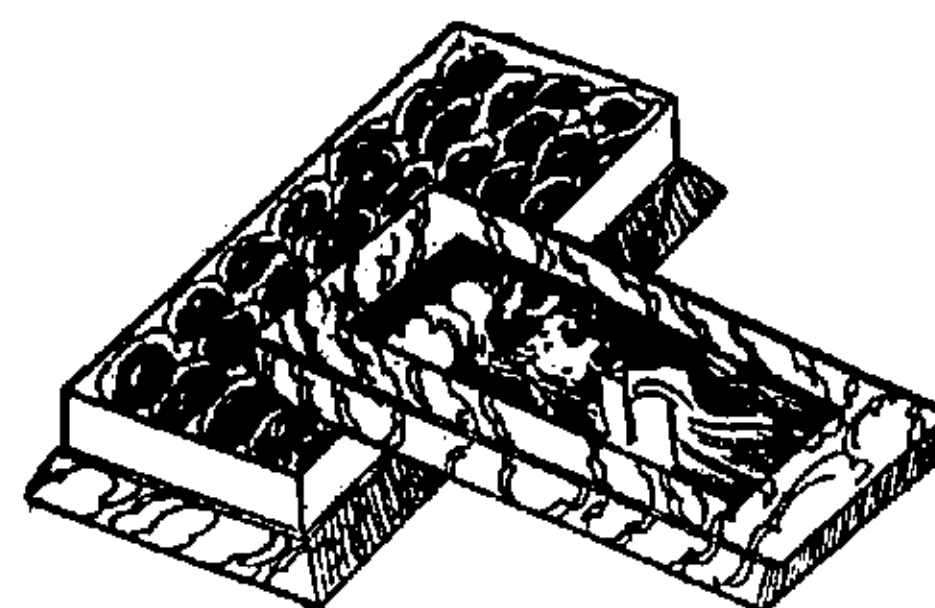
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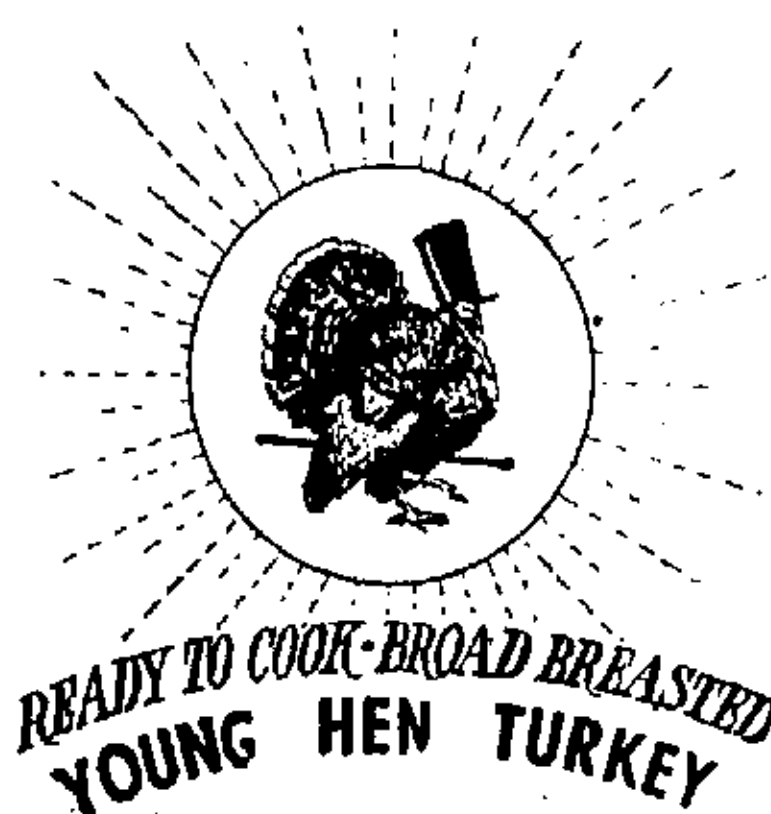
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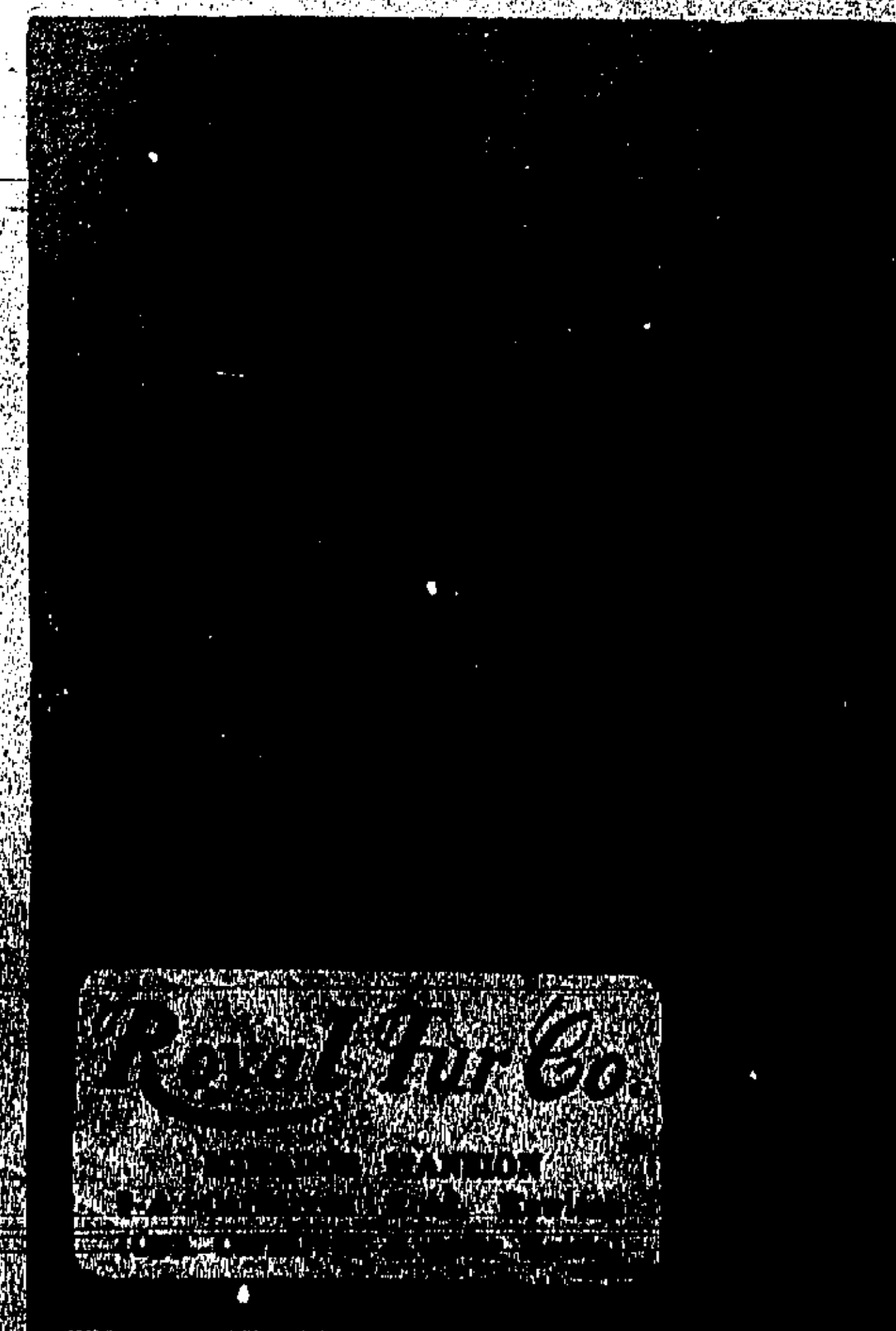
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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

A grand show for a great crowd

The heartiest of hearty congratulations go to the officials responsible for the staging of that superb — and refreshingly imaginative — Urban Services Sports Meeting at the Hong Kong Stadium last Sunday.

It was a great day for many little men and women who seldom get a chance to enjoy the limelight. They responded magnificently to the cheers and counter cheers of some 35,000 partisan spectators who stayed to the last possible moment.

THE STARS ARE DIM

In recent years the Amateur Sports Federation and Olympic Committee of Hongkong has done a tremendous amount of excellent work in placing Colony sport on a footing which guarantees its status in world affairs.

Individual or group who reach anywhere near the standard of what is nowadays rather misleadingly called 'world class'.

Only a few short years ago we had brilliant table tennis players who were right up at the top of the world rankings. We had two lawn tennis stars competing regularly at Wimbledon. Our ladies were excellent participants in the Thomas Cup and our men in the Thomas Cup, the two great international badminton competitions. We had the craft of Henry Wong in the ring ready and willing to take on all comers at his weight, and we had young Stephen Xavier on the track and Ho Cheung-yau on the soccer field both showing real promise. Today we have no established personality and no spectacular prospects.

Why?

It's a sobering thought. One wonders why it should be so in this community where climate and conditions are almost perfect for many athletic activities and where the enthusiasm and efficiency of the controlling body are both so well developed.

Christine puts 'em in a tizzy

By Frank Rostron

Christine Truman is back in tennis. The losing heroine of this year's Wimbledon final, who two months ago debated retiring from the sport, last week unexpectedly returned to the old grind of hard training.

For Christine, who dejectedly wondered whether to continue making sacrifices in her private life in the bid for that elusive Wimbledon championship, has accepted an invitation to join Mike Sangster, Ann Haydon, and Deirdre Calt in a tour of South Africa starting at Christmas.

More havoc

The immediate result is more havoc in the Truman family social life. Christine and her mother, Mrs. Aimee Truman, told me of these necessary alterations in the family plans:—

• Christine's 21st birthday party, planned for Woodford (Essex) on January 16, is postponed. Said Mrs. Truman: "I'll have to notify friends and relations and re-plan everything."

Said Christine: "It may mean two comings of age, one in Durban and one when I get back. We'll have to have a birthday telephone call instead."

• Christine last week had to tell a friend, Sorrel Quirk, she cannot be a bridesmaid at her wedding at Purley (Surrey) on January 13.

• To avoid missing the family Christmas dinner, Christine has asked the South African authorities to allow her to fly on Christmas night instead of on Christmas Eve.

Christine will miss the farewell party of her brother Philip, chief officer of the Rustenberg Castle, due to sail on January 20 after his return to Glasgow.

Sister Isobel, a nurse in Calgary, is making her final trip home in January before returning to marry and settle in Canada as Mrs. Beverley Green.

So Christine has asked to return from South Africa a week ahead of the rest of the team.

Sorry

Said Mrs. Truman: "That's the worst of having such a close-knit family. Though I'm mad about tennis myself, I'm sometimes sorry Christine became a champion."

Mrs. Bea Walter, Christine's Wightman Cup captain, said: "We are hoping they'll let Christine come back early because she will be in hard training for her clash with Angela Mortimer in the British covered courts championship in February, before going on the Caribbean circuit with Mike Sangster."

And back after breakfast the other day went Christine to sweat it out with the barbell. That's the other side of the Centre Court glamour—London Express Service.

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TWO W(R)ONGS DON'T MAKE A RIGHT

For some time it has been an open secret that controversial Wong Man-wai was in indirect contact with certain interests in Australia.

For his own sake many folks hoped that if he went 'Down Under' it would be

under a 'working banner' and 'would have no apparent or publicised soccer significance.'

Regrettably however for better or for worse, things have now changed as far as that later situation is concerned and, with some knowledge of the background to the developments, it is maybe timely to make a few observations.

First of all Wong Man-wai is under suspension. Secondly ALL soccer in Australia is currently outlawed by FIFA. It is almost certain to remain so until the late summer of 1962 at the earliest and maybe for much, much longer.

It has been suggested that as a parting gesture the HKFA might lift his suspension. Frankly — in view of his previous failure to sway the Appeals Board — this is most unlikely, particularly as he is alleged to be going to a country which is already on the soccer blacklist and is operating outside the FIFA orbit. An ill-advised act by the HKFA in respect of a player openly involved in a move such as this will surely find little favour at "Headquarters."

Think again

The situation facing the player — who, but for his suspension, might by now have been earning rich reward in the front rank of world football elsewhere — is complex. He has to face up to the fact that there is little chance of a remission of sentence. If he 'jumps' it and plays in Australia he will have two wrongs on the Wong slate that will take a bit of wiping clean.

Even if he waits until his suspension is over and then plays in Australia he will also have to face the international music if he ever wants to play elsewhere within the FIFA sphere.

Wong Man-wai is undoubtedly the greatest prospect in Hongkong football today. If he still has ambitions and if he has learned his lesson he could go right to the top of the soccer tree in Hongkong or in many other places... except Australia.

Think again, m'boy, before you do something you will regret for a long time to come... but according to reports there is at least one other important obstacle which will have to be overcome before Australian football becomes a reality.

NOTICE

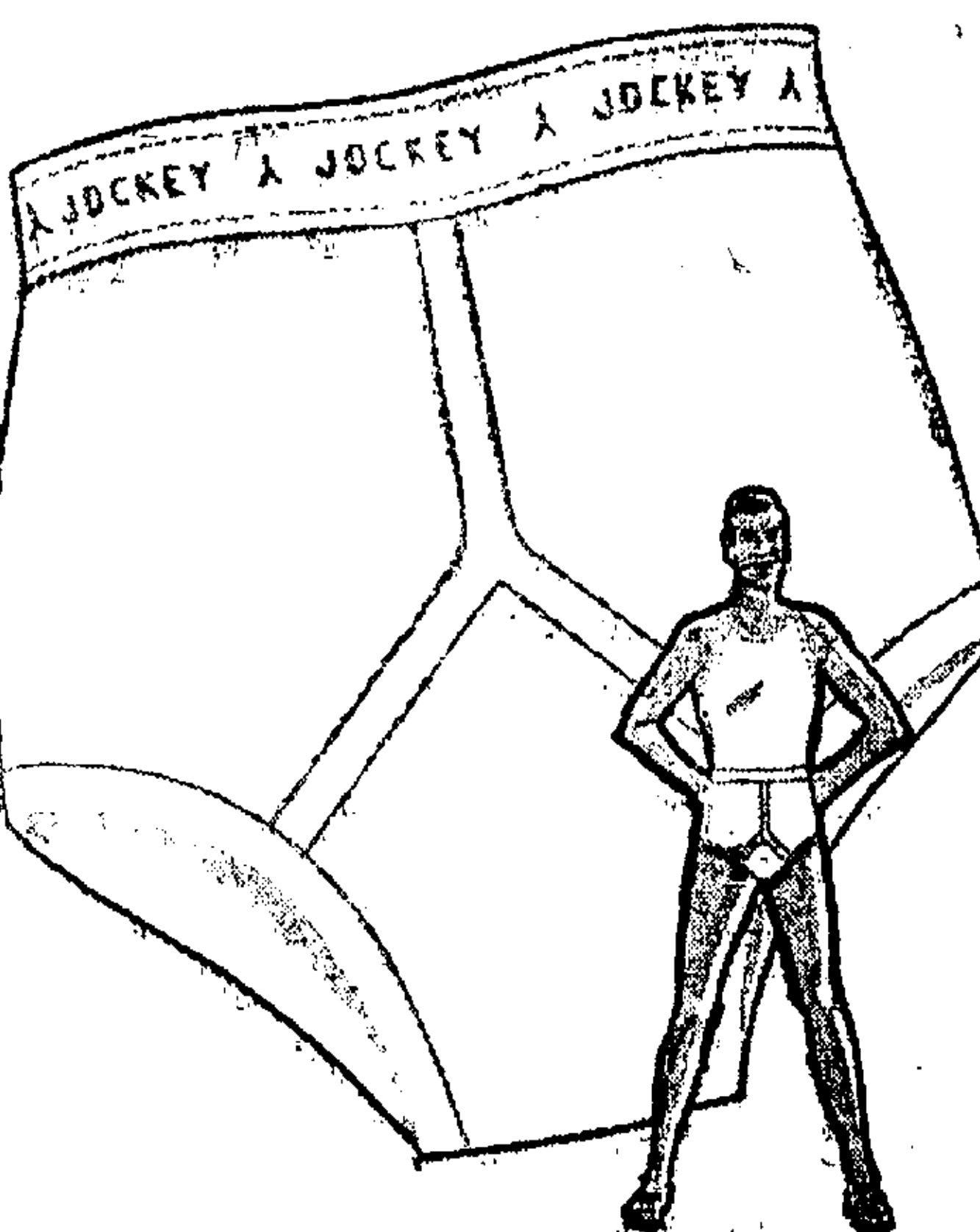
THE ROYAL HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 6th Race Meeting 1961/62 to be held on Monday 1st and Saturday 6th January, 1962 (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shun Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock Noon on Tuesday 19th December, 1961.

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THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 8 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

No person without an Admission Badge will be admitted. Admission Badges at \$25.00 each are obtainable only on the written introduction of a Member. Admission Badges may be obtained during office hours from the Cash Sweep Offices of the Club at Prince's Building, Ground Floor (facing Statue Square); 5, D'Aguiar Street; King's Road, North Point; and 382, Nathan Road. ADMISSION BADGES WILL NOT BE ON SALE AT THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Admission to the Members' Enclosure can be gained only by the entrance to the Members' Stand and upon production of Badges and Brooches, which must be worn throughout the duration of the meeting in such a manner as to be readily identified. Members wishing to proceed to Club Boxes on the 4th and 5th Floors of the Public Stand must do so from the 2nd Floor of the Members' Stand, using the lift or stairs.

Apart from the foregoing, Members, their Ladies, and Members' Guests are not permitted to enter the Public Enclosure and Stand.

NO CHILDREN under the age of seventeen years (Western Standard) will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting.

Lunches will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 76-2811).

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The gates will open at 11.30 a.m.

The price of admission will be \$10.00 each payable at the Gate. Admission Badges will be issued and they must be prominently displayed throughout the Meeting. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$10.00 in order to gain re-admission.

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Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Prince's Building, Ground Floor (facing Statue Square); 5, D'Aguiar Street; and 382, Nathan Road, Kowloon, during office hours.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 15th December, 1961, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future meetings.

Special Cash Sweep Tickets on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 10th March, 1962, at Happy Valley, will be available from the Cash Sweep Offices at all times.

By Order of the Stewards, F. D. ANGUS, Secretary

Hong Kong, 6th December, 1961.



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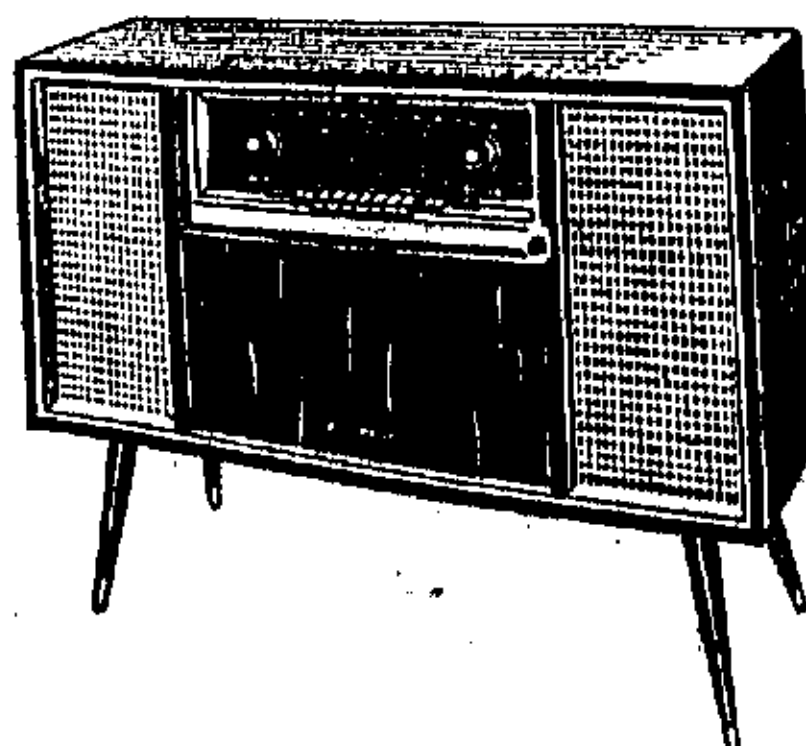
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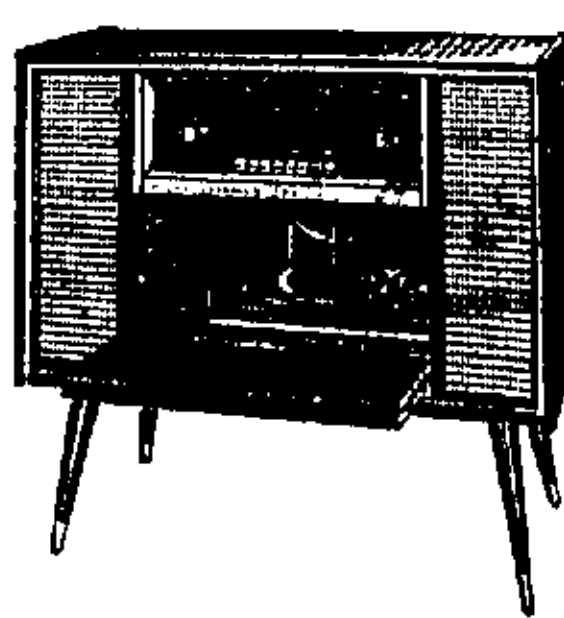
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